

# The Whiting Tree

Vol. 2, No. 5

April 1981



## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It has been a real thrill to put this edition of the "WHITING TREE" together. I have learned so much about many of the members of the family, and I hope that each of you will read the entire issue. I appreciate the efforts of the Herbert and May Berry family for sending in so much on their Mother and Father. We will honor Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha Brown in the next issue, and would like to have their family start with assignments to their family members for outstanding stories and incidents in the life of their parents.

I have tried in the past to put the publication out as inexpensively as possible. It seems that since we started the printing of them, prices have gone up about 60%, and all of you are aware of the postage. I felt that if everyone paid, that we could do it for \$2.50 per year (two issues) but this is impossible, and I would like to suggest the price of \$5.00 (Five Dollars) per year for the two issues. It might be better to do this on a subscription basis and only mail this to the ones that pay. I have felt that it was one way for us to stay in contact with all the families of the Edwin Marion Whiting Family. I would appreciate any comment on this, and we will try to have a little better system by the fall issue.

I have received very little feedback on the past issues, and if there is any way that I can make them better, and more meaningful, I will truly appreciate your comments.

I hope that all families have made plans for a reunion this summer. I know that many have, and it is just a wonderful time to get your families together. We are still planning for the "Big Reunion" in July of 1982. We hope that all of you will start planning to be in attendance. I know that it will take some planning with the costs that we have on traveling now.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

I have been advised by Uncle Arthur C. Whiting that he is in the process of ordering additional copies of "The Story of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson" by Annette W. Farr. These will cost \$13.33 each. We will order as many as you would like for your family. We must have the money with the order of these, as they will come from the printers stock. This is the fourth edition of the book, and it might be a long while before another order will be placed. I am sure that this is one of the very nicest things that you could give your children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren for their Christmas gifts and for their birthdays. Please let me know by June 1, 1981.

## THE EDDIE & ETHEL WHITING FAMILY

Mabel reports that there has been little doing that would be newsworthy with their family but I know better.

Rex has just recently published his book, "A LAWYER LOOKS AT THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT." These are available in the book stores, but if not you can get them at any of the Utah Book Stores. Rex will also be running in the Boston Marathon again this month. (April)

She reports that the rest of her family and those in St. Johns are doing well. Her Children Douglas, Richard and Anne are all managing their stores, and Mark Rex, and Monroe are in Utah and doing well.

Lynn and Kathy Hancock (Melba's daughter) had a son named Brandon.

Douglas and Dixie Shumway had their eighth baby last month, and named him Shane Jennings Shumway.

Steven Udall was re-elected County Attorney for Apache County. His deputy is Rusty Burdick.

We had a great deal from this family last publication, so will let them off this time.

## THE HERBERT & MAY BERRY FAMILY

### JOHN AND LOUINE HUNTER

Their son Robert has returned from a successful mission in Uruguay and their second son, Steven, is now serving in Australia.

### DENNIS AND ROSIE BYERS

Their family has moved back to the Minneapolis area due to Dennis's promotion at General Mills.

### TRES AND JULIE TANNER

A new baby boy (first son, fourth child) arrived January 9, 1981, named Benjamin Paul.

THE FRANK & MARTHA BROWN FAMILY

RAY BROWN

Blessings! Ray and Ruth are filling a welfare mission in South Dakota. They are involved in building a chapel on an Indian Reservation there, address 612 7th Avenue, West #5, Nobridge, South Dakota.

Two new Eagle scouts in the family. Alan Brown (Nora's son) and Steven Eliason (Annette's son).

Three new baby boys have arrived - straight from Heaven. They are sons of Floyd, Albert, and Wayne and their wives.

At last newsletter, there were three bishops in this family-Albert, Keith, and Dr. Clare Eliason. Now there is one, as Albert is on the High Council and Keith is a Councilor in the Stake Presidency.

Keith's wife Sharon has had several articles and stories accepted for publication - one will be in Seventeen magazine and a few have been in recent church magazines.

RUTH LEWIS

Weddings are the big news in the Lewis family.

Ginger found a "wonderful guy," Charles Larsen. At their temple wedding, Scott looked over the altar into the mirror and saw a beautiful girl who was also attending the wedding. He married her, Galyn Ledbetter, a few months later.

David Neeleman came home from his mission and married the girl who waited for him, Vicki Vranes.

Penny and Steven Brown have a new son -- Todd Charles Brown.

Randy Epple is doing a great job on his mission.

Gary Neeleman and Rose are deciding whether to make one or two trips to Brazil this summer. Gary has made the arrangements for the tabernacle choir to go on tour there, and so they may accompany that group, and they will be taking the ball team that they have taken before.

MAURINE STARTUP

Elbert and Maurine are still somewhat involved with the catering business, although their sons have taken over much of the responsibility there. They also have to watch over each other's health.

Gordon took his family back to see the Missouri relatives recently. Two of Karen's children are attending Ricks college - Renee and Ronald Berrett. (Any other cousins up there?).

Marsha's daughter, Shannah, went to the Laundromat and met a great young man, and after a brief courtship, they were married! (You girls who are looking for a great young man, don't forget the

Laundromat!!)

Marsha has a new baby boy (Ariel Benjamin).

Cheryl's husband Steve Worsley has been made a Councilor in the Bishopric.

Since our last news bulletin a year ago, babies have been born to David and Ann (a girl), Lynnae and Carl Knapp (a girl, Anna Maria), Carol Joy and Rick Ingram (Steven Daniel), Dianne and Stanley Stringfellow, (Stanley George II), DeAnne, a little girl.

The best news in the Startup family is that Frank's wife, Linda, who has played the music for our reunions for many years, is vibrant and well after a bout with cancer and a dedicated treatment of natural foods under a doctor's care.

LOUISE CARLSTON

Louise and Lester are busy in their catering business "The Silent Hostess." Besides presiding over elegant dinners and weddings, they send out some three thousand lunches a day for senior citizens!

Judy and Ted Ragsdale live in Fullerton, where Ted has an accounting business.

Suzanne is a very young grandmother. (Two of Bob's children have babies now.) They have returned from Minnesota to Salt Lake City (Sandy).

Laurie and Dave Kugler and Marlene and Steven Gillins live in Silverdale and Cookland (near Seattle).

Anna is engaged to be married, Carolee graduates from high school next month, and George has the lead in his high school musical "Grease."

Ronald's address is Box 567 Castries, Santa Lucia. (If you go down to the Bahamas or the Caribbean, look him up! He's a terrific guide). He is working on a private practice there.

Marijane and Tim Hayes have moved to Idaho near Linda and Hank Blake, who own some land and a sporting goods store near Rexburg.

Jim's wife had a baby girl in this last year and Eddie's wife had a baby boy.

Gill is living in Las Vegas with his family.

Vicky is on a mission in England and Tom is in Bolivia, doing a good work with Indians who speak an individual language.

Becky has been living in Provo but is spending some time with her sisters in Idaho.

MAYDENE

The Jim Bodells are living in Irvine, California, in a "snooty" little village called "Woodbridge." Jim just finished building a double stake center. Next address unknown.

Dixie is with them and is doing a good job of keeping her parents feeling young and still with family in the home.

Daniel will return from his mission May 21st. He will meet his parents in Las Vegas on that day and they will drive up to Ray Lewis' ranch to a Frank and Martha Brown family reunion.

Jimae and Bruce have been living in a big house with parents for six months while Bruce painted the church.

(For anyone interested in the outcome of our experiment of two-generation living, which was taken up because of necessity, rent being so high where we are and acceptance of children in rentals being so low, this is what we have to report. Misunderstandings were at a minimum and enjoyment of togetherness was at a maximum. We were also able to assist each other with projects. Maydene tended for Jimae when she took on the project of cleaning the new stake center for the final time, and Jimae pitched in and helped with costumes for Maydene's roadshow, which won first place in the stake).

The building that Jim has built and Bruce has painted is meant to house one stake and six wards!

Ed and Kristine Gates have been living in the Yuba City area building a chapel there. They contemplate going to do another church in Hawaii (Hilo). If anyone is going there soon, look them up. (They own two elegant homes in Bountiful, which they are trying to sell but have been unable to because of high interest rates, etc. If anyone plans a move to that area, give us a call.) Because of the necessity of making payments on two big homes, Kristine has taken on various money making enterprises temporarily. She sells Jeanine Brady records (Mormon songs for children) and has a singing group of children.

Michael does an excellent job of running the Salt Lake City office of Bodell Construction. He and his wife Joan went to Hawaii for ten days, leaving little Mikey with Grandpa and Grandma, who ran upstairs and downstairs after him. That little family will move into a new home in the Holladay area soon.

Mark's becoming a successful bidder for the company. He and Annabel and their two little girls live in near the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon.

Pamela and Michael Hicks live in Urbana, Illinois, where Mike is finishing up a master's degree in music. They have a little girl, Rachel. They are homesick and freezing, but plan to stick it out while he gets his doctorate.

