

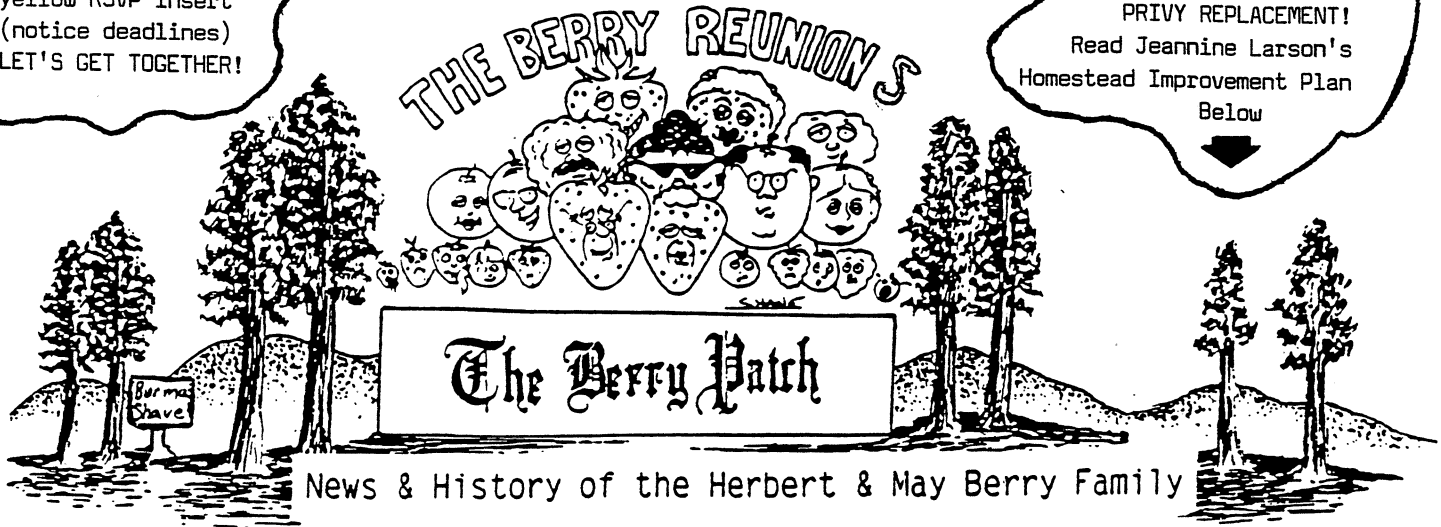
DINKEY CREEK
MAY 23-25

BERRY & WHITING REUNIONS
JUNE 30 TO JULY 5

POWELL'S FORT CAMP
AUGUST 13-17

Consider the choices,
Fill out and mail
yellow RSVP insert
(notice deadlines)
LET'S GET TOGETHER!

NOW IS THE TIME TO
DONATE FUNDS FOR
PRIVY REPLACEMENT!
Read Jeannine Larson's
Homestead Improvement Plan
Below



Elda Whiting Brown 1896-1991
See Page 13.

OOOOOOOPS!!!

In last issue's article, "Back To Belkofski" by Marilyn Barnes and Kara Helf the rough draft was printed by mistake. Marilyn's name was misspelled and so was Filipino! Spell Checker, where were you? On page 20 2nd paragraph first line should have read "...Lee agreeing to send the check."

IT'S TIME TO DIVERSIFY

At the same time the Church has become a world-wide church, our family has become a nation-wide family. This summer we are having three family events to ease the travel burden on this spread-out tribe.

Memorial Day Weekend, May 23 through 25th at Dinkey Creek. Camp Fresno Jr. has been reserved by Randy B. Fife and Diana Rice. Check-out by 1 p.m. on the 25th. Bring bedding and warm clothing. RSVP by April 15.

Berry Reunion and Whiting Reunions June 30 to July 5th. Berry begins Tuesday, Whiting begins Friday.

Feb 1990 issue of Berry Patch tells what to bring. RSVP to Jeannie Larson by May 15.

Powell's Fort Camp in Virginia, August 13 through 17 has been reserved by Uncle Lee. Bring bedding and clothing. RSVP to Anna Wood by June 15.

See yellow Reunion RSVP page in this issue for more details. We invite you to any of the events, knowing that no one is expected to attend everything. Let's get together wherever we can and HAVE LOTS OF FUN.

HOMESTEAD IMPROVEMENT
FUNDS NEEDED

by Jeannine Larson

The shareholders that own the homestead have met and decided that the Whiting families must make some major improvements at the Homestead or abandon it completely! This is something we have been trying to accomplish for about 25 years and now it is going to become a reality if the families will move upon their assignments. Each family branch will be responsible for a part of the

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improvements. May's family assignment is to build two shower houses with flush toilets. Van Ellsworth has already drawn up the plans, so we're one step ahead of everyone. Now all we need is money!

Brent Brown, who is chairman of these improvements, said that if we felt it was too much of a financial burden, we could build one shower house this reunion, and another in two years. We will decide which direction we will take after we see how much money we can raise.

The purpose of this announcement is to ask the family to begin now to send in contributions. We will need to have the full cost of the showers in the bank by May 1, 1992. We are asking you to sit down as families and decide how much money you can spare for a donation. We estimate that the cost of one shower house will be \$20,000. If you can only send \$5.00, please do so, because we want everyone to feel that they have contributed.

We are going to see that these showers are built to last. They will be built with quality materials and skilled labor. Although, I have thought that perhaps we should not break tradition and try to find Ed Benner!

If there are any of you who would like to come a week early and help in the construction, you will be most welcome. Hardworking, dependable teenagers and college students will also be welcome if they bring their own living needs.

Be as generous as you can in helping our family build the showerhouses, septic tank and toilet facility. Please send contributions to:

Keith Larson
Box 709
Snowflake, AZ 85937



Dear Family--well, Desert Storm has blown over--Uncle Dean has blown under--and we are all breathing a sigh of relief (especially Uncle Dean!) So here's the latest honest to goodness truth about the Aunts and Uncles, cousins, and friends. First of all, Van Ellsworth got married. He met her at the oil refinery where he works. She heard about the new Dip Stick Specialist (Van) and arranged to slip on a grease spot and fall right into his arms. Van went to catch her, slipped on the same grease spot and they were able to get better acquainted as they lay in traction in the same ward at the Broken Bone Convalescent Home in Wilmington. They gooooot off crutches just in time to hobble down the aisle leaning heavily on each other. Patti was able to fit a veil over her head bandage and Van was able to take his arm out of a sling long enough to slip a ring on her finger. Good luck, newlyweds, and watch out for the grease spots as you slide through life.

Paul Ellsworth, Lynn's boy, is on a mission in Japan. He and his companion gave up rice when the pot they left on the stove during the week began to mold and the rice crawled off. He is the only hunch back missionary in the region,

getting that way because of bowing so much. One bow too many and he has not been able to straighten up since. I wouldn't say he was really hunchbacked, but he was standing in line in a restaurant when a waiter threw a cloth over him, pulled up two chairs and a couple had lunch before Paul knew it. He is going great in the language--he is able to say HaSo, Velly nice, Comquat, and Chop Chop without any help at all. So far, he has converted a chinese monk, a sumo wrestler and a SanPan Captain.

Wendy Tanner starred in her Jr. High Operetta and received 4 offers from agents in the audience. Once from the Senior Citizens Bingo Parlor, one from a near-by dog kennel, and one from the Wet Your Whistle T.V. Talent Show. I know she did well because Barbara Streisand is tearing her hair out thinking of the competition Wendy is going to give her in a few years. Go gettum, cousin, and when you really become a hit, maybe your dad will teach you to perform the Camel Driver Song!

Bob and Dixie Forsyth are remodeling their home. they have decided they can now afford indoor plumbing. That means Dixie doesn't have to go to the creek to do the washing and dishes and is not embarrassed when Bob takes his bath in the creek. The thing that really bothered Dixie is that the creek is right by a busy freeway. Needless to say, there have been a lot of auto wrecks along that portion of road.

Anna and Bruce Wood have moved to Virginia. Bruce is the

national director for Ted Mack's amateur hour. Anna is excited to have a home with a wood floor and windows with glass in them. She even has a separate room for sleeping and one for eating. No longer does she have to cook over an open fire and Bruce even brought the cage along, you know, the one they keep the kids in! They should trade house plans with the Forsyths!

I liked the picture in the last B. Patch of Jason Helf and the Saudi Native--but I couldn't tell which one was Jason! Tell us, Jason, are you on the right or the left?

I liked the piece by Randy L. Rice, "I Didn't Fit The Mold So I Made My Own!" One thing, Randy, I didn't either and I made my own and look at the shape I'm in! I admire your courage and am glad that you didn't let your peers destroy you.

Marylin Helf married Wayne Barnes and she got a real bargain (she paid \$12.95 for him at Walmart.) He is pleasant, cheerful, congenial, and friendly (wonder how he got in this family?) Of course he hasn't met the family yet so all that might change after the next reunion. He works at G.E. (Gravesite Epitaphs) He is really good with a chisel and hammer and creates the cleverest sayings for headstones. For instance, his latest--Here lies Jediah Jones, His rotund shape has turned to bones, Without a briefcase and telephones, On a quiet night you can hear his groans! Or, This grave is because of Lucy's diet, Her constant hunger caused her to riot, But her husband was happy that he could

buy it, Because at long last Lucy was quiet! You can see his great talent will cause him to rise to the occasion quickly.

Another star is quickly rising in the family. Eileen and Bob Luke's Shannon was Moonbeam McSwine in "Lil Abner". Bob was a little disgruntled at all the rehearsals, but Shannon was not about to butt out and became a real ham.

Another wedding--Tiffany Byers just married some poor unsuspecting soul who has no idea what family he married into. He is stationed in Japan, and I've heard he is a Samari Warrior. Dennis and Rosie were a little worried about the huge sword he swung, and the strange hair que he wears, but Tiffany says that he is very loyal to the Emperor, and they can live very comfortably on 6 yen a month--plus 25 pounds of rice and 10 fish heads. Good luck, kids, go easy on the bowing, remember what happened to Paul Ellsworth. You don't want to end up as end tables or such.

Daylynn, Mark's boy, is a new father. He's already got the chess board set up and the baby will probably be a real whiz by the time it walks.

Shawn Cooper attended the wrestling championship game for professional wrestlers recently on the east coast. He attends these for a very good reason. He is trying to learn some holds that his wife, Linda, doesn't know so he can pin her and win a free night out with the boys (Chris and Casey). Little does he know that she would gladly let him out if he would just ask. He flies back

and forth to Washington D.C. quite often on the economy flight. (That's the flight where they dispense with maintenance, seats and food.) Not only were his hands rubbed raw holding on to the strap hanging from the ceiling, but the last straw came when he was given a book of instructions on how to fly an airplane as the boarded the last time. He now flies regular, and enjoys takeoffs without the snapping of the huge rubber band.

Has anyone seen Lynn Ellsworth? He started out on his run to the Homestead last June before he was told the reunion was canceled. Knowing Lynn, he has lost track of time, and is probably passing the Aztec pyramid on Central South America by this time. Won't he be surprised when all his cousins jabber away in Spanish?

Bob, Eileen's husband, had an interesting court case the other day. Seems a woman loaned her false teeth to a neighbor to wear to a dance, and now the neighbor refuses to return them! So Bob put the bite on the neighbor and chewed her out proper. Well, I am sure there have been complaints about my column taking up so much space in the Berry Patch, so I'll cut this off for now.

Editorial Staff

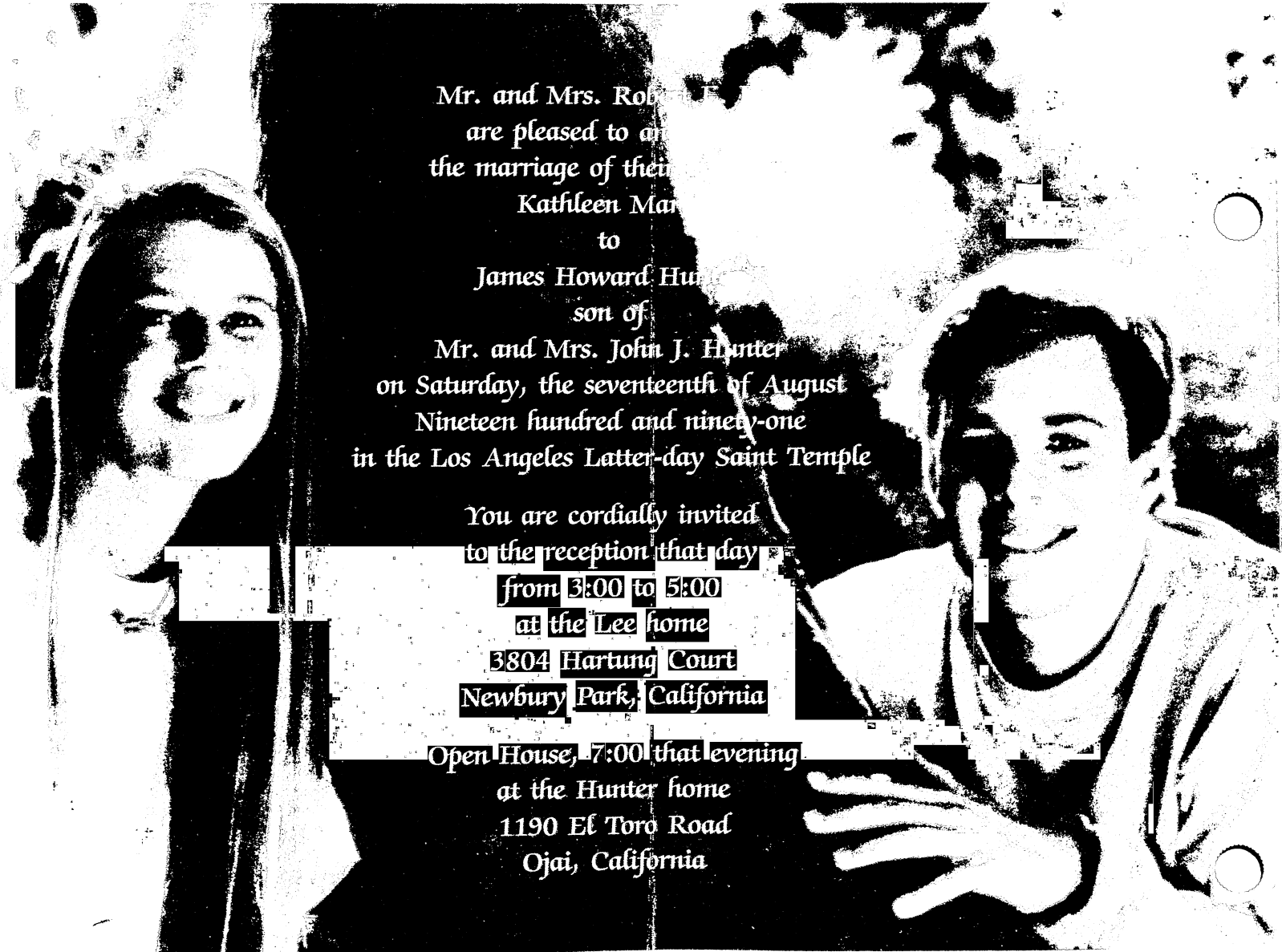
Dean Berry	Family President
Diana Rice	Editor
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Elaine Ward	Effie's family
Marilynn Barnes	Maree's family
Jeannie Larson	Maree's family
Louine Hunter	Kay's family
Virginia Berry	Lee's family
Susanne Fife	Norma's family
Ginny Leavitt	Helen's family
Lydia Berry	Family Archivist
Roger Rice	Publisher
Bonnie Middleton	Treasurer



and
 Jennifer Maree Larson
 announce their marriage
 Saturday, November 16, 1991

and Jeannine Larson
 and
 Susan Tatum
 invite you to attend
 reception in their honor
 November 16, 1991 7:00 - 9:00 p.m.
 East Stake Center
 502 W. 600 E.
 Roosevelt, Utah
 Program at 8:00 p.m.