Tim married Patty Hoff last August in the Salt Lake Temple. She is graduating from the U next month as a dance major. Tim will be struggling on in the field of engineering.

(In case any of you other families feel I've shortchanged your - families on news, remember—I can't write what I don't know. If you want more news, send more in to me. Send for the next paper by the end of summer.)

We hope to print "Frank and Martha Brown's Story," which includes much of mother's family (Whitings). Will those who are interested let Maydene know? It will help us decide how many to have made up.

Also, Maydene hopes to print a small booklet of poems about family life, which would be interesting as Mother's day gifts and as additions to talks. She has written these about her family but pertain to all. One is the poem on "Adoption" she wrote for Annette and Merle. Should we have some extra copies made for any of you?? Both will be printed as inexpensively as possible and sold at cost.

Mayden's only permanent address is: 3640 South West Temple  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115 (construction company)

# III

4/2/81

EDWIN M. WHITING FAMILY ORGANIZATION 1060  
NORTH ALMA SCHOOL ROAD  
MESA, ARIZONA 85201

DEAR E. J.

THE FOLLOWING IS FOR THE NEWSLETTER COMING UP, AND PLEASE  
FEEL FREE TO MAKE CHANGES OR ADDITIONS AS YOU DEEM  
NECESSARY. WE REALLY APPRECIATED YOUR LETTER LAST SUMMER AND  
THIS OPPORTUNITY TO TELL THE FAMILY ABOUT IT.

SPENCER HOLBROOK BROWN  
DEC 2, 1972 - JULY 16, 1980

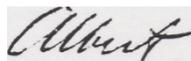
OUR FAMILY WAS ON ITS WAY TO A VACATION BREAK WITH NORA  
AND RAYMON BROWN'S FAMILY AT LAKE POWELL. WE HAD STOPPED AT  
PRICE, UTAH FOR A TREAT AND SOME GASOLINE. I HAD LET SANDY AND  
SPENCER OUT AT A SHOPPING CENTER AND THEN PULLED ACROSS THE HIGHWAY  
TO A SERVICE STATION.

AS THEY CAME ACROSS THE STREET TOGETHER, THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED ---  
SPENCER WAS STRUCK BY A SPEEDING AUTO. WE FOUND OUT LATER,  
THAT ALTHOUGH HIS HEART CONTINUED BEATING FOR SEVERAL HOURS, HIS  
BRAIN HAD BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY. DURING THE NEXT FEW HOURS WE  
WERE TOTALLY INVOLVED IN HIS CARE.

DURING THE MONTHS THAT HAVE FOLLOWED, WE HAVE ALL FELT A  
REFINING SPIRIT AND HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT THE LORD WAS INVOLVED  
IN WHAT HAPPENED. WE CAN SEE THAT THE TIME, PLACE AND SEQUENCE OF  
EVENTS WAS MEANINGFUL IN A SPECIAL WAY. WE ALSO FEEL THAT SPENCER  
WAS A SPECIAL PERSON. HE WAS UNCOMMONLY PURE AND KIND TO  
EVERYONE. THE LORD TOOK HIM ABOUT SIX MONTHS BEFORE HIS EIGHTH  
BIRTHDAY. I HAD SAID TO SANDY ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE ACCIDENT  
HAPPENED THAT WE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP HIM FOR LONG, SINCE HE  
WAS ALMOST TOO PURE FOR THIS WORLD.

WE WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW HOW MUCH THEIR LOVE AND RESPONSE  
MEANT TO US ALL DURING THOSE FIRST WEEKS AS WELL AS TODAY.

WE LOVE YOU ALL,



ALBERT & SANDY BROWN  
JENNIFER, MATTHEW, JEREMY, RUSSELL  
ELIZABETH AND BRADLEY

445 E. 2nd South) - P.O. Box 11097 Salt Lake City, Utah

## THE EARNEST & ZINA WHITING FAMILY

### Uncle Ernest Celebrates His 92nd Birthday

On February 16, 1981, Uncle Ernest reached his ninety-second year. All of his children along with many of his grandchildren met at the home of Jay and Aleen Whiting and had a fine evening of celebration. They were joined by Aunt Elda Brown and Uncle Arthur and Aunt Betty Whiting. It hardly seems possible that it has been two years since we announced his ninetieth birthday.

We are happy to report that Uncle Earnest is feeling well, with the exception of his eyes, which have been operated on for cataracts. He tells us quite often that it is only his legs that seems to be getting old, that his head and the rest of him are doing great. He reminds us often that he will soon have lived longer than any of his brothers and sisters, and either of his grandparents. As a family we pray that he will have many more wonderful years.

Uncle Earnest along with the other sons and daughters of our grandparents, Edwin Marion and Ann Marie Whiting, has left us all a great blessing of longevity. How fortunate we are that they have not only had long lives, but that their lives have always been an inspiration to each of us. We can thank our Father in Heaven for their lives, and only ask that we might remain as faithful and true to our families and the Gospel as they have.

Uncle Earnest, all of us want you to know how much we appreciate you and love you for the things that you have always shown us. We pray that you will have many more useful years, and that we will be able to celebrate a full century of years with you.

### Uncle Earnest Remembers His Sister

Earnest tells when they lived above Mapleton. At the sawmill there was an old bull all the kids were scared of. One day, May, Martha, Earnest and Ralph had gone quite a way from home. May said "Now Martha, if that old bull shows up, I'll take Earnest and Ralph, and you'll just have to get home the best you can."

Just then the old bull stuck his head out of the willows and bellered. May streaked out as fast as she could run and soon reached home. When she looked back, Martha had each little brother about half way home, and they arrived safely.

### NITA AND HAROLD BUSHMAN

Uncle Earnest and Aunt Zina are doing quite well. Dad's eyes seem to be doing somewhat better after his operation. He has just had his 92nd birthday, as reported in a special article. If there are any of you coming into the Mesa area, be sure that you stop and see him.

### BEULAH AND JOHN HEWARD

Their grandson Sam Fisher has just been transferred to St. Johns, New

Brunswick. He is enjoying his Mission up in the cold country.

Earnest and Alaina have just moved to Indio, California where he has accepted a position in a small animal hospital.

Doug and Lilly Rutter have brought some acreage from John and Beulah and are starting a small farm in Holbrook.

#### JAY AND ALEEN WHITING

Trey and Tammy have a new son born on April 9, 1981. This is the first great-grandson of Earnest J. Whiting, Sr. He has been worried for some time about someone to carry on his name. Trevor John will fit in well with his little sister, Tonya, and two parents that have welcomed him in.

Aleen has been in the hospital again, but seems to be better at this time, but it is a continual battle with her health.

Delbert and Glenna Tingey had their ninth child, a pretty little girl named Jennifer. She gets a lot of attention.

Nita has been ill and in the hospital, but is home now and seems to be feeling better.

Kathy Bogart had a serious illness in December and January, but is recovering nicely and is up and busy taking care of her five little ones.

#### BETH AND AUSTIN SIMPER

Beth has had a long series of illnesses, and has had three major operations on her sinuses, and will be entering the University of Arizona Medical Center for another one on the 15th of April. We express our love and faith in her behalf.

#### EDWINA AND TOM DASTRUP

This has been a very interesting six months for Edwina, Tom and family. On February 12, 1981, Sandra and Bob West had their new son #10, Robert Charles West, Jr.

On March 20, 1981, Julia and Dallas Petersen had a 10 lb., 7 oz. son, and named him Andrew Golden Peterson.

Denette and Gary Davis are expecting their set of twins very soon, so the Dastrups are gaining on the rest of us.

Edwina and Tom have just returned from Hawaii, where they visited their daughter, Susan, who is attending BYU of Hawaii, and got to see her in the leading role, "Julie" in Carousel. They had a wonderful trip and arrived back in time to take over their duty as grandparents for real.

#### Special Honor to Jay Whiting <sub>c</sub>

On February 28, 1981, Jay was honored by the Theodore Roosevelt Council with the Silver Beaver Award. The following account was read.

#### "The Silver Beaver Award"

The Silver Beaver Award was established by the National Council Boy Scouts of America in 1930. This award is the highest honor a local council

can present to a Scout leader. It is made for noteworthy service of exceptional character to youth in the local council.

As a youth, Jay Whiting attained the rank of Star Scout in Holbrook, Arizona. His adult scouting career began as Counselor in the Kanab, Utah Stake. When Jay moved to Flagstaff, he became Stake President and assisted in the Fundraising Campaign of the Grand Canyon Council. After he and his family moved to Tempe, he served as a member of the Young Men's Presidency of the Tempe Stake and later became President.

For three years Jay served as a mission President for the LDS Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After his return to the Phoenix area, he continued to serve the Theodore Roosevelt Council as a member of the Board of Directors and as Campaign Chairman for the Sustaining Membership Enrollment Committee.

Jay's concern for the community is also evidenced through his participation in civic and religious organizations. E. Jay Whiting is a Past President and Chairman of the Board of Kaibab Industries, President of Mountain Oil Marketers Association, President of Oklahoma Mission LDS Church, Stake President of the Flagstaff Stake and a member of the School Board in Fredonia.

While serving the Grand Canyon Council, Jay became a major contributor in the building of the Raymond Scout Camp through his donation of much of the lumber used for its development.

A peer and fellow Scouter put it in these words, "His example of a community leader, church leader, family man, outdoorsman and a promoter of the scouting movement has made him the ideal person for young people to pattern their lives after. He is always willing to give service to help young men in whatever capacity he is asked to serve."

# Mesa family gains recognition and honors for service, dedication to Scouting program



## DEDICATED TO SCOUTING

Delbert and Glenna Tingey and children, a family with strong ideals and a belief in the Scouting Program, led them to be selected as Scouting Family of the Year. This was the first time the Mesa District singled out a family for service to the program. The family members include Russell, Matthew, Janel, Pam, Mr. Tingey, Mark, John, Mrs. Tingey, Dennis and Michael Jay.

by S. SCHMELICK-METZ

"Scouting has such a positive impact on a young man's life. It improves strength, and character and instills in a boy the need to honor God, country, others and himself."

These strong words come from Delbert Tingey, a local resident, who along with his wife, Glenna, and their eight children, were chosen as the Mesa District Scouting Family of the Year.

Delbert Tingey is an extremely dedicated man with definite views on scouting and family life. His wife, Glenna, gives him and her children total support in their commitment to the scouts. But she, too, is not one to be outdone.

The Tingey family was among those names submitted to the Nomination Committee last year for Scouting Family of the Year. This became a double honor as it was the first time the Mesa District singled out a family for outstanding leadership and service to scouting.

The award was presented at the annual Mesa District Scout Recognition Dinner which is held each November. Having no idea they had been chosen for this prestigious honor the Tingey's said they were totally unprepared when they heard their names called out. "I even had my shoes off," Glenna said laughing. "We were taken to the dinner by the District Commissioner who wanted to make sure we arrived on time. Unknown to us, my mother had the children in her car. They were riding around the block waiting for the appointed time so they could all enter and receive the award with us. As it turned out the dinner was an hour behind schedule."

Moving to Mesa only two and a half years ago, the Tingey's have been active in local scouting only two of these years. But in that period, their record outshines most.

"We realized later that our award was based on what had been achieved in a year's time," said Delbert Tingey.

The results of that year's work are outstanding. Mr. Tingey's biggest project was organizing the Mesa District's 1980 Spring Camporee. "Boys love excitement, so the Camporee is designed to give excitement through learning experiences," he stated. "The Camporees have grown in size each year. 1980 saw 800 boys and 200 adults, and the outlook for this Spring's Camporee is even higher."

Equally as important was Delbert Tingey's involvement in the yearly Sustained Membership Drive. The Roosevelt Council receives the largest portion of its operating capital from this campaign. The funds keep the Phoenix headquarters in operation, support numerous Scout programs and pay for upkeep of the Scouts' summer campsites. Units under the guidance of Delbert Tingey far exceeded their expectations in soliciting funds.

But Mr. Tingey's impressive record was only beginning. He initiated a sports program whereby each boy in his Stake working towards achieving the Athletics, Sports and Personal Fitness merit badge had the opportunity to participate in a team sport; his troops were active last summer in attending camp Geronimo; he supported 15 boys to enroll in Woodbadge training; he is Advancement Chairman for Troop 157 and he headed up the Maricopa Stake Fall Camporee.

"I feel a real commitment to promote scouting in the Mesa area," Delbert Tingey added. "The scouting program is perhaps the strongest program available to teach young men development of their character and to learn their duty to God, their country, family, others and themselves."

Glenna Tingey is not to be overshadowed by her husband's achievements, even though in her words, "he was the most active one of us in the scouting program."

Mrs. Tingey was Mesa 8th Ward Primary President. Her work involved participation in both the Cub and Boy Scout programs, organizing and scheduling meetings and activities. She also worked over her boys' troop leaders.

Surely one of her most rewarding duties came from the success of enabling one youth with a Learning Disability to advance further in the scouting program. "If the desire is there and a youth really tries, it shows. Mental, physical, or learning disabilities will not hinder a youth from participating in the scouting program."

The Tingey's two oldest boys, Michael Jay, 13, and Dennis, 11, round out this family of high achievers. Michael received his Eagle, the highest rank a Scout can achieve, last year. "This rank comes from the Scout National Headquarters," Mrs. Tingey proudly stated. "Only one in 100 Scouts ever advance that far. Michael set that goal for himself. He's that type of young man." "This does not mean that Michael cannot go on in scouting," added Mr. Tingey. "A boy always continues to learn and can set examples for the younger scouts."

Michael Jay has done just that. He has been awarded two palms and the "On My Honor" title, the highest religious ranking for a scout of his age.

Dennis Tingey's achievements include receiving the Webelo's Arrow of Light award and working toward and just receiving his first class. This means he is half way towards his Eagle.

His church service was recognized by the bestowing of the "Faith In God" award. This, too, is the highest

church rank for a scout of his age.

"I am equally proud of both of my boys and hope they will continue progress in scouting," Mr. Tingey commented. The entire Tingey family deserve to be proud of one another.

**"I feel a real commitment to promoting Scouting in the Mesa area..."**

## THE RALPH & NELL WHITING FAMILY

We have had two weddings this year. Shree Lewis and Loren Webb in the St. George Temple (Jerry and Katie's). Also Cathy Whiting and Rick Kleiner in the Manti Temple (Lester and Louise's).

Eugene (John and Lois) is due to return from his mission around the first of January. He's presently serving as Branch President in the mission field. Gary and Vicki had a baby boy, Michael John Whiting, born September 21st. Gary is majoring in Political Science at the Y. Chris, Ralph's wife, is expecting about October 13th. Ralph is studying Law Enforcement at the Y. While here at home, we all hit the campaign for John who ran a terrific race for Mesa County Commissioner. At the county convention, John had only 14 delegates less than the incumbent. He really ran a good race and had the support of many business leaders, other religious leaders as well as our LDS. We were very proud of John, and although we couldn't quite beat the establishment, he received 3,000 to the incumbent's 4,000 votes.

John and Lois harvested about 250 bushels of apples from their young trees this year so this means a great beginning for future years of fruit.

Rodney was released from the High Council and is now first counselor in our Bishopric. Rod and Donna are planning on taking their little Amber to the Temple either the last of October, or the first of November.

Donald and Rod have had a "Farmers' Direct Market" truck garden this year. They sold over 500 bushel tomatoes, 150 bushels hot peppers, over 200 dozen ears of corn, peas, green beans, cucumbers, cantaloupes, Crenshaws, besides all the rest of us could use. They have planted 7,000 raspberries, 3,000 asparagus roots, 10,000 strawberry plants, plus 6,000 fruit trees such as apple, pear, peach, Italian prune and cherry. This is plus the thousands they and John had already.

Nancy and Jay Fuller moved to Provo this fall where Jay is studying to be a diesel mechanic. There is much demand for this line here in this oil shale country. We really haven't felt the recession like many other areas have, because of this.

To give you an update on Ellen Jane (Don and Harriet's). Remember, I told you about her last year. She has Weber Christian Syndrome and no medication so far seems to help more than very limited amount. The doctors are doing preliminary work on Ellen now in hopes of getting her into the National Institute of Health in Baltimore, Maryland.

Another new addition to the family was a son, Woodie, born to Deanne and Charlie Hoover (Les and Louise W.) and Denise and Ev Pollard are expecting a new one the last of this month, October.

Nell, our family Matriarch, is still busy with the choir in the ward and now is making her usual huge amount of delicious chili sauce. If you want to know how good it is, ask Leslie.

## THE LYNN S. AND GLADYS WHITING FAMILY

I asked LaKay Ashcroft (Granddaughter of Lynn S. and Gladys Whiting) to write some instructions for all of us on our responsibilities in the four generation program of the Church. I wish to thank her for her contribution. Jay Whiting.

Dear Members of the Edwin Marion Whiting Family:

When Jesus Christ died upon the Cross he fulfilled a mission which no one else could perform. Eternal Life with our Heavenly Father is the greatest gift we could ever be given. This Exalted life would not be complete without our family and loved ones to share it with.

Heavenly Father has given us a plan by which we may accomplish the task of bringing all of our family to the point of dwelling together forever-- included in this plan is a little work on our part. We have the opportunity of making sure all of our family members that ever lived on the earth have the appropriate ordinances performed in their behalf, so that they might accept the gospel in the world to come.

This task at one time seemed a little overwhelming to accomplish, so we were given an easier version, which involved four areas of responsibility-- they are as follows:

1. Complete the four-generation program and continue research as far back as possible.
2. Keep a journal and write a personal and family history.
3. Perform Temple Ordinances.
4. Participate in the Stake Extraction Program when called to do so.

These four steps were designed to help the members of the church realize that the task is within reason to accomplish. Let's look at each area of responsibility to see what it involves.