*Mrs. Lois Barrett
 has the honour of announcing
 the marriage of her daughter
 Patricia Diane
 to
 Doctor Jeffrey H. Arbuckle
 on Saturday, the nineteenth of October
 Nineteen hundred and ninety-one
 Christ Our King Catholic Church
 Wilmington, Delaware*



Mr. and Mrs. Robert
 are pleased to announce
 the marriage of their daughter
 Kathleen Marie
 to
 James Howard Hunter
 son of
 Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hunter
 on Saturday, the seventeenth of August
 Nineteen hundred and ninety-one
 in the Los Angeles Latter-day Saint Temple

You are cordially invited
 to the reception that day
 from 3:00 to 5:00
 at the Lee home
 3804 Hartung Court
 Newbury Park, California

Open House, 7:00 that evening
 at the Hunter home
 1190 El Toro Road
 Ojai, California

Effie's Family

Lynn & Jamie Ellsworth

Luke and Liz had a baby in June, Nicholas Ray Ellsworth. They have another son, Isaac, age 2. Like has interviewed for jobs in Seattle and will graduate in April with a masters degree in accounting. Effie and Brent Kitchens recently bought a nice home in American Fork, Utah. Esther and Lindsay Pugmire finished his education in Physical Therapy in Alabama, and moved to S.L.C. where received his masters in Physical Therapy in December. They have a beautiful daughter, Kylie. Amy and Bob Eakins returned from a summer in Juneau Alaska. Bob worked on a boat that transports miners. Amy worked at a hospital. During a Relief Society meeting in Juneau, a bear came to visit, and disrupted the spirit of the meeting. Paul is proselyting in the Naylor, Japan mission and is having a great mission. Susan is at BYU.

Gary & Charlene Ellsworth

During the summer vacation Gary designed and manufactured electronic butterflies, selling to florists around the country. The monarch butterflies are on a stick and run by battery power. In a floral bouquet they give the illusion of being a real butterfly by flapping their wings every few seconds. Gary is now working as assistant manager for Radio Shack in the University Mall in Orem, Utah.

Richard & Elaine Ward

George served part of his mission in Van Nuys California, down the street from where his mom grew up! He is now in Thousand Oaks, and is Zone Leader. Stephen entered the MTC September 11, and is now

serving as a senior companion in Perth, in the Perth Australia Mission. Jenny is still working for Senator Hatch. She took her family on a special tour through the Capitol building and White House. She's been living with Aunt Virginia and Uncle Lee. Her social life is so busy that they only see her occasionally. Matt and Melissa are seniors in high school. Matt's been busy working on his Eagle Scout Project and working part time. He went on a 50 mile bike hike in West Virginia. Wrestling season has been very successful, at press time he is now the #4 wrestler in the state, and is going to the state tournament in mid February. Melissa has been busy developing her talents-- she composed a piano piece and is making a beautiful quilt. She traveled with her high school band to London to perform on the Lord Mayor of London's New Years Concert. Eric had a busy scouting summer. Julie and Jon Hardy had a baby daughter born on June 8th, Christina Elaine Hardy is her name. Julie has recovered well from another C-section. Aimee and Jonathan are happy with their new sister.

Van and Patricia Ellsworth

Mike has been transferred to Fort Kent, Maine, has less than a year left on his mission. Tracey and Kerri are living together in S.L.C. and attending the U of U. Tracey is looking for a major and Kerri is interested in marine biology. Ryan is living with his mom in Annandale, VA, is in 8th grade and stays busy with all kinds of sports. His mother, Cheryl was recently married to Dave Brallier in

S.L.C. but still lives in Annandale. Van and Patti are residing in Wilmington, DE. Patti is working for the Bank of New York, Delaware, and Van is an architect for Bechtel Corp.

Pat & Evelyn Gwartney

were successful in selling their two homes in Ohio and moved to Fredericksburg, VA in August. Pat works in D.C. Warren is fulfilling his ambitions in photography in Kansas City. Nathan went through boot camp in the summer. Sarah had 500 people sing Happy Birthday to her at EFY in No. Carolina for her 16th birthday. Troy was the man of the family in his father's and brothers absence during the relocation. Evelyn says he was a tremendous support to her. Emily is a little organizer and likes to have everything in its place. Seth keeps busy doing little boy things and loves making everybody laugh.

Maree's Family

Jack & Joycell Cooper

See article on page 12 Jerome and Janice Falls bought a ranch in Eureka Springs, about 50 miles from Pierce City, and will be moving there after school is out. Shawn and Linda Cooper just bought a house. Marty Cooper is branch president in Clinton. Rory Hubbard just got a nice promotion. Vaylene is living at home and working, and is a delight to her parents, Abraham and Sarah!

Wayne & Marilyn Barnes are doing great. Wayne received the Melchizedek Priesthood, and they were

sealed in the Dallas Temple in October. They are serving a stake mission together and having some interesting experiences. Kara and Jenna started back to college in the fall and their time is filled with homework and related stresses. The stake recently formed a singles branch at SMSU and an LDS sorority, complete with sorority house (the nicest at the college.) 55 young single adults showed up for the first sacrament meeting, which is great for this area. Jenna is on the sorority board, which adds to her responsibilities, but she's not complaining. Kim and Kellie are attending SMSU. Kim and her little boy, Wayne settled in with Wayne and Marilynn. Justin immediately attached to Wayne, and throws a royal fit if Wayne should leave the house without him. Kim is engaged. (more details in the next BP) Jason and Heather are still happy newlyweds and enthusiastically serving their country at Minot Airforce Base. Their Airforce duties and school keep them both busy.

Leilani's family

10/91 The most exciting news we have at this time is Lucinda Watson had her baby, a boy, Brent Wayne born August 6, weight 7lb 3oz., blue eyes and light brown hair. He was delivered by a mid-wife at the Stork's Nest. Lucinda had Brittany and Brandi there also. Brittany is age 3, and a real live wire. She keeps everyone going just trying to keep up with her. But she is sweet and tries to be helpful. Brandi is a little more quiet most of the time. Larry works long hours at Tyson, and sometimes Saturdays. He goes to work at 7 a.m. and doesn't get home until 7 or 7:30 p.m.

David is doing well. He also works at Tyson's. So, between work, his church job and home teaching, taking care of his home and a little dating, he keeps busy. Rebecca started high school this year. She likes to read, swim, and help take care of Brandi, Brittany and Brent. Valerie is doing fine, and has been taking a computer course. She is also taking some geology.

Wanda and John are still living in Metz, a small country town. If you close your eyes, you have missed it. Jaffin is growing fast. He is crawling now, and says a few words.

Thomas is all right. He lives in Nesho and likes his job. He enjoys fishing and he goes fishing with Larry once in a while. Nesho is not far from Monett. Anna May is still living in Springfield and doing fine. Jacob is staying with Larry and Lucinda. He works nights at Tysons. We don't see much of him, but he is doing well.

Sallie is working at the radio station in Monett. She likes her job very well. Larry works nights at Tyson's. Audra is growing into a young lady. They all keep busy with the dogs they raise and sell. And they have horses and chickens.

Leilani writes "and there is myself. I was thinking, I have 10 grandchildren, and 1 great grandchild, which I am happy about. Aunt Helen came over awhile back and we talked about writing. She reminded me of a plot for a story I had thought about years ago. I do appreciate her interest and encouragement. So I have started on the story."

Keith & Jeannine Larson

All ten of our children were home for the big 24th of July celebration that Snowflake is so famous for. The stake put on a musical based on the first book of the Book of Mormon. With Amy's husband Tim playing Nephi, I played the role of Sariah and Brian's wife Melinda came from Provo and spent 3 weeks here doing all the choreography and blocking and Brian and Jared were also part of the cast; the family decided to gather for the performance.

We had the exceptional experience of working with Robert Peterson, who is an associate Professor at the University of Utah Theatre Department. In the past 35 years, Mr. Peterson has starred on Broadway and in many Summer Stock and Television productions. We were all excited, to say the least, that he was coming.

And it was an incredible experience to work with him and to sing with him. Melinda worked long hard hours in bringing together the blocking and all the choreography. It was a difficult task because of the fact that it was a production that had never been done before and it takes dedication to work out all the kinks. She did a professional job and received high praise from everyone, including Robert Peterson.

Margaret is now a full-time college student. She enrolled in Library Technology and works part-time in the college library. Sara is a junior this year, has her driver's license and is enjoying the freedom that the family car provides. She spent over 60 hours this summer sewing together a piece-work quilt. It's a beautiful piece

of work which I wish everyone could see. Matthew is a mighty 8th grader, and he's 20 pounds heavier and 3 inches taller than he was last year! (I hope I live through the next 3 years!) He is the 1st string quarterback for the Jr. High football team. Jared is in the 6th grade.

Amy and Tim Vogl seem to have settled in well to country lie. Time works for the School District in Food Services and is carrying a full load at N.P.C., a junior college here in the White Mountains. He got the lead in N.P.C.'s musical, "Annie Get Your Gun" and received a scholarship that will pay or all his tuition and books for the full school year! Amy had her second baby, Elyse Justine Vogl in November. She spends much of her "spare" time running after Matthew Dean who is a red-headed tornado.

Jennifer married Kent Jefferson Brady from Roosevelt, Utah in December.

Darin is marrying Angela Worrel, in April in the Idaho Falls temple. Angela is from Sugar City, Idaho, and has been a member of the Mormon Youth Choir with Darin.

Brian and Melinda are expecting their second baby.

Troy and Jennifer Lynn live in Syracuse, Utah. Troy has been working in the plumbing business and has started a wood-shop business on the side. He is gifted in the art of making furniture and cabinets. We are so thrilled with what he has done with our home. Wish you could all see it! Jessica and Josie are growing fast and furious, and are looking forward to the new baby that will arrive in their family at the end of the summer.

Shane will graduate from Utah State in March. He is marrying Adrienne Staley from Salt Lake City, March 19, 1992 in the Salt Lake Temple. She has been married before, and has a sweet little daughter named Emily. We all love them both and feel greatly blessed to have them in our family. They will be living in Ogden, Utah.

We had a wonderful Christmas with all ten of our children home for the holidays and Jennifer and Kent's reception on the 28th. We laughed so hard that everyone went to bed each night with a headache, reaching for the aspirin bottle.

Keith and I are still working away on the infamous adobe Hut. We are gradually turning it into a home. We still don't have any flooring or inside doors, but day by day we're getting some of the finishing touches done. Troy was able to spend a couple of weeks with us and put up some kitchen cabinets and bathroom shelves and countertops. He also built some floor to ceiling bookshelves. It gave us such a lift that we're begging him to come back!

Kay's Family

David & Sharon Berry

This has been the year for traveling for David and Sharon. When Stacey was released from her mission in Dublin, Ireland. Dave and Sharon met her there and spent two weeks in Ireland, England, and Wales.

In November, David and Sharon spent two weeks in Israel and Egypt on a BYU sponsored tour. A family trip, all of Sharon's brothers and

sisters and their spouses and her mother, Macel Handy, traveled together. An added bonus was that Don Black, Sharon's brother-in-law, was their tour director. Sharon commented that it's really something to lie in bed looking out of your hotel room window and RIGHT THERE are the three great Egyptian pyramids that you've read about and seen pictures of all your life. Sharon is currently the ward choir director and David is the Scout Committee Chairman.

Brian and Cindy Watkins Brian, a Sophomore at BYU Law School, just won a Moot Court Competition and will compete again in Florida in January. He is the Elder's Quorum President in their student ward. He is also the Student Advocate for the School of Management at BYU and resolves student-faculty disputes and concerns. Cindy is the Ward Music Leader. She is taking a Physiology class this semester, thinking that she may eventually become a nursing major. (She already has a B.A. in Financial Planning). While busy as a mommy to Sarah, two, and John David, nine months, she tries to play the piano every day and enjoys working on crafts when she can find the time.

Julie and Kent Lundin had their second baby, Alexis, in October, joining Jacob, now two. Both are counselors in Mutual, Julie as the Beehive advisor and Kent as Teachers' Quorum Advisor. They are enjoying their new home in Provo.

Stacey is now a junior at BYU, pursuing an Elementary Education major.

Michelle Berry entered the MTC in November to prepare for her

mission call to the Portugal-Porto Mission where Phil Brown will be her mission president. Just prior to her mission, Michelle starred in the leading role of Barbara in "My Turn On Earth" which played in the San Diego area for several days. At the last performance, it was announced to the audience that Michelle had received her mission call just that morning to Portugal. Michael played football this fall on the Jr. Varsity team and was named to the Jr. Varsity all-star-team. Because of this honor, he was put on the varsity team to play in the CIF playoffs. Michael plays sports year-round: football, basketball, baseball. Amy is into ballet and friends. Sharon reports that their house is always full of little girls.