### FOUR GENERATION PROGRAM AND RESEARCH:

This involves filling out seven Family Group Record Forms and one pedigree to show relationship and temple ordinances dates for a four-generation period of time. Generally the youngest adult generation is the group that should submit these sheets to the Genealogical Department in Salt Lake City, Utah.

### WRITING PERSONAL AND FAMILY HISTORIES

This area is often overlooked by many members because "Nothing interesting or exciting happens in my life." Where would we as a church be if Moroni or Mormon or Luke or John or even Joseph Smith had felt this way?

In the New Era, October 1975, President Kimball said, "Get a notebook, my young folks, a journal that will last through all time, and maybe the angels will quote from it for eternity. Begin today and write in it your goings and comings, your deepest thoughts, your achievements and your failures, your associations and your triumphs, your impressions and your testimonies. Remember the Savior chastised those who failed to record important events."

PERFORM TEMPLE ORDINANCES

This one is rather self-explanatory. We need to help others to gain their reward by performing necessary ordinances in their behalf. Many of the younger members of the family may not think this applies to them, but if you may, after gaining approval from your Bishop and Stake President, be baptized for the dead in any temple.

PARTICIPATE IN THE STAKE EXTRACTION PROGRAM WHEN CALLED TO DO SO

This assignment is a little less overwhelming--because it indicated only when called to do so. However, I am sure that if your stake is involved in this extraction program and you volunteered to help, you would not be turned down.

In closing, I would like to give my testimony that I know that this is the work of the Lord. I know he lives. He has told us that if we but begin he will bless us beyond our expectations. I know this to be true. It is my prayer that we may all be striving to attain the Highest Degree of the Celestial Kingdom, and that we may become part of this great redemptive work.

With all my love

LaKay Ashcroft.

THE ALBERT AND ELDA BROWN FAMILY

NEW BABIES

Larry & Diane Sagers-

a boy, Stephen Lawrence-makes 3 boys and 1 girl.

Mike & Kathryn(Sagers)Faudree a girl, Chantel - their first.

Kenneth and Debbie Sagers -

a boy, Adam Joseph Cluff Sagers they have 4 girls and 1 boy. (We kidded Kenneth and said he didn't have to use all the names for that little boy, he might have another one.

Eric and Heidi Shields -

a girl, Kylene, their first.

This makes mom (Elda) fifty grandchildren with two more on the way and thirty-five great grandchildren and three more announced for spring time.

Also Marty Burdick is in the Mission Training center. He is going to Chicago Spanish Mission.

Daryl and John Lee will be leaving California the middle of May. John graduates the 16th, and will leave almost at once for St. Johns. He graduated as a Lawyer.

We had 5 graduate from BYU last Friday night, April 24th. Nathel had three, Brian and Lynette Casey Burdick, and Maren Burdick. Louine had two, Alan Shields and Heidi Shields (Eric's Wife.) Mother and Nathel attended. Greg Shields has been made counselor to his Mission President.

Norene and Wayne Southwick have a baby girl, born December 14, 1980, named Kara. She is a darling, we saw her last week.

Lynette Casey Burdick graduated from BYU in Dec. They are still in Provo because Brian is still going to school.

Marty Burdick and Gregory Shields are still our only Missionaries out. They seem to be doing good work and keeping busy.

Nathel and Russell Burdick are going back to Washington D.C. in April when Ann has her new baby.

David Brown and John Lee will graduate from Law School this May. They will both take the Arizona Bar this summer.

Mother is still visiting around. She fell and cracked a bone in her neck and that has slowed her down a bit, but she still manages to go

pretty fast. She has been in California and Mesa but hopes to go to St. Johns soon.

After Christmas I went to California With John and Daryl and stayed three weeks. Mon had gone out to visit Aunt Myn with the Uncles and she stayed longer than I did. Need I say we got a lot of visiting done and it's so convenient to have them all live so close. Daryl and John in #1, Aunt Myn in #2 and Roberta and family in #3. Lots of relatives came to visit, so we really had a fun time.

Elma Brown Smith



Pete Peters/Republic

**Dr.. Brent Brown of ASU and his pioneer mother, Elda Whiting Brown**

# Territory days

## Arizona pioneer recalls an austere era

By Jerry Hickey

Southeast Valley Bureau

TEMPE — She came to Arizona nearly 80 years ago, when it was still a territory.

-She was 5 years old at the time. She traveled with her family from Utah, crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. The journey took six weeks.

Elda Whiting Brown recalls the harrowing raft trip across the swiftly flowing river at Lee's Ferry.

"I'll never forget how terrible it seemed," she said.

At 84, Mrs. Brown is steeped in the history of her family's pioneer past in Arizona.

She recently shared some of her knowledge of the past with students in Professor Lewis Tambs' Arizona history class at Arizona State University.

She described an era that would be considered austere by today's standards.

"We didn't know about all the wonderful things you have, so we didn't miss them," she told the students.

Her family had pioneered in the Arizona Territory before the turn of the century and eventually put down roots at St. Johns.

Her grandfather, Peter Isaacson, a Danish immigrant, had been in the territory as early as 1876 on a mission for the Mormon Church.

Isaacson had been sent by church authorities in Utah to find a place for Mormons to settle in Arizona. He and two other men made the trip and chose a place near Winslow that they named Brigham City.

Among the settlers who came to Brigham City were Mrs. Brown's parents who met there. Because of annual flood problems there that destroyed the Mormon settlers' crops, church authorities later told the settlers to move from Brigham City. One group that included Mrs. Brown's parents went to St. Johns.

### Diverse trades

Her parents were married in St. Johns, in 1881, but seven years later, they moved back to Utah, where Mrs. Brown was born in October 1896. In 1901 the family came to St. Johns and put down roots there.

Mrs. Brown noted that her father, Edwin Marion Whiting, was a man of many talents, who was involved in a number of business ventures. At times, he operated a sawmill, a general store, a ranch and a blacksmith shop.

His sawmill operation developed into Kaibab Industries. Kaibab and Whiting Bros. Oil Co. were started by his sons.

One of Mrs. Brown's most vivid memories of her early life in St. Johns involves a tragedy that occurred in April 1915. Eight people drowned when Lyman Dam, an earthen structure south of the town on the Little Colorado River, collapsed.

She said her grandmother, Martha Christina Isaacson, once had a confrontation with Billy the Kid. Mrs. Isaacson, who then was living about six miles north of St. Johns, had a brand new galvanized washtub hanging outside her home. Billy the Kid happened to ride by and fired some bullets into the washtub, according to Mrs. Brown.

She said her grandmother summoned up her courage, grabbed a broom and chased the surprised outlaw "clear down to the river."

### Billy the Kid escapes -

A posse that had been in pursuit of Billy the Kid then arrived on the scene, but the outlaw's horse jumped the narrow stream, and he managed to escape, Mrs. Brown said.

She said Apache County Sheriff Commodore Owens eventually helped make the area safe: Owens was sheriff of the county before it was divided into two counties, Apache and Navajo.

She said that when her mother, who was Isaacson's daughter, came to Arizona, the trip took three months. Isaacson had returned to Utah after his earlier mission. He brought his family and livestock to Arizona in 1879.

There was no entertainment in St. Johns, so the Mormon settlers put on plays and melodramas themselves. Mrs. Brown's father was in charge of the productions, which included such plays as *Oliver Twist*, *Two Orphans* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

She noted that her parents considered the coal-oil lamps in use then a great improvement over the candles they previously used.

"I'm sure electricity has brought the greatest changes in our homes," she said.

Mrs. Brown noted that she never saw a loaf of bakery bread until she was 16 years old. There were no junk foods such as potato chips or pop, she said.

She said that despite the lack of modern conveniences, she and her eight brothers and sisters "were happy and contented."

Mrs. Brown, who still lives in St. Johns, is the mother of Dr. Brent Brown, ASU's director of Community affairs.

## THE DON AND MYN PRIESTLEY FAMILY

Please forgive Roberta. This has been a most trying year for her. She is not only busy with her Department of Home Study and Homemaking in her high school teaching, but she is helping to write a text book that will soon be coming off the press to be used next year in all the high schools in Los Angeles schools. The first edition will be 3000. She spends every spare moment with that project. Also her Father's illness has been a great concern, he is still very, very ill with no hope of really getting better. Her mother is my age, so you can see the worry they have had for months.

Ann is at the BYU finishing her 2nd year, and will finish the last day of April. We are anxiously waiting to have her home for the summer.

Bruce will finish high school in June, and hopes to go to Arizona and work with Jack's boys this summer. This has been a good year for him here, he has worked about 20 hours a week or more at 31 Flavors, besides his school, and now is very busy helping to put on a road show for our Ward.

And I must say a few words about Christina, for she is our greatest blessing that has happened to us. She is pretty and smart and continually smiles.

We do hate to see Daryl (Elma & Wayne's girl) and her husband leave us and take their beautiful boy with them. John graduates from his 3 years in law school, and after 3 years living here they seem like they belong to us. He has had some offers to practice in Arizona, so they plan to go back there.

Last night when I was restless or sleepless, I tried to count our family. Just the children of the first nine, all Mother and Dad's children, grandchildren, their beautiful in-laws and so on, but I soon found I was lost after the 2nd generation.

Since the first nine children somebody besides lazy me has been busy. I remember well when Eddie and Ethel were married. I was almost as excited as I was about my own reception. It was my first wedding reception. Within the next year both May and Martha were married.

From that first family of nine, I think we could safely say if Mother and Dad could have all their family together for Christmas dinner, there would be over 800 guests. I wish I knew really how many we have. Maurine and Elbert have four grandchildren born in the past few weeks.

THE ARTHUR AND BETTY WHITING FAMILY

UNCLE ARTHUR AND AUNT BETTY:

They still enjoy their weekend "trips" to Show Low, Pinetop area, and especially to St. Johns to visit Aunt Elda, and make a phone call out to Aunt Myn. As often as possible, Uncle Earnest visits in Holbrook and accompanies these folks with an absolute stop at the White Mountain fishing lake. Uncle Art and Aunt Betty along with Merl and Annette will be making the Hawaiian tour with the school "Swing Thing" singing group.

A. MILTON AND LORANA

Bruce and Gail Whiting are expecting twins in August. This gives them four. They're moving into a new home to give them room for the additions.

Gordon and Nannette Whiting are still ranching in Eastern Arizona, but also are building a second home in nearby Safford.

Gordon and Janis Hall have finished Dental School in St. Louis, and he will be practicing in Tempe, Arizona.

At our home, Lorana, as State Lamda Delta Sigma Director, is still on the go. Barry has taken enough time away from the girls to gain entrance into the National Honor Society. And me, I just sit on the porch and rock away in my rocking chair, watching the quail and talking to the cottontails.

Mickey.

FARRELL AND IRENE LEWIS

We are pleased to report that "All is Well" in the Lewis family. The Steve/Lynette Peterson family in Gilbert, Arizona are busy with Church, farm animals, sports, and musical performances. Their daughter and 4 sons have many talents.

Karen Lewis has been home from the Taiwan Mission on a medical leave for a few months. Possibly the immunization shots, or whatever, has caused inflammation to the peripheral nerves in her feet and legs. By the end of April she should be back on her mission or released. Her brief time in Taiwan was very successful. (It has just been reported that Karen has been released from her mission.)

The John/Peggy Kennedy family are living very near the Jordan Temple in South Jordan, Utah. They are enjoying their lovely new home and are expecting their fourth child in September. We enjoy having them nearby.

The Hal/Kristine Holladay family are making a big "niche" in Tooele. Church, sports, and Kristine's position as publisher and editor of the Newsletter of over 100 copies every other month keeps them busy. Her publication is successful and supportive to over 40 families with a "Trisomy Child" as well as professionals.

DeeAnn will be teaching in nearby Payson, Utah, and commuting from her apartment in Provo. She is excited to teach the little third graders. With her warm personality and musical talent we are sure she will be successful.

Steve Lewis will graduate from high school this may. He is the Bishop's assistant in the Priest Quorum. He will be working until he leaves on his mission the end of December.

Farrell and Irene are enjoying growing a little older and "wiser"? With ten new fruit trees and an expanded garden spot we will be kept busy weeding, and harvesting. We send our love to all of you dear people.

Irene Lewis

GORDON AND ARMINA BENTLEY.

The Gordon Bentley family keep busy up Denver way. The eldest son John is serving in the Okinawa Japan Mission. The second son, Gale enters the MTC on May 28th enroute to the Milan Italy Mission. The three daughters left at home are busy in school, gymnastics, boys, etc., after the family visited relatives in Holbrook and Mesa during March.

NORMAN AND SHERI WHITING

The Norman Whiting family announce the arrival of a baby girl, born March the 10th. Brothers Kevin, Chad, Brandon, Arthur C. (Artie) and sister Jennifer have named the new little sister Wendi. Kevin and Chad and Brandon are busy in school and cub scouts while Artie and Jennifer stay home and help Mama Sheri with the new baby.

GARY AND SUNNI WHITING

The Gary Whiting family feel blessed to have Roy Lynn well and back in kindergarten after having his tonsils out, and overcoming all the complications that followed. He especially enjoys his friendship with all Norman's boys. Gary and Sunni will celebrate their 11th wedding anniversary May 2nd.

MERL AND ANNETTE FARR

The Merl Farr family reports that their eldest son Jay and wife Joy are busy with two little ones. Aleia just turned two and the baby, Jay Jr. (J.J.) will have his next surgery about September when he is around sixteen months old.

David will be released from his Wellington, New Zealand mission some time in July.

Coleen is involved with choir tours, fund raising projects for the tour to Hawaii and delighted at being elected varsity cheerleader again for next year.

Annette Farr

## REKORD KEEPING KORNOR

### THE GENEALOGICAL PROGRAM - OUR INDIVIDUAL AND FAMILY RESPONSIBILITIES

Genealogy and temple work are the responsibility of the individual and family, carried out under the direction of the family head. Priesthood leaders are to help families ensure that the saving ordinances are performed for their living members and for their progenitors as far back as possible.

1. Complete four-generation records, continue to compile family records, and submit names to the temple.
2. Perform temple ordinances for the living and dead.
3. Write personal and family histories.
4. Participate in the records extraction program when called.



For the FOUR GENERATION PROGRAM

The four-generation records submitted to the Genealogical Department become an important part of the Ancestral File, which is a lineage-linked file to be kept at Church headquarters. It will help provide reliable and useful family records that can help new converts and future generations compile their own genealogical records. It will help coordinate research with other families and establish a foundation for extended family research.

WHITING MEMORIAL ESTATE

"MISSIONARY FUND"

MISSIONARY	PARENTS	MISSION	RELEASE DATE
Daniel Bodell	Jim & Maydene	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	May 1981
Shane Larson	Keith & Jeannie	Korea	April 1981
Tim Dastrup	G. son Earnest & Zina Whiting		June 1981
David Farr	Merl & Annette	Wellington, New Zealand	July 1981
Greg Shields	Gus & Louine	Greensboro, N. Carolina	July 1981
Randy Epple	Wayne & Rayda	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 1981
John Whiting	Rex & Marjorie	Missouri	December 1931
John Bentley	Gordon & Armina	Japan	January 1982
Martin Burdick	Russell & Nathel	Chicago	January 1982
Vicky Brown	Ronald Brown	Manchester, England	October 1982)
Ralph Bushman	Nephew Harold & Nita	Japan	March 1982
Kevin Call	Nephew Jay & Aleen	Philadelphia, Penn.	March 1982
Charles Martineau	Wendall & Kayennis	SLC, Utah	August 1981
Velan Porter	Nephew Jay & Aleen		
Karen Lewis	Farrell & Irene	Taiwan	February 1982
Sam Fisher	Bob & Beryl	Canada	Sept. 1982
Tom Brown	Ronald Brown		Sept. 1982
Steven Hunter	John & Louine	Sydney, Australia	Sept. 1982
Troy Larson	Keith & Jeannie	Las Vegas, Nev.	Oct. 1982
Jeff Baines	A Lamanite friend	Lansing, Mich.	Jan. 1983
Kathy Whiting	Rex & Marjorie	Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	Jan. 1983

(Two missionaries for Keith Larson, Ronald Brown, and Rex Whiting)  
(Rex & Marjorie will soon have three serving when David goes)



**"MULE TALK" AND MOTHER'S TEARS**  
**A Patriarch looks back at a turning point**  
**By Kay Berry**

Have you ever heard a mule talk? Neither have I, but I know from experience that they have mighty big ears and can listen. I suppose that through the ages they have heard more vulgarity, profanity and just plain cuss words than any other creature in God's creation.

Some people think that it is a sign of strength to swear, It isn't! Let me tell you about my experience with the so-called "Manly art of swearing."

It happened when I was a lad of fourteen. Mother let my brother, Lee and me, go to St. Johns, Arizona, as usual that summer-partly to get us out of the Mesa heat and partly to let us have a glorious experience with our relatives whom we dearly loved.

The year was 1924-back in the good Ole horse and buggy days, when mules were mules and horses were glad of it. Only a few horseless carriages roamed around our part of the country in those times. During that year my greatest ambition was to be a good "mule skinner." One of my relatives whose name I will not mention had a contract hauling lumber from the Whiting Saw Mill which was located up and just beyond the Whiting Homestead, near the Little Giant Spring. He offered me a job hauling lumber from the mill to St. Johns, where it went into Uncle Eddie's lumberyard. Grandpa and Grandma Whiting encouraged me and helped me rig up a lumber wagon and Grandpa loaned me his pair of tame mules, Old May and Old Jack. The very thought of such an adventure caused my adrenalin to flow and I eagerly accepted my new job and responsibility.