Alan & Betty Berry

Greg has been released from his Los Angeles Mission and is back at BYU this semester. Patrick is a freshman attending Ricks. Jon is a straight A student, plays basketball, enjoys his speech class, and wants to be a politician (according to his Dad). He's the president of his Deacon's Quorum. Kristie is the president of her seminary class, and plays varsity volleyball and basketball. Now that she's sixteen, she loves to drive and date. Tara Mae is a straight A student. A member of the school choir, she sang a solo in their last concert. She plays basketball and is also a cheerleader. A talented gymnast, she qualified for USGF meets. Still a dancer, she will dance the leading role of Gretel in a "Hansel and Gretel Ballet."

Betty continues as a full time college student, studying art. She has another

year to go. She's currently the Stake Primary President, and has an art business going on the side. Alan is still the bishop, and the town dentist in Seneca, Missouri.

John & Louine Hunter

Steven and Tracy Hunter have a new baby girl, Alexa Caitlin Hunter, two months old, joining big brother, Austin, two. They are delighted that Alexa has had her days and nights RIGHT, from the beginning. What a blessing!

Robert and Kenna Hunter have a new baby girl, Arminda Hunter (Mindy) 6 lbs 5 oz born January 8th. Kenna is recovering from her second C-section. Little four year old Rachel helps her mother with Mindy, and also earns an allowance by helping her mother tend a little two year old neighbor.

Jeane & Tracy Thayne are expecting their first baby about May 23rd. Jeane continues in Court Reporting School and Tracy works at Word Perfect in Provo. They and other family members recently enjoyed attending a play in which Brian Larson appeared.

Scott & Kristy Hunter are expecting their third baby in June.

David & Amy & Haley Hunter are in Provo where David works at NuSkin. David expects to finish school at BYU this year as a Business Major with a specialty in Communications Information. Amy's parents, Ron and Karen Eager and their family, have just moved to Provo, which adds a lot of sparkle to their lives.

In August, Jim married Kathleen Lee in the L.A. temple, and both are attending Ricks at the present. Jim has decided on a major that he is

really excited about, Mechanical Engineering with a specialty in Robotics. As Jim's mother, I can tell you that this FITS. It will pull together all of the talents he has been blessed with. When Jim first met Kathy, he said to me, "She looks just like Julene!" (see their wedding announcement in this issue.)

Julene is attending Ventura College and looking forward to attending Ricks next year. She loves her part-time job at the Ventura County Government Center, where she does office work. Matt just turned sixteen. He had a successful fall season playing Jr. Varsity Football. He plays the drums and is learning guitar. Billy, twelve, has been ordained a Deacon. He played football in the fall, and is now playing basketball for a community team. He's a seventh grader at Matilija Jr. High. Dan has returned to BYU as a Physical Therapy Major, after spending a semester at home. (It was surely hard to let go again. He's the nicest, most pleasant fellow to have around, and often takes his dear old mother to the movies. We saw several winners this year). Dennis & Rosie Byers Gene and Tiffany Byers Pintor were married on June 29th and honeymooned on Mackinaw Island in Northern Michigan. They are living in Japan, in a cozy two bedroom house in Northern Japan (Misawa). Gene has been stationed there for two years with the U.S. Army. They are enjoying their branch, made up of other servicemen and government workers from the base. Gene is the scoutmaster and Tiffany is the second counselor in the Primary. Tiffany reports that she has begun teaching at an elementary

school on Saturday mornings. The Japanese children go to school six days a week.

Tres & Julie Tanner

On December 16th, Julie Berry Tanner started teaching 5th grade at her local elementary school and Ben is in her class. Although it is difficult to get a teaching job in desirable places in California, Julie was hired partly because of her bilingual abilities--she lived in Puerto Rico for a couple of years and has supplemented that with studying Spanish--and also because she had been doing substitute teaching at the school and the administration was pleased with her work. She's excited about her new job and that it is close to home, although not within walking distance. She's been working for years to get her California credential.

Lee's Family

At this time, things remain the same. Lee and Virginia still dote on their children and grandchildren. Lee still spends time with Steve at the office. Steve went through some trauma. A fire in the office below caused a lot of smoke damage and put the computer out for a while. If it had destroyed his records, it would have been horrible. Lee and Virginia say they love having correspondence.

Norma's Family

Barry & JoAnn Larsen have just sent their first-born, David, into the mission field. He spent two terms at

BYU, and then entered the MTC in January. He is learning Portugese, and will go to the Brazil Campinas Mission. Julianne, a senior in high school, has been accepted into BYU for fall semester and is busy trying to earn her money so she can go. Keith, Brad & Jared are all on a winter soccer team, luckily the same team! Keith is also going out for track, a long range plan for staying in condition for football, his big love. Brad, in 8th grade is looking forward to high school. Jared is always fixing things, even though the wiring in the garage will never be the same. Brad and Jared have roller blades now, and have a lot of fun at the school across the street. Barry is teaching early morning seminary. He has about 20 juniors in his class and really enjoys it. His employer is LDS and understanding, so the morning routine goes very smoothly. JoAnn continues to serve as Relief Society President. She supervised the providing of Christmas for 6 needy families in their ward in December before settling in to preparing for her own family's Christmas, and everything worked out perfectly, even down to the homemade gingerbread house!

Chuck & Bonnie Middleton

Chuck has been working long hours for several years as the head of the Word Perfect for Windows project. Now that it has hit the market, with good reviews, the pressure is off, not that their pace has slowed down. To assure a less than boring summer, Bonnie had a total of 10 nieces and nephews visit. She did get a few jobs accomplished by the extra hands around, though. One reward was

a winter's supply of strawberry freezer jam, that was whipped up in one day by the cousins. David Larsen lived with the Middletons for 8 weeks of summer BYU session, and they really enjoyed having him. He moved to Deseret Towers on campus for fall semester, where his cousin, Michael Rice, was his resident assistant. The whole summer was pretty "campy". All the Middleton children attended camps throughout the summer. Girls camp, Especially For Youth, Space Camp in Pleasant Grove, 5th grade education camp, Scout Camp and Soccer camp. Emily, a senior in high school, is a beautiful young woman who is very interested in the role of womanhood. She visited all of her aunts this summer, interviewing each one on their feelings about womanhood. She is very observant, and is looking forward confidently to her adult years. Chuck IV took courses all summer, European History, and math, and taken and passed the AP tests for college credit. He intends to get many college credits before he graduates from high school. If he keeps this up, he'll get through a whole year of college before he even starts. He and his brother Steven attend a private school in Provo. Chuck earned high honors this semester. Cathy really "took off" in her first year of cross country, and did very well. She's already in training for Track. She made the Honor Roll and keeps busy with friends. Steven likes his new school. He keeps entertained with the computer, nintendo, his aquarium, woodworking, and teasing his sisters. Becky plays clarinet and gets good grades. She is now a fulltime Beehive, and loves attending

every activity they have. She is even taking Ballroom dance lessons offered by their ward. Jenny, in fifth grade, is working on a science fair project on how the in-put and out-put of a computer works. She is a good student and received her Gospel In Action award. Crystal is almost 4, going on 20. With so many people to follow, she has a very large vocabulary. She keeps her family amused. When she began Primary in January, she wanted her mother with her the first time, but by the end of class announced that she was big enough to go all by herself.

Randy & Christa Fife

While Randy and Christa were in England, Christa's nephew, Shane, took care of their children. Upon their return, he was treated to some entertainment and sight seeing for a couple of weeks. Randy and Christa brought him back with them and their family to a family reunion in Oregon the first week of August. On their way up North they enjoyed a visit with JoAnn Larsen's family in Citrus Heights. On their way back home, they anticipated visiting other relatives, but they started having car trouble after leaving Oregon. They decided instead of getting stuck away from home in a garage somewhere, they would just baby their van and get home and have it worked on. They testify their plan worked only because of fervent prayer. The morning after they arrived home, the van wouldn't even start. The belief that good things or notso good things always happen in 3's was proved to be true. Before they had begun their trip they had replaced the

muffler system. While on their trip their video camera was stolen. Then the van broke down the day after their return. (Their mechanic helped the van break down by leaving a tool under the hood of the engine.) It caused a lot of damage. They have a good feeling about everything working out, though, due to lots of prayer. Normandie and Kayle are busy with dance classes. Coban turned ten and got a turtle as a present. He takes karate, and was chosen to be in a special demonstration for the school. Christa goes the extra mile for her church callings and volunteer work. She fits remodeling projects and tending extra children into her routine, as well. Randy's schedule has changed to 7 days on and 7 days off. He loves the versatility. On New Years day, they left for Utah and spent seven days there. They are able to travel and spend a lot of time together as a family because of this new schedule.

Brad & Susanne Fife

Our family was invited to Lake Powell on a houseboat trip, and we loved being in the sun and fun. Jason and Karie rode wave runners and jumped off cliffs and swam in the lake. Jason learned to water ski and was so excited about it! Brad and Susanne really got to relax and enjoy their friends they shared the boat trip with.

Karie was baptized in July. After she had gone into the water and was drying off getting ready for the confirmation, she looked up at her mom and exuberantly said, "Mommy, I really feel different!" Jason did an especially good job on the talk

Karie asked him to give. Susanne managed to keep her composure better than she anticipated. Later that night bath time was mentioned and Karie exclaimed, "I don't need to take a bath, today I got all my sins washed away." This summer, Jason finished all the swim courses offered through the city program and learned even the butterfly stroke. Karie conquered the free style and breathing. They both look forward to next summer and the Junior Life Guard program. Susanne was released from the Primary Presidency. She was not sorry to relinquish her responsibilities as Cub Scout Committee Chairman. After 3 years of Pinewood Derbys, Blue & Gold Dinners, & Pancake Breakfasts, she's more than happy to share the blessings. She's now a Relief Society Teacher, one of her favorite callings. Jason tried out and was selected for a club soccer team. Jason puts his all into every game. Karie started dance classes this fall. Brad has done some side jobs this summer for friends and he has played softball with his work team. Brad has also been helping young men in our ward achieve their Eagle Scout Awards. He is very giving with his time for friends. Brad was given the opportunity to be equipment manager on the Little League board. Jason is already drafted on a team for the next two years. Brad is coaching him also. Lance and Kathy Cooper and their son, Dane visited our family and Randy and Christa's family. It has been a very long time. Dane is a doll and has an active, cute personality. Jason and Karie took a real liking to him--he was a little overwhelmed by all their attention.

Dean's Family

Roger & Diana Rice
Stephanie will be returning from the Texas Houston East Mission March 4. Randy has spent six months in New York, serving in East Harlem, Queens, and now Brooklyn. He is busy and happy because there is a large deaf LDS community in New York. Michael is majoring in Physics. Cindy is on the BYU Folkdance SpringPac team that will tour Utah during May. Anna played J.V. volleyball this fall. Chris, a freshman did well in cross country and wrestling.

Helen's Family

Aubrey & Helen had a wonderful time in August. They held a reunion for their children and grandchildren near Heber, Arizona at a lovely camp. Most of their family was able to attend.

Mom, Brian and Merilee helped organize games, programs and activities. There was an inspirational meeting with talks given from some of the aunts and uncles. There was a carnival for the young children with the teenage cousins running the booths. Other activities included T-shirt making, clay sculpturing, and self-improvement seminars for the youth, to name a few.

Paul & Judy Andelin are expecting a baby in March. This will be the 53rd grandchild for Dad & Mom.

FAMILY MISSIONARY FUND

Missionaries in this family are entitled to receive a share of the May W. Berry fund. Send the name and address of the mission and departure date to Louine Hunter 1190 El Toro Rd., Ojai, CA 93023. Contributions are always welcome, too!

Brent and Laurlyn Berry now are living in Ithaca, New York. Their son, Joseph Kendall Berry was born in July.

Brent and Karen Mitterling had triplet daughters born August 28, 1991. They are now past the preemie stage, doing very well. Welcome to the family, Ashley Lynn Mitterling, Jessica Marie Mitterling, and Kaci Ann Mitterling!

Mark and Lynne' Berry have moved to Pennsylvania.

Matt and Juana and Marion Berry are living in Costa Mesa. Juana is doing well as a vocational consultant, getting lots of success and bonuses.

Uncle Dean, except for a flooded yard, is doing well, continuing his perfect record of beating Jon at racquetball!

CHURCH NEWS

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 21, 1991

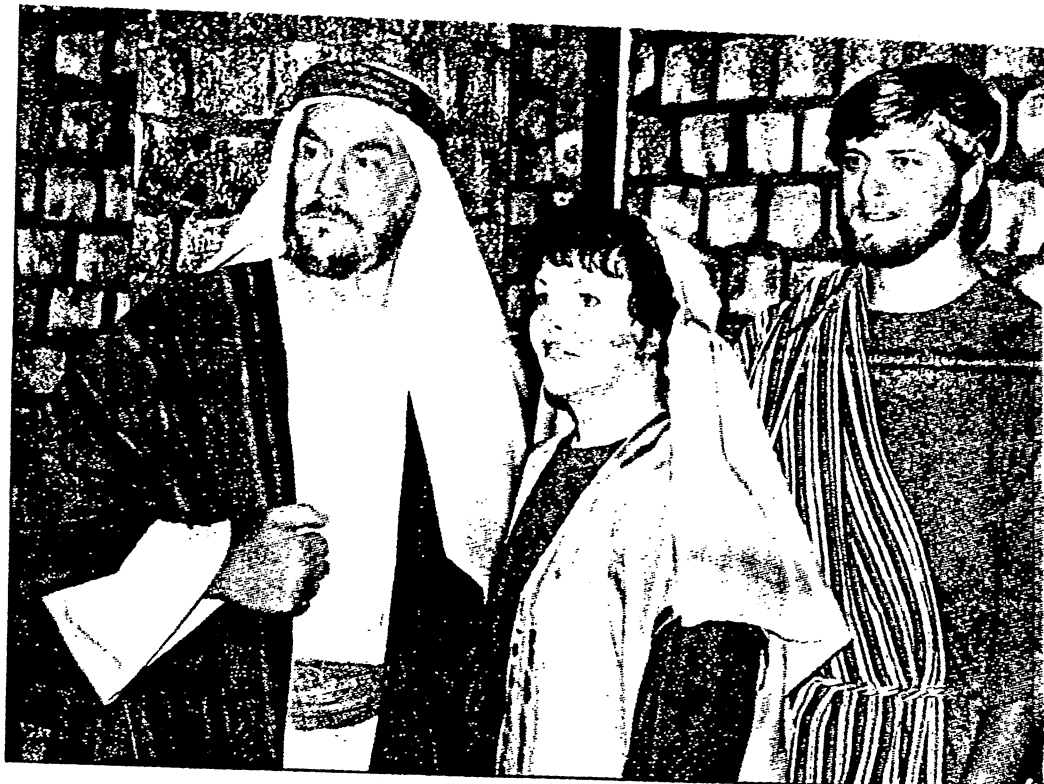
Mormon forum

How to teach youth the dangers of drug and alcohol abuse

Get professional help

When the reality of drug and alcohol abuse hits home, the time for preparation is past. Survival seems to be the next phase because the family is out of control. The once peaceful, gospel-oriented home now becomes a battleground. Shouting, lying, broken promises and curfews, crying, pain, fear, things missing, panic and depression prevail. We saw a checklist of warning signs of possible drug and alcohol abuse. The score was high. More prayer. Someone seems to be crying out, "Do something. Help me."