It took us one full day empty to drive up to the mill, about thirty miles, and then three full days to drive back with the heavy load of lumber. The other driver drove two teams of spirited mules hitched in tandem and of course, carried a heavier load, but the real trouble I had was in keeping up with him. My "safe" team of Old May and Old Jack just wouldn't respond. They were just too careful and sometimes would just about drive me to distraction. Often the other driver would get out of patience with me because I had trouble keeping up with him. He would motion to me and yell for me to "hurry up." It was embarrassing! I noticed right away that he had one tremendous advantage over me. He would swear at his mules, and when he was real mad he would curse them and use blue streaks of profanity. His mules seemed to respond to his talk and it seemed to be ever more effective than his whip.

I was stymied! I couldn't talk like that! In my home we didn't swear at all; not even the little cuss words. My father, whom I greatly admired and considered very manly, was always kind and gentle in his speech and I never heard even a cuss word fall from his lips. I tried everything else.

I slapped them with the reins; I cracked my whip; I whipped them and yelled "Geet-Up" just as loud as I could. I even pounded them on the tail-bones with the butt end of my whip. I threw rocks at them. I tried kind words, polite words. I begged them, but no matter what I did

or said they would just poke along according to whatever mood they were in on that particular day.

One afternoon, things were mighty desperate. We were anxious to get down out of the mountains and into the low country before it rained. The other driver put the pressure on me and I put the heat on my mules. Then it happened. I was desperate and must us desperate measures. I said to myself, "There is no one around but me and the mules." Mule talk was the only way. First I tried just the little cuss words, then the profanity, and then the whole "blue streak." It sounded pretty good, I thought.

Do you know those mules pricked up their ears and started to treat me with respect? Old May, even with her blinders on, turned clear around without breaking her stride and looked me full in the face. The expression on her face seemed to say, "Who's that setting up there in the driver's seat, talking like a man"?

That night we camped down at Wire Grass Springs and the other driver put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Kay, you did real good today. You are going to be a mule-skinner yet." I felt real proud, stuck out my chest and grew two inches all in one day. I didn't tell anyone my secret, not even the other driver. It was just between the mules and me. I used my secret weapon on the next trip and the ones after that and got along just fine.

Finally, the summer ended and we were back at our home in Mesa, when disaster struck. We were seated at the dinner table, my father and mother, two older sister Effie and Maree, my brother Lee and at least one baby sister. Lee and I were playing tricks on each other. Somehow, I stomped on his foot under the table, with an innocent look on my face. He waited a moment until I was off guard and in retaliation reached under the table and gave me a hard pinch on my thigh. Well, before I knew what happened I jumped to my feet and let out a blue streak of "mule talk" that seemed to shake our family tree right down to its foundation. You have never seen so such a commotion. It was as though a bolt of lightning had struck right in the middle of our table. My father spilled the glass of milk he was drinking, and one my sisters started to cry, and my brother, Lee, ducked under the table for safety. The one I was really concerned about was my mother. I looked at her white face and saw tears brimming and overflowing from her eyes. She didn't say a word, just went into her bedroom and closed the door. I left the others to make out as best they could and followed her. I found her sitting on the side of her bed with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as though her heart would break. I walked over and put my arms around her and said, "Now mother, don't get all upset. Haven't you ever heard a little swearing before?" She didn't ever answer me so I tried another approach. "Mother, I want you to know that I never talk that way except to my mules. I didn't intend to say that. Those words just slipped out. It was an accident and it won't happen again. It was just mule talk."

Finally, she looked up at me through her tears and asked, "Who taught you to talk like that?" I answered, "Nobody taught me, I just learned it by myself. Besides, I tried everything else on my mules and that was the only way I could get their attention." She asked, "Was it \_\_\_\_\_?" And I said, "Let's be fair about this. He didn't exactly teach me, that's just the way he talks to his mules and he got results too." Mother said, "I'll never forgive him as long as I live."

By then, I knew things were getting mighty serious. I sat down on the bed and started to cry with her. Then it came to me, as a voice from on

high: "IT IS WRONG TO SWEAR AND IT IS ESPECIALLY WRONG TO PROFANE THE NAME OF GOD. And I had thought this "mule talk" was just between the mules and me. Deep regret and sorrow filled my soul and I determined right then and there that I would never use those words again and I promised myself, "If those mules won't respond to kind words, or polite words, or well-chosen words, they will just have to get themselves another driver." I promised my dear mother that I would never use words like that again -- and I never have.

Many years have come and gone but I can remember that scene as though it were yesterday. I wish I had never learned that mule talk that brought agony to my mother's heart. Now my dear blessed mother is gone and I can never forget the sorrow that I caused her on that occasion.

Almost exactly forty years later, on September 9, 1968, I sat across from an Apostle of the Lord. Elder LeGrande Richards of the Council of the Twelve was interviewing me for worthiness (a surprise to me) for a call to be a Patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He asked many questions and among those questions was this one. "Is your language clean and pure?" I looked him right in the eye and answered, "Yes, it is." As I did so the thought flashed through my soul: Thanks dear Lord for the beautiful principle of repentance. I had repented, I had kept my promise to my mother and to the Lord, since that day so long ago.

Thank you Mother for washing that "mule talk" out of my mouth forever, not with soap, but with your beautiful tears.

Kay Berry



HERBERT ALONZO BERRY AND ANNA MAY WHITING

By Maree Berry Hamblin

The ideal marriage, they say in psychology circles, is one where both parties bring out the best in the other. My parents fit that claim to perfection. This makes it difficult to recall one without the other. Recent research has proven that if a child has love, a model person and intellectual stimulation in the home he will never become delinquent. We had all of these and from both parents. They made it impossible for any of us to ever stray.

To me, as a child, my father was a composite of himself, Jesus and Santa Claus. I never heard him speak an unkind word to Mother or to any of us children. He never left our home, even for a short while without first kissing Mother goodbye. This was great emotional security for us to witness their deep love and to see it demonstrated each day. In our family there was no quarreling. Mother was the disciplinarian and being steps ahead of any awkward situation we hadn't much reason for disputes. But, if we so much as questioned Mother concerning her reasoning, Dad would immediately step in to her defense and ask if we meant to be impudent. That is a word almost on the endangered list in today's world. But, we heard it often and only as "No Sir," would set us free.

Being an excellent listener made Mother different from the average person. There were no "Uh huhs" or "I guess sos" in her vocabulary. She listened carefully and until she got things straight. I think this was her secret. She always heard us out, so we never had to answer for someone else's sins. She was a fair and honest judge and we knew that the truth would set us free. We might lose some liberties, but we never got trounced for telling the truth as some kids did. I learned too late in life that coming from a non-quarreling family could also have its disadvantages. I can assume that had I known how to quarrel, I might have averted at least one of the tragedies in my own married life. But our parents were poor teachers on that awesome subject, so I too failed in that class. My parents built many sweet memories for me and they have proven to be my second chance at happiness.

My parents were married in 1905 in the Salt Lake Temple. It was all very romantic including the train trip from Arizona along with three other couples getting married at the same time. One of that party is yet alive and living in Snowflake. They all remained close friends throughout their lives.

Grandpa Berry gave Mother and Dad a little log house for a wedding present. It set on a half-acre of ground just three blocks from the center of St. John. There was an orchard, cow sheds, chicken coop, and a pig pen with a sty. There were poplar trees in front and currant bushes, hollyhocks and yellow roses all around the place. Effie, myself, Kay and Lee were all born here, delivered by old Sister Sherwood. It was a miracle that any of us lived since St. Johns had not yet heard of germs.

It was a cute little house right out of a storybook. Mom kept it spotless. I learned to count from the yardage she had tacked on the rough walls of an old harness shed to make Effie and me a little bedroom. It was a repeat design of a mother bird returning to her nest with a worm for

her young. I thought it was just beautiful. One day Arthur asked Grandma Whiting if he could "go to May's to look at the shiny pans she hung on her kitchen wall."

Psychologists also claim that the happier a child, the longer he can remember. I can remember when I was two. Mama had given Effie and me materials from which to make Christmas decorations. We had a great time and ended up pasting our efforts all over our front window. Before she discovered our disaster, two of our teenage aunts came in and nearly had a fit. Before their arrival, I had thought we were doing a super job and that Mama would be delighted. Their "May, come in and see what your girls have done to your nice shiny windows," froze us both into horrified statues. My hand stopped in mid-air and did not come down until Mama surveyed our art works and said, "Well now, that is what I call beautiful decorations. I'll bet no one in town has their windows decorated as beautifully as ours." My hand came down to rest and I wanted to stick out my tongue at my aunts, but I already knew how Mama felt about such behavior. She kept our artful contributions up all during the holidays. It's all "In the eye of the beholder."

That same year Mama had a quilting bee. I sat on a box and cut and sewed my doll a hood. Mama discovered my efforts and showed it to all those important ladies. I believe at that moment was born in me the love of sewing. I, to this day, never tire of it.

My parents instinctively knew the difference between telling and teaching. Papa taught us the days of the week and the months of the year. He taught us the world was round and about Columbus long before we went to school. We always had the edge over our classmates because we learned so much at home. Mama didn't tell us how to make a bed, she took us in and taught us how. It was always that way.