We want our child to live. We ask for help, professional help. We participate in recovery. But how can there be so much pain in recovery? Why is the whole family supposed to get counseling? Slowly mouths begin to open. Pain, anger, hurt and fear are released. Truth and understanding begin to replace the hurt. Denial is no longer valid. Survival has been accomplished. Now there is hope. — Rosalee Byers, North Muskegon, Mich.



Above, Robert Peterson, Jeannine Larson and Tim Vogl portray Lehi, Sariah and Nephi in Snowflake Arizona Stake production, "A Light in the Wilderness."

Photo from Church News, 8/22/91

A MOST TRAUMATIC YET SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

by Diana Rice

November 20, 1991 was going to be a challenging day at the Cooper office, with appointments scheduled nonstop. Jack Cooper had not been feeling well for several weeks. Because he had exercised regularly for more than thirty years, and the Cooper dietary routine was strictly low sugar and low cholesterol, they thought perhaps he was feeling an overload of stress.

For no conscious reason, Joycell felt the desire to fast that day. She fasted for Jack's well being, and for her own. A calm, peaceful feeling came over her during the fast as she slipped away in the spare moments of the day to pray. She felt so good, she went an extra hour before ending the fast, and the thoughts kept going through her mind, "Things are fine, and things are going to be fine."

At 10:30 that night Jack had a heart attack. They met Dr. Paul Andelin at the Aurora hospital, 18-20 miles from their home. Dr. Paul immediately assessed the seriousness of the attack and arranged for an ambulance to transport Jack to the larger Springfield hospital 30 miles away.

As soon as Jack was safely admitted to Springfield, Joycell slipped away to pray again. This time, she felt angry at the Lord. "You can't do this to me. Maybe I shouldn't have fasted!" Then the thought entered her mind, "My dear child, have you stopped to think what might have happened?" She began to be comforted by the Lord's spirit, and realized calmly that He was in control of the situation. She felt no fear or panic, and apologized to Him for her anger, and has been apologizing ever since as the other possibilities occurred to her. When she next saw Jack, she explained her experience, and he told her he felt no fear, either.

Joycell remained calm, throughout the ordeal, even through the financial challenges. They did not have insurance coverage, yet worked out a way to make manageable monthly payments.

The pain worsened, and the doctors performed one angioplasty that night and a second a few days later. The family fasted before the second angioplasty, and then met the night before for family prayer. Setting an intimidating type nurse

at the door as sentry, they began the prayer, with Joycell as voice. She was able to express the ideas so well, that at times she marveled at how clearly she was able to vocalize her thoughts.

The closing words of the prayer were, "...and we are so grateful for those on the other side praying in Jack's behalf." Just then, Joycell had a glimpse of a host of people with heads bowed, praying in Jack's behalf. As she related this impression to her family, she wondered if some of the people she had seen could be relatives to whom Jack is the only link. Genealogy on his line has been a priority ever since.

When Jack was feeling well enough to wonder why this had happened to a person with excellent health habits, a devoted exerciser for 30 years who ate very little meat and mostly fruits and vegetables, the doctors told him that in his case the problem was hereditary, and that his good habits had undoubtedly prevented the attack for an extra 15 years!

After the recuperation, the calm feeling both Jack and Joycell were given, has remained. Jack's practice is thriving. He has more patients now than ever. His specialty has received national attention entirely by patient referral, and he has patients coming from as far away as California and New Jersey to see him.

Joycell told Jack as they drove to the hospital right after the attack, "If you die on me, I'll kill you." She says that's why he got well real quick! Stress management has given Joycell a chance to nag, so they've cut back on office days, and take more time to relax without guilt.

It was the most traumatic and most spiritual experience the Coopers have ever shared, and although they wouldn't want to repeat it, they wouldn't have missed it, either. The experience has made them understand how to put themselves completely in the hands of the Lord. In His hands, business is booming, they have been able to meet the monthly medical bills, they have upped their monthly fast offerings to the poor, and they have found renewed joy in serving others and reaching out to those in need.

REFLECTIONS AT AUNT ELDA'S FUNERAL

by Jeannine Larson

Last fall I had the wonderful blessing of being able to attend Aunt Elda Brown's funeral in St. Johns Arizona. It was one of those rare days that was detached from everyday life. It was a Saturday and Keith had to be in Holbrook for a Jr. High football game. He was the assistant coach and our son Matthew was the starting quarterback. Margaret and Sara had other commitments and Jared didn't really want to go and hang on my skirt all day while I visited with old people.

So, I took off alone, and travelled the 50 minute drive to St. Johns. With Mozart in the tapedeck, I felt an unusual peace and contentment as I traveled through the familiar rolling countryside. The sky was breathtaking with huge fluffy cumulus clouds stretched from one end of the blue to another.

Two minutes out of Snowflake I was feeling so grateful that I had decided to go. As I often do when I am experiencing joy, I said, "I wish all the Berry family could be here with me right now!" I felt the spirit of the Lord in great abundance.

I pulled into St. Johns about 15 minutes before the funeral and parked in front of Uncle Eddie's old 2-story victorian home on Main Street. As I walked across the street and down the block into the old church house, I glanced at the license plates of every car. Each one was from out of state, Colorado, Utah, California. That's a sign of greatness, when people from another state come to your funeral!

The whole funeral reminded me of my mother's. Aunt Elda was a school teacher, and she had touched and affected many lives as Mother had. Her grandchildren and great-grandchildren loved her dearly. They had many funny stories about her, as we have about her sister May, our Grandma Berry. Her reputation for hard work and frugality was infamous and her son Brent said that among her belongings they found a crisco can filled with tiny bits and scraps of hand soap.

The opening choir was made up of her grandchildren. The closing choir was all of her great-grandchildren that could attend. Both

choirs were exceptionally beautiful, and moved us all to tears.

The only other representatives from May's family besides myself were Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth and some of their children. I stayed after and visited for several hours, both at the grave and at the dinner. Wandering among the grave stones and pondering on the names and dates of all those relatives that we have on that dreary, wind-swept hill left me thinking about their lives and where they are and what each of them are doing. What kind of people were they, really?

There is a little bit of them in each of us. We have some of their strengths and some of their weaknesses. In spite of their weaknesses, we did come from thoroughbred stock, and we should never forget it. I speak not with a prideful, boasting attitude, but with a grateful spirit and recognizing our responsibility to God for the heritage that we have been blessed with.

It was a sweet, peaceful day as I drove up and down the dirt streets of this little pioneer town built by the sacrifices of our forefathers. I thought of Grandpa Whiting walking those streets to go to church for a play practice. I could see Aunt Elda as a teenager, perched in the pear tree with only her teddies on. Aunt Minnie was running to school with her wool cap pulled down over her mass of wild red hair as she was trying to beat the last clang of the bell. Grandma Whiting was shaking out her rugs at her back door. I could see five young Whiting brothers huddled together in their front yard as if in a serious conference and then peals of laughter as Uncle Lynn ended his story. There was Grandma May climbing into the horse and wagon with Herbert at the reins and Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank sitting in the back as they pulled away on the date which ended with Herbert proposing to May, which really was the beginning of all of us!

Life seemed to stand still because I was alone--no one to interrupt my thoughts and feelings, just quiet and spirit drifting in and out of my soul. A day that reminded me that death can be joyous and comforting for those who are left behind.



Helen and Norma Berry in Mesa, Arizona about 1927

Helen Berry Andelin

TRIFLES BUILD PERFECTION

by her son, Brian Andelin

"She is driven by a fierce desire to discover truth, and then apply it in a practical way to everyday life."

I have never felt alone in my life. I have always felt secure, loved, and resilient. I am sure a major reason for this is the love and training received from my mother in my home.

Experts tell us the first few years of our lives are critical to our development. Though I cannot remember, I know there were countless times my mother kissed my little cheeks, patted me on the head, whispered into my ear as I was falling asleep, held my hand when I was ill, and nourished my soul in the most profound way.

My mother's personality is unusual. She is one of the most idealistic people I have ever met. She is driven by a fierce desire to discover truth, and then apply it in a practical way to everyday life. Her mastery of detail is one of her greatest character traits. She is fond of Michelangelo's statement that trifles build perfection, but perfection is not a trifle.

Mother's search for truth is exhibited in her quest for good nutrition. She was baking whole wheat bread and feeding us raw milk and organic produce 30 years before it became a national fad.

Another of her traits is compassion. I can remember noticing a poor neighbor playing with my brother's chemistry set on the school bus one time. Then I remembered that mother talked us into giving some of our Christmas presents to a poor family who had recently moved into the area.

Mother has never pampered herself with physical possessions, but has surrounded herself with good books and her computer, which she uses for writing. She was influenced greatly by Henry David Thoreau's Walden Pond, which proclaims the simple life as the sweetest life. And her life has been sweet, indeed. Though not removed from hard work and suffering, her life has been very rewarding. I deeply appreciate and love this woman, my mother.



Helen Berry Andelin
MY FASCINATING MOTHER

by her daughter, Dixie Andelin Forsyth



I have only know my mother (in this life) since 1950, but that's as long as I have known anyone. My first memories are of a gentle, tender person, always soft-spoken. She was the most amazing person when one of us was sick. I've never seen such devoted care anywhere else. We would get liquid Rose Hips every hour, on the hour. Our diet was planned carefully and exactly. It didn't seem to matter what else she had to do--everything took second place if we were ill.

Mom has always been health-conscious. Even when it wasn't "in." I remember her getting on black leotards and tights and exercising in the morning. She and Dad always took walks. I remember her saying that fresh fruit and vegetables were good for you, so it was worth it to buy them by the case. Even when produce was relatively high, it was still cheaper than packaged or processed food. One time she offered to pay us kids a dollar if we learned to like figs. Occasionally we had to put up with a few of her experiments in health, such as rice balls in our school lunch, or soybean milk on cereal, but it was worth it. Anyway, all those years of being careful have paid off, because at 71 she looks terrific and works harder than most women half her age.

When I was about 12, Mom started writing her book, "Fascinating Womanhood." She didn't really want to write it, in fact she tried to talk a couple of her friends into doing it, but she was unsuccessful (she felt they could do a better job.) She felt that this book was terribly needed so she decided to do it herself. I remember her getting up at 4 a.m. and writing it so it wouldn't interfere with family routine. Merilee was just a baby then. Mom pounded it out on an old standard typewriter, and had to erase mistakes by hand. It took her a long time, and she rewrote it a bunch of times, but it turned out well. So well, in fact, that it has sold well over a million copies.

In my teens, I remember Mom going on national TV shows and speaking to groups of people. Time Magazine even came once and took all our pictures for an article. She was on shows like "Phil Donahue" and "Merv Griffin" and faced such women's

lib characters as Betty Friedan and Jacqueline Suzanne.

Mom was never wild about speaking (I think she got real nervous) but she always said her one talent was that she wasn't afraid to work real hard. Boy, is she right! She works harder than anyone I've ever seen. I really admire Mom, too. There were times I was with her when people were yelling and screaming at her because of her views on womanhood. I felt so sorry for her, but she always came through O.K.

Mom has always been a great example and teacher. She has taught us the Gospel, which is the most valuable thing that anyone can do. I will always be eternally grateful for that. And I will always love her and Dad eternally, too.



Helen Berry Andelin

THE LASTING WARMTH OF SELF-WORTH AND SECURITY

by her daughter, Ginny Andelin Leavitt

My mother is an extraordinary person. Few people have accomplished so much in a lifetime. Driven by a heart-felt concern for others, she has labored to lift people by enlightening them with principles of marriage and family. She has written best-selling books. She has created teaching material and set up a network of classes which spread throughout many parts of the world. She has declared and defended her beliefs again and again in public gatherings and in the media. She has drawn the attention and admiration of many, many people.

My mother also extraordinary in another way, however, a way which is seen keenly from the eyes of a child, but overlooked by the world. What the masses deem admirable is of no consequence to children, and that which is imperative to a child, the world will little note. A true mother gives a gift of herself. It is of infinite worth to a child. The gift is made up of such ordinary things--hugs and caresses, stories and brushing hair, endless service. My mother gave this gift, and with it the lasting warmth of self-worth and security.

Mother had difficulty in conceiving children. After four and a half years of marriage, my parents feared they would be childless. She ached for a baby. Eventually, my parents were blessed with eight children, but those early years had a lasting effect. Mother never took a baby for granted. Even after her seventh child, Paul, was born, and she held him for the first time, she looked up at Dad and said, "When can I have another one?" I grew up with the illusion that all women wanted babies and that only the rare, lucky couples had large families. I wondered about the small families I knew, and how they must feel badly as my mother did before her children came.

I felt very treasured. And like a treasure, she took great care with me. She was a clean and orderly housekeeper. Her meals were lovely and nutritious. Birthdays and Christmases were made warm with special touches. She was very kind. I remember her voice was gentle and controlled. What a joy and security it was to sit on her lap

during church meetings and play with her earrings and hear her mellow alto voice sing the hymns.

I even have pleasant memories of being sick. They are pleasant because she took care of me so lovingly and went to extra effort to squeeze fresh orange juice and make a comfortable bed on the couch for me.

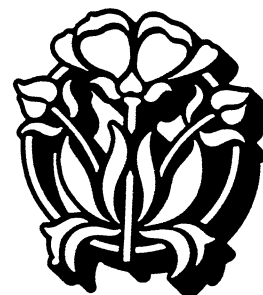
My mother is feminine in her manner and appearance--an ideal role model for girls. She radiated the joy of homemaking because she loved her work. Whether she was kneading bread, sewing dresses for her daughters or making beds, she was the heart of our home and where she was, I wanted to be.

I appreciate her more now that I am grown and know so many "handicapped" adults who suffer for lack of that ordinary yet soul-saving gift my mother gave me.

There was a great deal of love in our home because our parents were unified. I cannot recall contention or harsh words between them. They held hands during church and Dad often called her by endearing names. Mom was very supportive of Dad and I believe that set an example to us children about respect for authority.

As the years pass, I am sure that I do not sufficiently acknowledge my mother's gift; but every hour that passes, the effects of that gift are manifest in my life.

I am grateful that my mother has selflessly rendered service to many families in the world. But I am especially grateful for her example to me personally, and for the enduring gift she gave--from whence, for me, there could be no other source.



Helen Berry Andelin

IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BE INDUSTRIOUS

by her daughter, Merilee Andelin Saunders

I always wanted to be with my mother. She knew what was important to me. When I was old enough, I inherited my sisters' little cupboard. I was so excited about it. Mom took me to Sproutz-Reitz and bought me all sorts of little dishes to put in it. There was a tiny flowered cookie jar that was my favorite. Mom helped me to make little cookies to go into it. While I was putting the cookies in the jar, Mom said, "Be careful, that's too close to the edge." I didn't listen, and I accidentally knocked it off the counter. Cookies and cookie jar were in pieces all over the kitchen floor. I was just devastated. Instead of telling me "I told you so," she just comforted me and told me she knew how much it meant to me. The very next day she bought me another cookie jar, just like the one I broke. I felt so very lucky to have a mom that understood.

Mom taught us how important it was to be honest. I can remember being in trouble because I helped myself to loose change on Dad's dresser to buy goodies from the Ice Cream Man. When Mom confronted me about it, I told her the truth. Instead of punishing me for taking money, she praised me for being honest. I've always appreciated that. She explained that she knew I was honest and could be trusted. It made me realize at an early age how important it was to be known as a person who would always tell the truth.

I greatly admire her wisdom concerning money management. She would tell me it didn't matter how much money you had, it was how you spent it. She said she knew women who had husbands who were doctors and made lots of money, but they never had anything, because they spent so foolishly. She taught me to always pay my tithing first, and then set aside half of what was left over for savings. The rest I could spend. As an adult, I'm grateful every day for the skills I learned as a child. Money management is much harder to learn as an adult.

I can't ever remember Mom as being cross or grouchy. I can't even remember her yelling. Now that I have my own children, it absolutely amazes me how patient she was.

She has always been my idol as far as her level of discipline. She battled her weight all her life, and has always had a great figure because of it. I can remember her saying "You should be willing to eat baled hay if that's what it takes."

She always worked so hard, cooking, cleaning, shopping, laundry. She never complained. She taught us the importance of going the second mile in order to enjoy any work you had to do. She taught me that it's not having work that you enjoy, but enjoying the work you have to do that will make you happy. She taught me to love work, that it's a privilege to be industrious.

I loved the times when she'd come and sit on the end of my bed before I'd go to sleep. When I was little, she'd tell me stories. As I grew older, we'd just talk. She's always been there for me when I need her. Even though I'm the youngest of eight, she made me feel as special as if I was an only child. I love her very much.



Helen Berry Andelin

AN ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY

by her niece, Joycell Hamblin Cooper

There is a side to Aunt Helen that most of you don't know. She is an absolute authority on beauty hints, and I was the recipient of many of her experiments. A case in point--we were living in Pineyon, Arizona. I was in the 4th grade, and to me, Aunt Helen was the most poised, self-assured teen-ager I'd ever seen. There was nothing she didn't know. (If there was, she didn't tell me.) And I looked forward to her visits with the greatest anticipation.

Each time she left, I was a far wiser young girl, and her beauty secrets stay with me to this day. For instance, did you know that in order to get your face really clean you scrub it thoroughly with ivory soap and rinse it no less than 16 times to be sure it is really clean. You never rub your face with a towel--you blot it.

Early one morning, we traipsed down the garden path to gather radish leaves while the dew was still on them. Carefully rinsing them off in the ditch, we then put them on a clean wash cloth (everything had to be clean with Aunt Helen) and carefully carried them to the house. I watched with great interest as she cut perfect slices of homemade bread (everything Aunt Helen did was perfect), laid several layers of radish leaves on each slice, put a dash of salt and a little butter on each leaf (I still wonder why she didn't just butter the bread!) and covered the entire masterpiece with another slice of bread. She cut the sandwich in 4ths and assured me, as I swallowed each bite of the prickly beauty product, that this was absolutely the most marvelous thing for your complexion that ever was. I do know it was like eating little brillo pads, but since Helen had such a lovely complexion, I had no doubts she knew exactly what she was talking about.

Aunt Helen, like her sister Maree, had great aspirations of being a famous dancer. I remember a black taffeta costume with a cute little hat with an organdy bow, in which she tapped her heart out. But I think her first love was ballet. I watched her practice the dying swan in her lovely tutu. Never have I seen a swan take so long to die, and never so gracefully. I had no doubt that someday I would see my Aunt Helen dancing as a star on Broadway, or in the Hollywood movies. One fateful day, Lee and Kay came to visit and talked

their baby sister into performing for the family. She was a smashing success, and probably would have continued on to stardom, except Uncle Lee got up after her and mimicked her almost exactly. I must admit that while he surprised us all with his gracefulness, Aunt Helen hung up her toe shoes and never danced publicly again. What a loss to the entertainment world.

Just before Jack and I were married, Aunt Helen and Uncle Aubrey celebrated their 6th anniversary. I said to mother one day, "I can't imagine being married that long. How boring, what is left in life for them?" Jack and I have now been married 45 years, and believe me, none of it has been boring!

One of the things I remember most about Aunt Helen is her self discipline. I don't think I've ever seen anyone more disciplined. When she decided to do something, she did it. When she made up her mind to give up chocolate, that was it--she just gave it up. I've given it up hundreds of times, but not Helen. She never weakened or looked back. Another thing was her tremendous ability to organize. Even with all her children, her home was always neat. She got everything done, and always looked like Donna Reed.

Everyone should have an Aunt Helen (with an Uncle Aubrey behind her). If she had been born during prohibition days, I am sure she would have been carrying Carrie Nation's axe, marching with the best of them. There are no gray areas with her, everything is black or white, and she is always standing on the right side. She stands up for what she believes, and that truly is an asset to this family. She has attributes we all need that some of us are too lazy to cultivate: organization, dependability, self-discipline, unselfishness, love of the Gospel. I don't think many of us realize the service she renders.

Much of her success is a result of her champion, Uncle Aubrey. It takes two to tango, and these two have tangoed through life, living it to the fullest. I love them, and they truly have been an inspiration in my life. I never eat a radish leaf sandwich that I don't think of my Aunt Helen and thank her for my clean colon!



Helen Berry Andelin

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

by her niece, Jeannine Hamblin Larson

I can not tell you how many times in my childhood I heard these words, "But you look more like Helen than you do Maree!" Mother and I both accepted that statement as a compliment. I was secretly pleased, because there was no doubt in my little-girl mind that Aunt Helen was the most beautiful woman in the family. The fact that my own first name was Helen added to the assurance in my heart that we were bonded in some mysterious, special way. The thought had even crossed my mind that the angels really might have mixed up the mothers at the last minute!

My memories of Helen are mixed with adjectives different than those we usually associate with Berrys or Whitings. She is a person who has marched to her own drum, in spite of the opinions of others. And her drum beat has been a righteous and noble one. She is a truth seeker. Many people go through life avoiding truth because they are comfortable with their own opinions. But one of Helen's greatest strengths is that she is so teachable and open to truth. It is a wonderful quality, that keeps her young and always growing. Her opinion is never set or immovable.

She has always been my ideal--my example. Her self-discipline and her desire for truth have been an inspiration to me all my life. She has no fear of people's opinions, if what she is doing she believes to be right.

My first memory of Helen was when I was five. The year was 1945, and for some reason, which I can't remember, Mother sent me to stay with Helen and Aubrey for a week. They were living in the L.A. area, and I believe Aubrey was beginning dental school. I don't know how my mother convinced me to stay with them, because at that time in my life, I had a great fear of people. I was already a kindergarten drop-out, and nothing Mother could say or do had convinced me to go back to that.

I remember being impressed with how clean and orderly Aunt Helen's home was. She focused upon my five-year-old needs and wants like no adult had ever done before. She talked to me on an adult level and I remember how intriguing it was to me. She was very practical and straight-forward with me. But my enjoyment was to be short-lived, because the day after I got there, I came down with the chicken pox. I became so ill with fever

that I have little memory of the rest of the week. I tossed and turned and groaned, with Helen always by my side, trying to make life a little more comfortable for me.

As a young wife and mother in the early 60's, I became aware of Helen's strange beliefs in the area of health. Let's face it, the dietary habits of some of us were questionable enough to raise an eyebrow now and then. When I really began listening to what Helen was saying, I snickered to myself a little as I poured a 5 pound bag of sugar into the Kool-aid pot. I became aware that not everyone was in agreement with Helen's health ideas. When the subject came up, there were those who put tongue in cheek and raised their eyes to heaven.

The years went by, and I began to notice that my beautiful Aunt Helen stayed beautiful. She strolled around the Homestead looking twenty years younger than reality. The words, "By their fruits ye shall know them" kept ringing in my ears every time I saw her. Time and medical research has begun to establish that some of these "strange" ideas of Helen's are not quite as far-fetched as once thought. She had the courage to live according to her beliefs before it became popular to do so. She gave me the courage to do the same.

The adjective that always comes to my mind when I think of Helen is: gracious. It is a word that covers many things. I looked it up in my thesaurus, and found that the word gracious also means: benevolent, courteous, well-mannered, tasteful, refined, cultured, kindly, obliging, merciful, compassionate, mild, gentle and cordial. Each one of these adjectives gives a true description of our Aunt Helen.

With the passing of my mother, Maree, Helen is now the mother-figure in the Berry family. She is our matriarch, someone we look to for inspiration and guidance. I in no way mean to imply that Aunt Virginia and Aunt Elizabeth are not wonderful examples to us all, because they are, and we love them dearly. I mean that Helen is the only living daughter of Herbert and May Berry. We are truly blessed as a family to have such a gracious and caring matriarch. I love her dearly, and pray that she may be with us for many years to come. Perhaps, because of her strange ideas on nutrition, my prayer will be answered.

Helen Berry Andelin

AN EQUALLY DYNAMIC EFFECT

by her niece, Diana Fife Rice

Even though it has been many years since I last visited Aunt Helen in her home, I find that her influence on my own home has been profound. In the late 1950's, two sisters who influenced me deeply, (my mother and Aunt Helen) both lived in Fresno, and loved to visit each other often. My family stayed at the Andelins for two weeks when we first moved to Fresno, while our house was being finished. And after we were settled, the families continued to see each other frequently. Though these gatherings are now treasured memories, equally significant are the effects Aunt Helen had upon me as I observed her habits and opinions as she went about the business of running a home filled with busy, healthy children and a successful husband.

Careful selection of wholesome foods was always a priority of Aunt Helen's. The first time I ever saw a kid snack on a hard boiled egg was when we visited the Andelins in Idaho and Brian, about two years old, toddled around nibbling on an egg. A special treat was to breakfast on Aunt Helen's version of cold cereal, pinole. Even now, the smell of parched wheat sends me back in time to her big oval dining table, for the magical pinole was parched wheat ground into coarse flour, served with milk, which we loved. If I close my eyes, I can also see Aunt Helen mixing a batch of whole wheat bread. This delicious bread was produced throughout the busy years of raising her children. My sisters and I learned the recipe, and have each enjoyed baking it for our families throughout our own child-raising years, though only Bonnie is as consistent in producing bread as Aunt Helen was.

Storing a year's supply of food was another priority in the Andelin home. I was vividly impressed to see their carefully planned storage room, below ground, well stocked with foods their family normally consumed. The variety of grains, dried fruits and nuts was neatly stored on well-built shelves. Those foods were regularly rotated, because the family used what they stored. And we became well acquainted with the nutritional advantages of foods at that time largely ignored by the average person, such as raw cashew nuts, barley, oatmeal, honey and wheat.

Education and constructive playtime were also Andelin priorities. There was a walk-in closet just off the family room filled with games, math flash cards, art supplies and puzzles. Their's was one of the first families I knew that had a

television, and the TV time was carefully regulated. They were the only family that had their own encyclopedia. Aunt Helen carefully chose the toys, the boys had wonderful trucks and a sand box, and the girls had cupboards, good dolls and miniature kitchen supplies. I remembered the small sized silverware, real dishes and glassware, and bought the same for my own little girls. All the children played with the large set of hardwood blocks, trying to see who could build the tallest buildings.

Aunt Helen seemed always ready to suggest games or other activities when idleness threatened, and artistic, musical, sports, or dance interests were cultivated with classes and lessons. She even attempted to personally teach me piano, a brave gesture on her part because I loved the lessons but not the practice. Undaunted, she had a musician give a music appreciation class to her children, nieces and nephews, and an artist give a Christmas craft class. She chauffeured a carload of daughters and nieces to dance lessons the year after my mother died, and I never heard one complaint. These attempts at cultural enrichment did indeed enhance my future enjoyment of the arts.

Interior decoration was another part of the education I received from Aunt Helen. Beautiful surroundings were a constant priority. The Donna Reed Show, Leave It To Beaver, and Father Knows Best were all filmed in surroundings that remind me of Aunt Helen's decorating flair. Yet the purpose was never a matter of status or pride, but to provide a lovely setting for family life. The night my mother died, and after the funeral, it was to the Andelin's beautiful home that everyone gathered for comfort and strength.

When Lane and Brian were small, Aunt Helen painted and framed 2 by 4 foot pictures of Peter Pan and Captain Hook to hang in their room. This was before the Disney mass-market techniques, and the effect was fresh, and original. When Dixie, Christine, and Ginny began to need individual space, Aunt Helen, without hesitation, had their large, beautifully furnished room remodeled into three small rooms so that they could each have their own space, caring more for the individual needs than the decorating effect.

For several years we lived in the same ward as the Andelin family, and I was privileged to observe Aunt Helen's religious commitments. Whatever assignments she was given were carefully

fulfilled. Talks were well prepared, lessons carefully polished, assigned tasks always completed. Family nights were regular occurrences, and prayer a constant practice.

Aunt Helen was always looking for the best ideas and values. She would thumbtack personal goals or inspiring thoughts near her work areas, such as "ten ways to build character" or scriptural references to memorize.