Effie and I had the chore of going to Grandma's for the milk. It wasn't bad on moonlight nights, but on dark nights it was real scary. But, in those days it never entered our heads to say that we didn't want to go.

There were no streetlights and we had never seen a flashlight. When the moon wasn't out it was black as pitch. On those nights we went in terror all the way. But Mama never failed to tell how brave we were and how fast we had made the trip. It helped me to overcome terror in later years.

When our parents were married, Papa's first job was working on a roundup. Mama cried when she found he had forgotten his lunch, but had taken his gun. She cheered up when he returned a week later with eight silver dollars. Brother D.K. Udall then offered him all the little lambs he could save if he would go to the White Mountains where Udall's herd was lambing. There was a freak snowstorm at the time and not much hope of saving any. Mama went with him, and saved 100 little lambs. This was their start in life. They built them into a herd and then into a band. Sheep went up in price and they sold. At the same time cattle were down. They bought cattle and held them until the price went up, then sold. Not daring to gamble further, they decided the safest place to put their money was in Dad's head. He had wanted to be a dentist since he was ten years old when a traveling dentist had stopped his wretched toothache. He had no thought of making money, (he could do that in sheep and cattle) he only wanted to stop pain for suffering people. And besides, his Patriarchal Blessing told him that he was to do just that.

But it was several years before their dreams would materialize. He delayed to build a new house for his family lest something might happen

to him. They furnished it complete and it was beautiful. The other cause of delay was the negative attitude of his folks and all of the rest of the town toward him striking out into the unknown on such a hair-brained idea as "going clear back to Chicago, wherever that was, for more education as if he needed it." Only two people in town were not against his plans, Brother Sainsbury, the high school principal and Grandpa Whiting.

During this time Dad passed the dreaded teachers exam and taught his first year at El Toole, a Mexican school on the banks of the future Lyman Dam. He traded a saddle for an adobe house and we moved in. All I remember here was Papa carrying me in his big feed bucket down to milk the cow, and all of us going for walks over those hills.

The next year Papa taught school at Greer Valley. Going for walks after school along those beautiful trout streams are my fondest memories. Effie and I sitting on our steps eating from a bowl of raw oatmeal and raisins waiting for Papa to come home was the highlight of our day, for we knew we were all going for a walk. Papa with his arm around Mama and Effie teaching me to skip with both feet and Mama praising me highly for such an unheard of accomplishment (for a child of my age) turned me on to athletics. There just was nothing I would not attempt along that line. And I hardly noticed that Effie was the beautiful one, since I soon out-skipped her, out-jumped her and out-ran her. There was never any jealousy between us. She taught me everything that I questioned about and she was always right. And she constantly reminded me of the manners that Mama was trying to put over to us. Even when Mama wasn't present, Effie would frown at me when I wanted to ask for seconds.

Papa taught his last year at the District 11 School in St. Johns. He was paid \$60 per month and Mama saved \$50 of each check. When Aunt Martha heard about this she called Mama a spendthrift. Uncle Frank made the same working for Z.C.M.I. and she saved \$55 each month.

The great day finally arrived and we left for Chicago. Every move my parents ever made was an adventure. Mama made it so and I felt sorry for every kid in town that couldn't go with us. When we were concerned about leaving our friends, Mama would say, "Well, you'll always have your friends you leave behind, and look at all the new ones you'll get to find."

We saw our first train at Holbrook and we slept in a Pullman and ate in the dining car where we first saw a black man. Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha were in Chicago where he was already studying medicine. They helped us get settled.

When registering at Cook County School of Dentistry, Papa found that they would not accept him since he lacked algebra for a high school diploma. They gave him a text book and told him to study it, then go across Lake Michigan and take the algebra exam at Valpariso. He did just that and passed it in three weeks.

Papa loved the University. He became senior test-master before he finished and years later took several trips back just to walk around those beautiful grounds. Papa did much of his studying aloud and Effie and I learned many big medical terms from listening. Medulaoblonggotta was one of our favorites and this delighted Papa. Sometimes Papa would get so tired studying that he would lie on the sofa and Mama would read

to him. She also learned so many of those terms, I think it helped her when years later she began to work in his office.

It was 1912. Chicago was a delightful city at that time. It was the last of the Victorian era and fabulous times for a little girl. Everyone dressed up to go anywhere. Those big hats the women wore were right out of this world. The feathers, the ribbons, the tassels and the fringes were just like going to a fashion show. Our parents took us to many places to see many things and the park at Lake Michigan was not like the parks today. Everyone was dressed up, even the children. It was more like an Easter Parade. There was no visible sign of trash and the lawns were manicured since no one was allowed to step on them. It was like playing on a post card. I loved it. And Papa, although in the city, could still take Mama for a walk. With his arm around her, he would walk her along the shore then through that beautiful park while we kids played on the swings and the slides, with other polite kids that were all dressed up. There was crime in this city and we kids heard about some of it. But the policemen were kind and would always watch the park carefully. They often hunkered down to converse with us. I think that helped me to never be frightened of police.

By instinct, Mama was a lady. I never saw her in her lifetime slump, loll or slouch in a chair. She never slung one leg over the other but always crossed her legs at the ankle. She sat straight as a stick at the sewing machine. My granddaughter, Janice Cooper Falls, is the only girl of mother's descendants that reminds me of her.

Papa during the years in Arizona, had been all cowboy with chaps, big hat, spurs and always his gun. Only on Sunday did he wear his white starched shirt, celluloid collar, derby hat and button shoes. He looked like a shy, blue-eyed Burt Reynolds. He was a handsome man. At that time there had been only one automobile in all St. Johns, so the custom on Sunday was to go for a walk after church. It was lovely to walk with Effie, holding our pretty pink parasols aloft behind our parents. We tried to walk like Mama who was in her best in her green taffeta dress with her petticoats swishing about and the ostrich plume on her pale yellow hat trembling in the breeze. Those walks did something for the security of my self-image that nothing else could have done. I was a painfully bashful child, but we made a very handsome family group and I couldn't help but know it. Even now I love to go for a walk. I think it dates back to those happy days of long ago.

In Chicago things changed considerably, but my parents continued their Sunday walks usually in some beautiful park. Here there were still more horses than automobiles.. Freight was hauled by the big beautiful Clydesdales, and those beer wagons were for real. All deliveries were by horse as well as the garbage and hawkers. Papa shed his cowboy image when he first got on the train at Holbrook. I never again saw him as a cowboy. Mama continued to watch Sears Roebuck and the Women's Home Journal for the latest styles. In Chicago the styles were right on the street and everywhere you looked. I think Mama loved the city.

Effie and I entered the Brantano School nine blocks from where we lived. There was no such thing as a school bus. Since I was in kindergarten, I had to come home ahead of Effie. Mama took me to school the first time. I never got lost or frightened because Mama said there was nothing to be frightened about and she knew I wouldn't get lost. So I didn't. These were happy times and our parents saw to it that we had many learning experiences. They took us to the fabulous Ringling Brothers Circus, the biggest in the world. I still remember everything that happened in every one of those rings. They took us to see Houdini, the world famous

magician and he was breathtaking. We talked about him for years. Every Friday Mama took us to the picture show where we saw *The Perils of Pauline*, and we discussed her predicament all week until we finally got to see how she managed to escape the claws of a tiger or the fire from the roof of a burning building. Mama was as excited as we were and that's what made it fun.

To be dressed properly, and that was important everywhere in those days, Mama went downtown to buy the proper gloves. Effie and I went with her. To watch all the ladies dresses and hats on the streetcar was like going to a show. Our hair ribbons were almost as big as our heads. Had a little girl or a lady appeared on the street in jeans in those days, I'm sure they would have been arrested. Mama bought grey kid gloves, something she had never afforded before. We were elated, as was she. But sadly as we got off the streetcar, somehow they were lost. Effie and I were heartbroken, for we were conscious of the look on her face. Strangely, two weeks later Mama went again downtown to shop. On our return trip on the street car, she found in her packages after we arrived home that she had picked up accidentally some stranger's lost package which contained a new pair of ladies gloves the same color and the exact size as those she had lost. Effie and I decided the angels had put them there in answer to our prayers. Who else?

Our first summer in Chicago when finances began to become worrisome to our parents, they both found part-time jobs. Aunt Martha took care of us while they were gone. Mama worked as a hat trimmer, and she was good at that. It must have been fun working with all those beautiful trimmings. Each day she came home and would give a full account of the happenings of the day. Once she lost the set of her diamond engagement ring. Her boss stopped all work while everyone, including himself looked for the lost gem. They found it and everyone cheered. Papa's experience in an ice cream parlor enabled him later to introduce to St. Johns for the first time, the ice cream cone. The malted milk he shook by hand in a real silver container, while all customers watched. He also introduced the ice cream sandwich, the ice cream soda and soda pop. St. Johns called it - Herbert's Soda Water."