Since the days of my frequent visits, Aunt Helen has completed the raising of her own family, and written and taught "Fascinating Womanhood", and served a second full time mission, all of which have influenced countless women, homes and families. Yet, the personal example she was to me in my formative years has had an equally dynamic affect upon me and my own family that I will always be grateful for.

This month, Helen Andelin's third rewriting of Fascinating Womanhood is being published by Bantam, in its second paperback version. At the present time, more than 2 million copies have been sold. Because personal notes often mirror a person, we are including two from Aunt Helen. The note to Emily was typed at the end of Helen's life story, a project shared now in the Berry Patch, undertaken at her granddaughter Emily's request.

Emily, this is written rather hurriedly, but I know you wanted it right away. It took me a few days to get around to doing it. Hope it will be helpful in your report.

Love,

Grandma

P.S. This is written on my new computer and laser printer. It has fonts and proportional spacing that makes it look like real printed matter. I am paying a tutor \$30.00 per hour to teach me more about the computer. It is fascinating - the marvel of our age. Learn all you can about it. If you don't you will be considered ignorant. It has been a little hard for me to learn because I am not familiar with the computer terms. But I am learning by persistence.

Aunt Helen's Whole Wheat Bread

5 cups warm water
2 scant tablespoons yeast
1 tablespoon salt
1/3 cup oil
1/3 cup honey or part honey part molasses
about 12 cups flour

Soften the yeast in the water. Add the other ingredients, mix and knead until elastic. Let dough rest 10 minutes before shaping into four loaves. Let rise 1 inch in the pan. Bake at 350 for 1 hour.

Dear Diana,

I have included an article from the Washington Post (D.C.), in case you would rather print that. Also photos, as I don't think you can reproduce the ones printed in the article. I have been interviewed by 500 or more TV, Radio and Newspapers around the country. And I never liked being on stage. Ask my cousin Elma.

Love, Aunt Helen

Helen Berry Andelin

APA REPORT ON HBA

by her husband, Aubrey P. Andelin

Before I met Helen, she was pointed out to me by a girl friend I had taken to church. Returning home, she pointed to a group of girls who had an apartment in her parents' home. Five of the girls were leaving and one was staying behind. Pointing to the single girl, she said, "That's Helen Berry. She doesn't go to shows on Sunday."

That impressed me very much, because I knew Helen was a girl who had the courage to do what she believed in regardless of what her roommates were doing. These were college girls away from home at BYU, meeting new friends and making decisions where their beliefs were tested.

Several weeks later, I met Helen at a dance in one of the Provo wards. I remembered what I knew about her, and now had a chance to learn a little more. She was vivacious and exciting, with the radiant smile she still has. We danced several times together that night.

As we became acquainted and dated, I learned that her dedication to principles was firm. She had read a book on the Word of Wisdom by Widtsoe, which discouraged the use of chocolate. We were now attending the University of Utah. She was living with her sister Norma, and two cousins, Geraldine and Elma Brown, at Aunt Myn's in Salt Lake. I was invited to dinner one Sunday evening. When chocolate cake was served, Helen said "No." Now this caused no small amount of razzing by most everyone. She liked chocolate, but no amount of persuasion would change her mind. There was a distinct feeling in the group that this urging would be futile, for they all knew she was committed. I knew I was dating no ordinary person, and my fascination was intensified.

In the many years we have lived together I am continually impressed by her love for and dedication to Truth. She loves Truth and will make any adjustment necessary to accommodate it. Preconceived ideas give way, personal inconvenience is not a consideration. She is not handicapped by pride which might make her look foolish to abandon an idea. One of her mottos is, "Do what is right, let the consequence follow."

As a woman, Helen sees her duty and fulfillment as being a wife, mother, and homemaker. This is the order of importance. And it is the God-ordained role for a woman. This is not an onerous or second-rate position, but is a happy challenge requiring the ultimate in intelligence, skill and love. To her, there is no position which supersedes it, or is more to be desired. Its opportunities are limitless. Women who do not see this truth and therefore do not exert themselves to magnify their femininity and womanliness to the utmost (when conditions allow) miss the greatest blessings a woman can have.

Her philosophy has attracted international attention. She has been asked to defend her beliefs in more than three hundred forums, including TV, radio, newspaper, and debates in universities. Most of the interviews were fair and impartial, others were hostile, and unfair--even threatening. Very often she stood alone in panels of six or more against her. She has seen her motives challenged, her writing distorted, and those whose moral beliefs she has threatened rise in anger and abuse. Some of the audiences involved millions of viewers, as when she was interviewed by Barbara Walters, Merv Griffin, Phil Donahue and Art Linkletter. (These interviewers were courteous and respectful.) But in all these encounters, I have never seen her defeated or act unbecoming a woman of her position. Some interviewers had difficulty finding anyone willing to face her. In a nationally televised interview with Helen Gurley Brown and Jacqueline Suzanne (a one hour program) both women stated at the half hour station break that they wished they could leave. Her defense of Truth made her invincible.

But with all the notoriety she has received, she has always placed her duties as a wife, mother and homemaker first. Her unwavering devotion to duty is flawless. She has won the love and devotion of her husband and children. She is dependable and predictable.



Helen and Aubrey Andelin

February 1992

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

Helen Lucille Berry Andelin

Data

Parents: Mother: Anna May Whiting
 Father: Herbert Alonzo Berry

Date of Birth: May 22, 1920

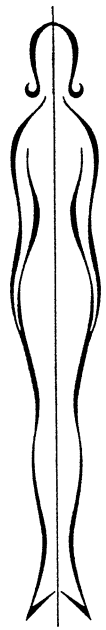
Place of Birth: Mesa, Arizona

Family Background:

My parents both came from good pioneer families who were hard working, honest, and kind. My father, in his youth, was a sheep herder among the Mexicans and learned to speak the Mexican language fluently. He rode the range herding cattle and carried mail by horseback between Holbrook and St. Johns Arizona. When he and my mother were married his parents gave them a log cabin to live in. Their first four children were born there. The midwife charged them \$4.00 per baby, which included 10 days nursing care.

When they were first married one of the more prosperous men of the town had a lot of sheep in the mountains. It was a bitter cold winter which lasted into the spring. His sheep were expecting lambs and he feared losing them. He told my father and mother that if they would go to the mountains and tend his sheep, they could have all of the lambs they could save. As soon as they arrived the sun came out and they saved all of the lambs. They now had a herd of sheep to begin married life with. When the lambs matured the price of sheep went up and the price of cattle went down so they sold the sheep and bought cattle. Then the price of cattle went up so they were able to sell them for a good price. My father also taught school for a living. They were frugal and saved most of what they made.

After their fourth child was born my dad said to my mother, "May, we have saved quite a



lot of money. What do you think we should do with it?" She answered, "Why don't we put it in your head where we can't lose it." By this she meant that he should further his education. My father had thought many times of becoming a dentist. After much opposition from both parents, but the encouragement of the town principal, they packed their belongings, took their four children and boarded a train for Chicago to attend Northwestern Dental School.

During dental school they ran out of money. My mother took the children and returned to Arizona where she taught school in Alpine, a beautiful little town in the pines. They were determined not to quit. My father came home summers. When his education was completed my father practiced dentistry in Prescott, Arizona. A fifth child was born there. When this child had an illness that didn't get better, the doctor advised them to move south to the Phoenix area. If they didn't, he warned them, this child might die. This is how we came to be living in Mesa when I was born.

Early Childhood:

I had an almost perfect early childhood. We lived in a sturdy grey stone house near the small city of Mesa, population about 8,000. The house was on a large lot with blackberries, pomegranats, and chickens in the back yard. In a lot nearby we kept our cow, Daisy, and grew a garden. A close family of cousins lived just a block away.

My father had thick, shinny, very black hair, and a mustache. He looked a little like a Mexican, but with very blue eyes. He was extremely good natured, gentle, likeable, but a little quiet and shy. Everyone respected him and liked him. Someone once said, "If you can't get along with Herbert, you can't get along with anyone." He was a successful dentist in Mesa. He loved his profession, read the current literature, and attended the dental conventions to keep up with new ideas. When he was 58 years old he took the California dental board and failed. He took

it again the next year and passed. This was a real credit to him because it was difficult to get a California license at his age. When he was about 72 years old he retired, but grew weary of retirement and opened up a practice in Alaska.

My mother was also good natured, optimistic, and pleasant, but more outgoing. She took charge of the family and was the parent we looked to for a *yes* or *no*. She didn't make too many rules. She gave us a lot of freedom, but was extremely firm when it came to the important things. She demanded obedience. Although she never punished me I grew up just knowing that I had better obey her. She never raised her voice. When she wanted to impress us or correct us she came close to us and whispered. But in spite of this strictness she gave us the freedom to do many things other children could not do. It was a kind of trust and confidence she had in her children that they had good sense.

My older sister, Effie was frail in health, but beautiful and sweet. She was an ideal older sister. I always thought my second sister, Maree was beautiful but she never thought she was as pretty as Effie. But she was *very* popular with the boys. And she was good to me. I remember she used to dress me up like a lady. She put long stockings on me and put spools in the heels to serve as high *heels*. Then she applied makeup and bedeck me with jewelry. I paraded around the neighborhood this way. My two older brothers were handsome. In fact, my cousins argued which one was the handsomest. I took their pictures to school to show to my friends. The high school gave three awards during the year - the boy who was the best looking, the smartest, and the most popular. One year my older brother, Kay won them all. I always thought the school custom was rather stupid.

With prosperous and loving parents and five older brothers and sisters to coddle me, my early childhood couldn't have been more ideal. We attended the public swimming pools as a family, had picnics afterwards, plenty of watermelons, cantaloupes, grapes, dates, and figs. My

parents invited their friends over for Rook parties and they let me stay up late to watch the older folks play. There was plenty of homemade ice cream and plenty of fun.

An important part of my childhood was our relatives who lived just a block away, aunt Martha and uncle Frank Brown and their children. I remember running barefoot down the hot sidewalks to visit them, and playing with them in irrigation ditches. We had battles with neighbor kids, using china berries for weapons and boiler lids for shields. The boiler lids made perfect shields. They were oval shaped with a handle right in the middle of the top.

During the hot Arizona summers I had no trouble keeping cool. I wore little clothing and played on the lawn with a hose and a tub water. Sometime during the day the sprinkler trucks came down the street to sprinkle the dirt roads. I ran after them, along with neighborhood children, to have a cool shower. When I was very little I wandered off to the nearby ice cream man, Tony, who always gave me a free cone. He was well known in Mesa, for making daily rounds in his horse drawn wagon selling ice cream and cones. Years later when I was walking down the street Tony came by in his cart. He recognized me, stopped me, and gave me an ice cream cone.

I was a little spunky as a child. I remember when I was four years old the boy next door (about my age) was teasing my older sister. It made me so furious I ran in the house, grabbed my mother's heavy cut glass sugar bowl and threw it at this boy. I can still see it vividly in my mind as it flew through the air, just missed him, and hit the sidewalk without breaking. This is one time my mother grabbed my arm, shook me a little and, again, whispered something quite firm in my ear.

When I was about five years old I was walking home from kindergarten when I passed my cousin's house. Louise, about my age, was playing in a ditch bank. As she saw me she called out, "Hey, Helen, your mother just had a baby." This was the first I knew anything about the expected baby. Women kept things so secret in those days. I went home to find the most adorable little

round faced, pink cheek, baby boy I had ever seen. This was Dean, my third brother and the last in the family.

In the summer we usually went to St. Johns to visit relatives. Both sets of grandparents lived there as well as numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins. My older sister and I usually stayed a month or two but my parents had to return to Mesa. My summer experiences in this little town stand out in my childhood memories.

St. Johns is located in the northern part of the state on a high plateau. It is cool in the summer. The tall poplar trees that lined the streets could be seen in the distance before we reached the town. Almost everyone in town was L.D.S. and most of them related to each other in one way or another. We knew almost everyone. Each family lived on an acre, corner lot. They all had a cow and garden. And, they all knew how to have fun. Every morning the cows were driven down the main streets and out to pasture, and again returned to their barns at night, by the young boys.

Favorite memories are walking around town on homemade stilts, with picket fences to hold to when you think you are going to fall, climbing a large mulberry bush with spreading branches and eating mulberries almost all day, and young people gathering in the evening to the Overson family's corner to swing in a gigantic swing they constructed. We were swung by a rope held by a person on each side of us. We went so high we could see over the roof tops.

Of all my St. John's memories the most outstanding was the Fourth of July. This little town knew how to celebrate the birth of our nation. It began about four o'clock in the morning with the sound of canons roaring. It was so exciting. We began the morning by getting into our costumes for the children's patriotic parade. The parents watched while the children marched down main street. All children participated. No one was left out. In the afternoon the band played in the gazebo of the city square while the children participated in races (with prizes) and fire crackers.

There was a matinee dance for children after which everyone went back home for homemade ice cream. But where did they get the ice on the Fourth of July? In the winter they gathered it from the mountains and stored it in sawdust. It kept all summer.

My experience in St. Johns has had a profound affect on my whole life. Although everyone lived on an acre, the town was quite compact. You could walk everywhere. Now, I see our large cities, where everyone has a tiny lot. On the other hand in the country people usually live on large farms of forty or more acres. They can't visit their neighbors or go to the grocery store without getting in their car. In my heart of hearts I wish a modern St. Johns could be constructed. I would love to live there with families who know each other and care about each other. I was always welcome in the home of my relatives and felt that if I had wanted, I could have lived with them permanently. It was a very secure feeling.

When I was eight years old I was baptized in the Mesa Temple. It was a wonderful experience. I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in a way that I have never forgotten. From then on during my youth I could detect it when it was present, frequently when I was returning from Sunday School.

When I was nine we moved to Phoenix. By then my sister Maree was married and my older brother went on a mission to South Africa. Then my second brother went on a mission to Brazil. Our family life was changing. The depression struck that year and our lives were affected. The piano company came one day to repossess our piano. My mother made our swim suits out of woolen goods she bought at a fire sale. For a year or so we didn't own an automobile. My father walked about a mile to his dental office and we all walked to church, school and everywhere, or rode the street car. We lived in Phoenix for seven years but the depression became more severe. My father, who had over invested in real estate, was "wiped out." As a result we moved to Holbrook where things were a little more prosperous.

Because we couldn't afford anything better, we rented an abandoned store to live in, which also served as my father's dental office. It was located on "the other side of the railroad tracks" in an area called "rum row." This was quite a step down from the prosperity of my early childhood. Adversity, however, never diminished my mother's optimism. For example, one day shortly after we moved into our humble dwelling place my older sister, Maree came to visit. She had anticipated seeing mother in tears over her situation. She asked her, "Mother, how do you feel about your circumstances?" She answered with a bright face, "I feel like a bride again, just starting out in life." With her cheerful attitude we sailed through the depression "laughing all the way."

My mother had a way of building confidence in her children. When I was ten years old I had an experience which was typical, but one which stands out in my memory, and one which had a profound influence on my life. One Saturday morning my mother was preparing to leave to spend the entire day in the home a sick family. The little girl about my age was in critical condition with scarlet fever. She died a few days later.

Just as mother was walking out the door I said, "Mother, what can I do today?" She came back into the house, opened a cupboard, took out a piece of green print cloth, handed me the scissors and said, "Here, make a dress." Then away she went. I don't really know if she just forgot to give me a pattern or not. She didn't always use a pattern herself so it may not have occurred to her that her little girl had never made a dress at all before, pattern or not. But I remember as I stood there with the cloth and scissors in my hand, somewhat bewildered, I thought "She thinks I can do this. Yes, she thinks I can."

I got right to work, spread out the cloth, and studied one of my dresses for ideas. Then I spread out my dress on top of the cloth and began cutting, with some trepidation. When my mother returned I had the dress finished. It was rather a crude creation, but it had a little collar and was good enough that I wore it. And my mother was so proud of me. Several years later

when I took sewing in high school it took me an entire semester to finish a dress. But I did learn some good techniques as I went along.

Years later when I conceived the idea of writing *Fascinating Womanhood* these early experiences were valuable. I had no writing training or experience and no time to learn. But I was programmed to know that when I accepted a challenging job and got deep into the middle of it, I could somehow figure out how to do it right. Thus, through my early experiences my mother built my confidence to do many things. She gave me an indestructible feeling of worth. Without this confidence I doubt if I would ever have had the courage to take on the challenging job of writing a philosophical book like *Fascinating Womanhood*.

School Years

You asked about my early schooling. The schools were high quality in those years. I had excellent teachers all through my years, teachers I looked up to and admired. They were strict. There was no hanky panky around the schools. They required obedience and if you didn't there was punishment, such as spanking or detention. Everyone was scared to death of the principal. What could be worse than to be sent to the principal's office for a reprimand. I stood in awe of her when she passed.

Every morning we came to school looking clean and neat. It was expected. The girls wore dresses. There were no girls in pants in those days. They would have been ridiculed. We began school by singing all four verses of *America*, after which we had the flag salute and a prayer. I liked school for a number of reasons. For one thing, everything was neat and orderly. The teacher always kept her desk tidy and there was always a time for everything. This seemed to fit my nature. Also school was usually quite interesting. I liked learning. And as a result I studied diligently and got good grades. This helped me to like school even more.

I began high school in Phoenix Union High School. It was the only high school in Phoenix, a city of about 80,000. Because it was a large membership, it was more like a college campus. It was beautiful and the teachers superb. We were required to wear uniforms, which I loved. The uniform consisted of a black or navy blue skirt of any respectable style, but most girls wore them either straight or pleated. For the top we wore what was called a middie. It was of white cotton, with a sailor collar and long sleeves which we folded up about half way between the wrist and elbow. We could wear sweaters over them when needed, which was not very much in Southern Arizona. The girls all looked beautiful in them and I loved them. We had high school football games that were like college games. People from all over Phoenix came to them.

That year, when the depression grew worse, we moved to Holbrook. I now entered a small, closely knit high school which was also very enjoyable. I soon got to know everyone. We also had excellent teachers and I loved school. When I was a freshman I took a Drama class and got the part of a maid in the Junior play. I had only one line to say, but loved being with the cast. It was fun. Unfortunately, it was the only play I have ever been in. I wonder if I have untapped talent.

Romance and Marriage

When I was eighteen I attended B.Y.U. I lived in a basement apartment with five other girls. I had fun in the beautiful Provo fall but by winter I got a little homesick for sunny Arizona. In February I had a date with John Peterburg. He took me to a Valentine Ball in one of the Provo wards. It was there I first met my future husband, Aubrey Andelin. We were both attracted to each other but didn't date until the following year.

In the summer I returned home to Holbrook. When it came time to return to B.Y.U. my mother took a notion that I was to go to Salt Lake and attend U. of U. She wanted me to live

with my sister Norma and my two Brown cousins at my Aunt Myn's. Although I adored my Aunt Myn and loved my sister and cousins, this is not something I wanted to do. I wanted to return to B.Y.U. My mother's request seemed unreasonable, but since she persisted and I was taught obedience I did her bidding.

After I enrolled in U. of U. and began classes I became quite depressed over matters. What was I doing here? Why did my mother require this of me? Why was she so unreasonable, so unfair. She said Norma needed me, but what about me? Wasn't I to be considered. Since I knew my mother would not force me, one day as I was sitting in a class I decided to check out and go to Provo. As soon as the class was over I went down town and boarded the Orem. This was a train that made regular trips between S.L.C. and Provo.

When I got to Provo I went straight to my former apartment and talked to one of my roommates. I asked if it were possible for me to room with them again. She said, of course, it can be arranged and she seemed happy to have me back. It was settled and so I went back to S.L.C. On the way back I had a feeling that it was not the right thing to do. This feeling grew more intense so that just before I got to Aunt Myn's I stopped at a service station and called my former room mate and told her I felt I was making a mistake.

Just a few days later who did I run into on the campus of U. of U. but Aubrey Andelin. We were so surprised to see each other. He had needed to look for a job that year and had found one in Salt Lake. He had a car and took me home. I was also surprised to find that he was staying at the home of my cousin, Maurine Brown Startup. What a strange coincidence brought us together. The Startups had several family parties and invited Aubrey to attend. We soon began dating. By spring we were dating steady. In the late spring Aubrey was called on a mission to Florida. We were engaged just three days before he left. This was in July, 1940.

Shortly after this my Bishop found out about my engagement and called me on a mission.

I entered the mission home in Salt Lake October 10, and left for a mission to the East Central States about ten days later. It was a good experience and helped prepare me for my future life. The mission field was not very fertile in those days but I filled my spare time with studying the gospel intensely. I did convert a lady who writes to me to this day. Her sons have been on missions and married in the church. They are a faithful family.

While we were on missions the war broke out in Europe and then on December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor was bombed and we were at war with Japan. I returned from my mission one month before Aubrey and we were married three days after he returned, in the Salt Lake Temple. One day later we went to California where he got a job in a defense factory. We knew this would not prevent him from being drafted for long. We had been separated for two years and were determined to stay together as long as possible.

My brother Kay suggested Aubrey attend dental school, that this would keep him out of the draft. He had absolutely no college training for dentistry. He had been preparing for the business world, had taken classes in finance and banking. But it was our only hope of being together. We would try. In fact, *we would succeed*. What we went through getting him into dental school, and staying in it is a long story. He will tell you about it sometime. It was truly a miracle!

The war finally ended and three months later Aubrey graduated from dental school. Aubrey began practicing Dentistry in Lynwood California. We had not up to this time had any children. This was not our choice. We always wanted children from the beginning. We fasted, prayed and I had a blessing but we just had to wait. In 1947 we adopted our son Lane. He was such a cute baby. The following year we had Brian, and he looked like a little angel. They were just 11 1/2 months apart. We now had a family and took it seriously. We moved to Idaho and bought a house. Dixie was born to us a few months later, in 1950. The following year Aubrey

was called into the Air Force reserve at Castle Air Force Base, Merced, California. There we adopted Kristine. Six months later we had John. We now had a family of five, all under school age. We returned to Idaho but never adjusted to the cold again. We longed for the warm climates so in 1956 moved to Fresno, California where we lived for 13 years.

I want to say more about our family life in the following account I wrote for the new version of F.W. But first, a few comments about how I got started in F.W.: I began teaching marriage classes in Fresno just after Merilee was born. These classes turned out to be very successful and grew from a humble beginning of eight students to 170, in a short time. Women came from all walks of life and all religions, into my classes. The teachings began saving and reviving marriages. I began to see the apparent need for these classes everywhere and thus conceived the idea of writing my book. I had never thought of writing a book before.

To do so I had to have full time help. I would work on my writing for two months at a time, then stop and give my full attention to my family for a month or so. It took me two years to complete it. The success of the book and classes is another story, but I will just summarize by saying that it became not only very successful and widely known, but quite dominating in our lives. But we always felt it was worth it because it was saving marriages and families. Now here is the challenge I met which prompted me to write more about family life:

My Own Career

Several years ago I received a letter from a lady in Huntsville Alabama which reads: "*Mrs. Andelin, you are fooling yourself. You tell women to stay home and run their households and not have a career but you are the most professional of all women. In fact, you are a business woman par excellence. Hence, your fulfillment. All marriages of my acquaintance where wives are professionals are stable marriages. Husbands of stay at home wives are blatantly unfaithful with*

secretaries with whom they have something in common. They say their *house frau* wives bore them to death. Many women follow your recipe and it doesn't work anymore in the 20th century." Here is my answer:

"For 20 years I was a full time homemaker. I was the typical *stay at home* wife and mother, with only a few small interests outside the home. I loved to clean, cook, bake bread, and try to look pretty. I looked forward with great anticipation to the birth of a baby. My husband often refers to the beautiful bassinet I prepared for our third child, with hand quilted pink satin lining, quilted heart inside the hood, ruffles, bows, and sheer skirt. He said it was such a visual demonstration of the welcome I was preparing for the little one.

"Although I had a full schedule of homemaking duties, I still spent time with the children. I read them stories, taught them crafts, and kept a watch over their playing. On summer afternoons I washed their faces, combed their hair, put my baby in a carriage, and took them for a walk in the park. There was no prouder mother anywhere.

"We lived in a cold climate so I was isolated at home for sometimes two weeks at a time. But, I read a lot - marvelous books that helped shape my philosophy of life. I began to be a better person, a more interesting one. The world seemed broad to me. Life was exciting and I couldn't understand why anyone could be bored. When I was tired of reading, I painted pictures for my children's rooms, or decorated my house. On summer mornings I went outside in the sunshine, sat on a box, and watched my children play or helped them dig in the dirt. I was enjoying life and I felt important.

"Then, we moved to California and lived in the country. We had eight children by now, all living at home. Shortly after my eighth child was born I looked out the living room window and said to myself, "*this is the happiest day of my life.*" I had everything worthwhile - eight adorable children, a husband who loved me, and good friends. I worked hard but it didn't matter. We had

financial problems but this was life. In the evening my husband and I went for walks down a country lane. He confided his dreams, problems, and his feelings for me. His world was my world. I didn't think of anything else. I lived for him and the children.

"In the business world he had plenty of chances to notice secretaries if he had wanted to. But I never worried. He spent his spare time at home and when away, hurried home a day or so early. A woman knows when she is secure in her husband's love and I felt secure. When I was away for a week he put my shoes by the back door so he could look at them every time he went outside. He wrote to me, "you are the joy of my life." But, I wasn't a dull frau wife. I was an interesting person.

"Then I began teaching Fascinating Womanhood, sharing my secrets of married happiness with women in need. My classes were successful and grew rapidly. This gave me the impetus to write my book. It became widely known and I became more involved. But I didn't look on it as a career. To me it was a mission, a service.

"Fascinating Womanhood became more widely known. A career woman would have envied my position of importance and acclaim, would have wondered why I didn't glory in it. I became more involved, not knowing how to reverse the situation, responding to demands with a spirit of sacrifice. I confined office work to home and traveled only occasionally, but I was definitely *over my head* in this work.

"Call me what you like, business executive, career woman, or working wife, but I never looked on it this way. To me it has been a mission of charity. It was a unique work which had to be done by a woman. Many lives have changed for the better. The personal sacrifice has been well worth it. But, I always put my marriage and family first. This is no doubt why they survived.

To continue my account: Our children grew up. They never gave us any trouble in their teens. Our life was not completely free of problems (Ask your Dad about Mustang Village). But

we had good experiences. While we lived in Fresno we took the children to Hawaii. That was a highlight in family life. And then there were the memories of Dinky Creek. About 1967 we moved to Santa Barbara where we lived for 10 years. By now the sons were going on missions and both sons and daughters to college. Then, within five years six of them got married. Our family life changed drastically. A friend asked Aubrey, "Wasn't it a big adjustment for so many of your children to get married.?" He answered, " yes, but it would have been more of an adjustment if they hadn't."

Many things have influenced my life - my family, the people I have met, all of my experiences, the precious teachings of the Gospel, and certain books and statements. I was greatly influenced by two books my father gave me when I was sixteen. One was "The Word of Wisdom" by John A. Widstoe, and the other was "Thesaurus of Truth," by Leo J. Muir. I was also greatly influenced by a book my Father-in-law recommended, Great Soul, a biography of Mahatma Gandhi. In high school I was impressed and influenced by reading Magnificent Obsession, by Lloyd C. Douglas, (a minister) and The Second Mile, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. (Another minister.)

In high school a lecturer came to Holbrook and talked to the students. I was impressed with his message. He said something that has stuck with me for years. "To be successful you need to do the things you need to do, at the time they need doing, whether you like it or not." A poem stands out in my memory as significant:

I bargained with life for a penny,
And life would pay me no more,
However, I begged at evening,
When I counted my scanty store,

For life is a just employer,

It gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
You must bear the task.

I worked for a meniel's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
Anything I would have asked,
Life would have paid.



BASIC PRINCIPLES OF FASCINATING WOMANHOOD

Ideal Woman, From a Man's Point of View

Angelic

1. Understands Men

Accept Him
Appreciate Him
Admire Him
Don't Wound His Pride
Make Him Number One
Guide, Protector, Provider
Sympathetic Understanding

2. Inner Happiness

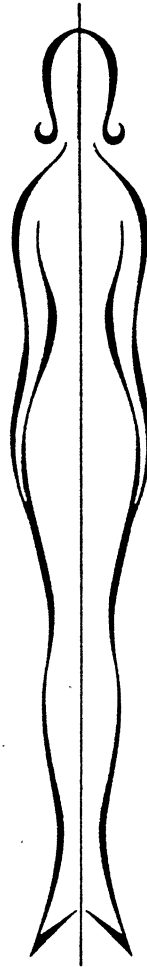
Domestic Duties
Character
Service
Creative Work
Simple Pleasures
Knowledge, Wisdom

3. Worthy Character

Self-control
Unselfishness
Charity
Humility
Responsibility
Diligence
Patience
Moral Courage
Honesty
Chastity.

4. Domestic Goddess

Does Her Jobs Well
Good Manager Time/Values
Feminine Touches
Adds Warmth
Honors Her Role
Is Happy in Role
Accepts Drudgery
Not Crowded for Time
Goes Second Mile



Human

1. Femininity

Appearance	Nature
Manner	Weakness
Hands	Submissive
Walk	Dependent
Voice	Tender
Face	Fearful
Feminine Role	

2. Radiant Happiness

Smiles
Bright Eyes
Cheerfulness
Optimism
Sense of Humor
Sheds Joy Around

3. Radiant Health

Eat Properly
Get Enough sleep
Exercise
Drink Plenty of Water
Fresh Air
Relax, Work or Play
Healthy Mental Attitude
Control Weight
Correct Internal Disorders

4. Childlike

When Angry, Upset
Response to His Anger
Ask for Things
Joy
Trust
Outspoken
Changeful
Manner
Dress

The Angelic qualities awaken a feeling near worship. They bring a man peace and happiness.

The Human qualities fascinate, amuse and enchant. They arouse a tender desire to protect and shelter.

Both are Essential to His Celestial Love

She Takes a Stand Against Liberation

By JOAN COOK

Helen B. Andelin, a 50-year-old housewife from Santa Barbara, who looks considerably younger than her years, is a self-appointed spokesman for the "silent majority" of American women who believe that women's place is in the home.

Married for 27 years, with eight children ranging in age from 8 to 23, she has spelled out her message in a book, "Fascinating Womanhood," which her husband published privately (Pacific Press, \$5.95).

"I'm touring Dallas, Atlanta, Washington, D. C., Detroit and here to talk about 'Fascinating Womanhood' and why I am opposed to women's lib," Mrs. Andelin said, crossing her shapely legs. She was wearing pink pumps to match her pink jersey dress.

Against Day Care

"Women's lib has degraded women's importance in the home, making pots, pans and children menial tasks and urging women to find fulfillment in contributions outside the home," Mrs. Andelin said, settling back in her chair.

Women's lib has particularly gained her ire with its proposals for more day care centers.

"Day care centers will encourage women to leave home," she said. "They will make it easier for those who are tired and bored to take jobs away from their homes."

Through her book, Mrs. Andelin dangles the prospect of achieving "celestial love," a state that turns a garden variety housewife into a "domestic goddess." To do this requires that a woman combine her angelic and human sides, she says, and her ideal woman is called "Angela Human."

"Fascinating Womanhood," which gives step-by-step instructions on her method for captivating a husband, was

published in 1963 as the result of some booklets Mrs. Andelin stumbled on and decided to revise called "Secrets of A Fascinating Woman" written in the twenties.

"I came to New York three times hoping Doubleday would publish it, but they decided it went against the mainstream," she said.

With the onslaught of women's lib, however, "Fascinating Womanhood" as a philosophy was never more needed, she feels.

On role-playing within a marriage, she describes the man's role as threefold: guide (he rules the household), protector (he performs tasks requiring superior strength), and provider (as enunciated in the Bible).

A woman, by the same token must be feminine, mature, childlike and beruffled. The feminine woman, according to Mrs. Andelin, eschews tweeds or tailored clothes, anything that is masculine in dress.

Superior Character

"A man wants a woman he can put on a pedestal and worship from below, someone whose character is superior to his," Mrs. Andelin said.

She met her husband, Dr. Henry B. Andelin, a former dentist turned businessman, when they were both students at Brigham Young University (they are Mormons) where she was majoring in home economics. After two years, she dropped out in favor of marriage.

Dr. Andelin promotes cattle ranches in this country and Australia where Mrs.



The New York Times (by William E. Saper)

Mrs. Helen B. Andelin is organizing a womanhood day on behalf of antiliberation forces.

Andelin said he owned a million-acre ranch.

Her concern with womanhood stems from the state of American marriage, she said.

"I began to observe all the troubles marriages around me were having... and I felt that my own marriage had drifted to a state of mediocrity," she said. "I thought that marriage should be like a fairy tale. I knew something was wrong."

Since "Fascinating Womanhood" transformed her own life, Mrs. Andelin has tried to bring the word to others through classes, a newsletter and another book aimed at single women called "The Fascinating Girl" (also privately published).

Further, she is organizing a nationwide "Celebration of Womanhood" for Sept. 30, when women are urged to wear their most feminine dresses, sing before breakfast, serve their husbands breakfast in bed with a smile, tell them how great they are and how much their wives love being homemakers and mothers.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Andelin takes a dim view of the equal rights legislation, save for the equal pay part.

"Women shouldn't try to take over men's jobs," she said. "To do it a woman would have to take on masculine traits. Women are not meant to have top jobs."

Back to The Hearth

By Sally Quinn

"The whole trouble started with the old feminists' movement 120 years ago," said Helen B. Andelin, author of "Fascinating Womanhood." "The women who led the feminist movement began to cast doubts about women's proper roles. Then they set their bucket down. But they have caused a lot of confusion."

Helen B. Andelin is a 50 year old housewife with eight children and a husband who is a retired dentist now in private business. She would enjoy being described as a petite, brunette, feminine, soft, gentle lady, who's every gesture emphasizes the importance she casts on her role as wife and mother.

Yesterday, she sat gracefully in a chair, crossed her white stockinged legs just enough so her white lace petticoat showed beneath her yellow and white tiered ruffled cotton shirt dress and explained her views on woman and why she has become the leader of the anti-woman's liberation movement.

Mrs. Andelin wrote a book in 1963 the cover of which is pink and white and scrolly. As the women's liberation movement began to catch on, the sales of her book increased and it has now become to anti-women's lib what Kate Millett's book is to the feminists.

"I began observing all the trouble that marriages around me were having and I'm an idealistic person and I felt that my own marriage had drifted to a state of mediocrity. I thought that marriage shouldn't be that way that it should be like a fairy tale. I knew there was something wrong."

Then Mrs. Andelin made a diary of some little bits. It called "Secrets of a Fascinating Woman" written in the 1920's. Discovering that the copyright had lapsed, she decided to revise the book.

She spent two years working on her book which explains that a woman's highest goal in marriage is being loved and cherished and achieving "celestial love." She defines "celestial love" as "love in it's highest form, lifted out of the mediocre and placed in the heavens where love belongs." The ideal woman, she says, has both angelic and human qualities which the husband cherishes together.

Mrs. Andelin says that, unlike members of women's liberation, she has never been ridiculed for her philosophies.

She says she realized several years ago in Fresno, Calif., that many women needed advice and guidance and the information on the subject which she had acquired through personal experience and friends.

She began teaching classes. Here are a few of the things she tells those women. "mostly in their first 10 years of marriage, from all walks of life, even a few Puerto Ricans and Negroes:"

"Marriage is ordained of God." (Mrs. Andeline is a Mormon, as is her husband.) "It is designed to be happy. Marriage is the heart of the home."

"My book is not based on religion, but to have a happy marriage you have to live by correct principles and they have been revealed through the Bible. The ideal women must have a wonderful character and it would be hard to have that without having religion to guide you."

"The women's lib movement has degraded women's position in the home. That's where our responsibilities lie. They are luring women away from their responsibilities to their families."

"The strength of America lies in the home." (Mrs. Andelin admitted she is "very conservative politically.")



By Frank Johnston—The Washington Post

Helen B. Andelin: "Celestial love" and other delights.

"What women can contribute to society is to make their homes better. With better homes we would have a better state."

"Abortion and sleeping together before marriage (for

both men and women) are immoral. The emphasis women's liberation places on abortion and child care centers are the real destructive issues."

Checklist of What to Take to the Homestead

(1) **Healthy Snacks** for your family. There will be 2 meals served, breakfast from 7 to 9 am and dinner from 5 to 6:30 pm. Any eating in between will be up to you.

(2) **Disposable plastic eating Utinsels, paper plates and cups.**

(3) **Garbage Bags** of several different sizes. You must be prepared to take your own garbage out of camp with you when you leave, if necessary.

(4) **Handwipes and old rags.**

(5) **Clothes line rope.**

(6) **Long outdoor extension cords and a multioutlet bar.** Electric sources limited

(7) **Mirror** to hang on a tree or post

(8) **Hammer and nails.**

(9) **Extra pairs of old shoes.** Shoes get rough treatment. Bring old shoes that your kids won't wear anywhere else.

(10) **Unmatched socks.** This is the place to wear out all those unmatched socks.

(11) **Old sweatshirts and sweaters and raingear,** if you have it.

(12) **Flashlights and/or lanterns.**

(13) **Sleeping bags or warm bed rolls and old coats.**

(14) **Small shovel and broom.**

(15) **Ziploc bags** to keep books and papers clean, and just the thing for extra unplanned storage needs.

(16) **Good hats and sunscreen or sun block**

(17) **First Aid Kit:** Insect repellent, vaseline, chapstick, eyewash, cough syrup, lotion, kapectate, oil of cloves for toothache, medicines for earaches, fever and headaches, bandaids, gauze pads and hydrogen peroxide for cleaning wounds, neosporin, thermometer, tweezers and needle.

(18) **Tarps.**

(19) **Bucket/s.**

(20) **Folding Camp Chairs.** Otherwise, you might be standing up all the time. **A folding camp table** is optional.

(21) **Bars of soap**

(22) **Water jugs or thermos** filled with water. Or at least bring container to fill.

(23) **Toilet paper and paper towels.**

(24) **Liquid detergent,** biodegradable.

(25) **Clothes and towels bring enough for the whole reunion time.** There is a washer available for emergencies.

(26) **Favorite songs/ camp activities.**

(27) **Sleeping quarters:** tents, vans, motor homes have all been successfully used in the past. It is up to you. Note: the recreation hall is not to be used for sleeping, so plan accordingly.

The Berry Family Reunion 1994

Here are the details you must not ignore:

Date: June 28-30

Location: Whiting Homestead

Mini Classes	Special Evening Programs	Talent Show	Exciting Games	Dancing
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FAMILY CIRCUS



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**"I wish Granddad could've been
at the reunion, too."**

(reprinted by permission)

DINKY CREEK MAY 23 THROUGH 25
PLEASE FILL OUT, SEND CHECK AND RETURN THIS PORTION BY APRIL 15!

DETAILS: CAMP FRESNO JUNIOR HASN'T CHANGED MUCH! THE ROADS HAVE BEEN IMPROVED, THOUGH, SO IT IS ONLY ABOUT A SIX HOUR DRIVE FROM L.A. MEALS WILL BE PROVIDED, SO YOU JUST NEED TO BRING BEDDING, TOWELS AND CLOTHING. YOU MAY ARRIVE ANY TIME MAY 23RD, AND CHECK-OUT TIME IS 1:00 P.M. THE 25TH.

COST: FOOD FOR THE WEEKEND, \$10 PER PERSON, TOTAL), NO CHARGE FOR UNDER AGE THREE. THERE WILL ALSO BE A SMALL PER-FAMILY CAMP FEE TO PAY WHEN YOU ARRIVE.

SEND THIS FORM TO: RANDY B. FIFE, 13342 CHESTNUT STREET, WESTMINSTER, CA 92683

NAME _____
ON THE BACK OF THIS FORM, WRITE NAMES AND AGES OF YOUR FAMILY WHO WILL BE ATTENDING:

- I WILL BE COMING, AND I'M SENDING THE FOOD MONEY NOW.
- I WILL BE COMING, AND I'LL PAY WHEN I ARRIVE
- I WOULD LIKE A MAP TO DINKY!

POWELL'S FORT ORGANIZATION CAMP

PLEASE FILL OUT, SEND CHECK AND RETURN THIS PORTION BY JUNE 15!
AUGUST 13 THROUGH 17

THIS CAMP IS LOCATED IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA BETWEEN FRONT ROYAL AND STRASBURG. THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL CAMP, BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN AND FAMILIES. IT IS IN THE GEORGE WASHINGTON NATIONAL FOREST. IT IS WELL EQUIPPED WITH A DINING ROOM, LARGE KITCHEN, CABINS, HOT SHOWERS, INFIRMARY, SWIMMING POOL, BALL DIAMONDS, VOLLEYBALL, AND SPECIAL CAMPFIRE AREA.

COST: \$5.00 PER DAY PER PERSON FOR FOOD, NO CHARGE FOR UNDER AGE 3. THE CAMP FEE HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID BY A GENEROUS SPONSOR, SO THERE IS NO COST EXCEPT FOR FOOD! (ALL RIGHT, FOOD AND TRANSPORTATION!)

NAME _____
ON THE BACK OF THIS FORM, WRITE NAMES AND AGES OF THOSE IN YOUR FAMILY WHO WILL BE ATTENDING.

- I WILL BE COMING, AND I AM SENDING THE FOOD MONEY NOW.
 - I WILL BE COMING, AND I'LL PAY WHEN I ARRIVE.
- PLEASE SEND THIS RSVP FOR POWELL'S FORT CAMP TO:
ANNA WOOD, 11100 BURYWOOD LANE, RESTON, VA 22094-1412

BERRY REUNION AT THE HOMESTEAD
JUNE 30 THROUGH JULY 2 (WHITING JULY 3-5)

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

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

	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI
Breakfast				
Dinner				



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

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

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

NAME _____

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

Berry Reunion 1994 Registration

Please fill out, send check if possible, and return this form by April 30th. (Right after taxes.) This will enable us to plan for and purchase the food in advance. Even if you don't send the fees early, please let us know your plans. Mail your reservations to our family treasurers, Chuck & Bonnie Middleton, 173 East 1864 South, Orem, UT 84058.

- We'll be there!
- We're not sure, but are hoping to attend.
- We cannot come to the reunion.

Name _____

Circle which meals your family will need:

Tues 6/28	Wed 6/29	Thurs 6/30	Fri 7/1
	Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast
Dinner	Dinner	Dinner	

Registration fees:	Adults, ages 12 & over:	\$8 per day
	Children, ages 8-12:	\$5 per day
	Young children, ages 3-7	\$3 per day
	No charge for children under age 3	

Camp fee: \$10 per night per family (user fee paid to Corp. that owns Homestead)

List names and ages of those attending from your family:

Name	Age	Registration Fees
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Plus Camp Fee, \$10 per night per family

Total _____