Kay was to be the final blow that caused Mama to decide to return to Arizona before Papa was to graduate. We had moved four times, each time to find a higher fence within which to try and corral Kay. When he scaled the last one, a six footer, and Mama caught him two blocks from home running down a railroad track over which a train roared every eight minutes. Mama refused to stay any longer. Papa took us all back to St. Johns where he worked until school started at the old mill of which he owned half interest with Grandpa Whiting. Mama studied for the teachers' exam, passed it and accepted a position at Alpine, teaching eight grades in a little log house.

Papa took us there in a covered wagon. We led our cow and it took us three days to travel the sixty miles. We camped the first night at Barrett's Ranch. There had been a killing there, but it didn't seem to bother my parents, they were dead tired. Mrs. Barrett was very gracious and fixed a lovely dinner for us.

The next night we camped at Clara and Joe Burks in Nutrioso. The four adults sat up most of the night exchanging news. The third night arrived at Alpine after dark so we couldn't see what a beautiful place we were going to spend the winter. A trout stream ran almost through the middle of town. We

moved into the teachers cottage and I didn't realize until years later when I went back to look the place over that the cottage was a shanty. Mama had a way of making everyplace we ever lived a comfortable home. We thought nothing of brushing the snow off our beds each morning when Alpine experienced the worst winter in its history. Men swore, cattle froze, but Mama took it all in stride.

Papa returned to Chicago to continue his studies. Mama's day began by taking out the ashes and building the fire. After that she bundled up (still in skirts, of course) to face the wintery blasts and feed and milk the cow. After she carried in the wood and two big buckets of water from a spring about a hundred yards from our house, she prepared our breakfast, then carried Lee through the snow to Aunt Jane Burks who cared for him while Mama taught school. On her return, she saw that the rest of us were ready and we all went to school at 8:00 so she could prepare her lessons before the others came at 9:00. Kay, strangely, became an angel at Alpine. When he once realized that he was no longer fenced in and the whole mountainside was his front yard, he curled up on a little rug in front of the big fireplace at school and slept the winter away. The little log schoolhouse was warm against the wintery blasts. I loved to hear the wind whistling through the cracks for I knew we were safe inside and that nothing could hurt us with Mama there.

Papa had hated terribly to leave his young and attractive wife in that wild and isolated place, but cheered up when Mama wrote him at Thanksgiving time that she had won the Turkey Shoot over all those good-shot cowmen and cowboys who had come from miles around. Mama was afraid of a mouse, but she was not afraid of a gun. And although she was the best teacher I ever had, her reputation among the menfolk in that area was more for her skill with a gun than her skill with a textbook.

When school was out and Papa came home from Chicago, we settled down in the new house Papa had built before we went away. We spent some of this summer at the second mill site where Arthur was bitten by the mad dog. The doctor later told Grandma that Papa had saved Arthur from blood poisoning by cauterizing his 36 dog bites as soon as it had happened. At the time Papa had just broken his ankle running in the Fourth of July foot race at St. Johns. He was on crutches, yet was the first man from the house to reach Arthur. Noah Connely had just killed the dog with an iron bar he had been working with in the blacksmith shop near by. I watched the whole thing and have never yet lost my fear of dogs.

Papa was a foot racer and Effie and I spent our childhood at those races hiding our heads for fear he might lose. It was years later that he confessed to me that he had never run his hardest; he just didn't want to embarrass the other contestants by beating them so far. He was never officially clocked that I know of, but he certainly should have been a contender for the Olympics.

While Papa returned to Chicago for his last year at the university. Mama taught at the old Mexican school on the hill. It was whitewashed and we could see it from the top of Sierra Trigo. I took second grade with Mama, and Effie went to the "white" District 11 school where Mexican kids were not allowed. The Mexican kids were supposed to be hard to handle, but Mama had no problems with them. Mrs. Garcia was principal.

It was a great day in our family when Papa graduated and came home to stay. But it was hard for the citizenry to call him Dr. Berry. It was always "Hey Herbert." This lack of respect was disappointing to both our parents, but they just laughed about it since our home was bursting with

happiness. Sweet, sweet little Norma was the only one of us all to be born in our new house. Every night was home night in that house. Mama told us so many stories that she ran out of them and had to turn to the classics. We heard from Shakespeare, Alexander Dumas, Longfellow, Poe, and all the big ones. "The Raven" was a favorite and Mama could say most of it by heart.

Papa played his mandolin, with Mama on the guitar. When he ran out of English songs, he sang in Spanish. We loved these nights. We kids were never sent to bed. Until we were about ten years old, we would fall asleep on the rugs in front of the fireplace and Dad would carry us to bed, one by one. Mama followed with a hot flat iron wrapped in a cloth. Until after we were married and left home, we were kissed by both parents each night at bedtime.

Mama never liked cats and would not allow one in the house. She was also afraid to set a mousetrap. Therefore, we were sometimes bothered by mice. One of her greatest dramatic productions would begin with a loud and piercing scream. To us kids this meant just one thing, the show had begun. By the time we found her and we were comfortably seated on the floor, she would be holding her petticoats (all of them) up to her knees like a cancan dancer. For some strange reason she would completely abandon her little brood when such a creature invaded her realm. Whenever Papa happened to be there, he would quickly run to her rescue. He was never a loud laughter, yet on these occasions he would really let loose. We liked that part best of all and figured Papa as part of the success of the production. These performances left a strange stamp on me. I have never been the least bit afraid of a mouse, yet I could never bring myself to set a trap.

In this house Effie and I went through our "paper doll" period. Mama gave us a whole room upstairs just to house them. We had not yet seen "store bought" paper dolls and relied on the Sears catalog completely. One day when Effie told me that Mama got the catalog free; I approached her with a solid proposition. I explained that I had already "spoken for" a lady on the only colored page and had named her Grace. If Mama could get another catalog then I wouldn't have to wait a whole year until the next catalog came to cut Grace out. I had a good solid argument and expected to win the case. But Mama sat me down and told me gently but firmly that we couldn't do that. It would not be honest. Mr. Sears and Mr. Roebuck were kind enough to send us one free and they had planned only one to a family. To ask for another would not only be dishonest, but would be greedy as well. She didn't let me wonder but went into great detail that I would fully understand the black, white and grey degrees of honesty in a world that contained all kinds of people. It was a lesson I never forgot and to this day I think of Mother whenever the new catalog comes out.

Mama never allowed coaxing. We could either do it, or we couldn't. When our second cousins Emily and Josie Brown and Effie and I cooked up the exciting idea that we wanted to go to the Meadows and spend a few days with Grandpa and Grandpa Berry, Mama consented with a stern warning that if we didn't hurry, we couldn't get there before dark. It was eight miles and we had to walk. We circled the graveyard which took some time, and after chasing rabbits, picking flowers, and playing tag, it was suddenly dark. Josie and I were just third graders and hardly mature enough to take the lead in this adventure. Emily and Effie, not at their best on this trip had been as addle-headed as we had been. And when Effie looked worried, I knew things were serious. We formed a tight little half-circle and started seriously to make time count. By the time we got up a nice little trot, we heard the first high shrill notes

of a pack of coyotes. We froze in our tracks and all began to cry. Suddenly we all seemed to realize that out there alone tears would get us nowhere and we sank in a body to our knees as the coyotes sounded closer. We made our pleas in unison and before we arose from the dirt we heard the gentle trot of a horse and the comforting sound of buggy wheels. It was Uncle Ward Heap on his way to the Meadows also. He gave us some candy and delivered us safe and sound to our destination.

Mama never told us when to put on our coats or when to come out of the rain. When others criticized her for this, her answer was "Well, if my kids don't know when to come out of the rain or when to put on their coats, I'm not going to be the one to tell them." And she never told us when to pray for extra help, but she gave us many chances to find that out for ourselves, and she loved to hear in detail of our success with our extra prayers.

Papa practiced dentistry for a while in St. Johns until he had a good offer from a Dr. Blaine of Prescott, Arizona. He accepted. We closed our house again, bought the first model T Ford in town and moved to that enchanting little city. To this day we all agree that of all the places we ever lived, this was our favorite. It may have been the house Papa leased for us. I think it was also the people. It was cultured like Chicago. Ladies called on Thursdays and left their little cards on a shelf built on our porch for that purpose. Mama dressed up on shopping day. She got us each a library card, and we went walking in the park.

Our house was high on a hill and overlooked the whole city. The electric lights were the first we had ever seen. In Chicago they had still used gaslights. The panorama was breathtaking. In all my life I heard Papa swear only once, and not in Mama's presence. He was changing a light bulb. When the current shocked him, his "Ouch! Damn" properly shocked me. Helping him keep his balance on that high stool must have softened the incident. However, somehow I have always managed to get out of changing a light bulb.

This house was completely furnished down to Rodgers silverware, table linen, gilt framed paintings, statuettes from Italy and velvet cushions on the black leather tuft sofa in the parlor. There was an entire library on the second floor and the beds were all made complete with spreads. Our parents felt extremely lucky to find such a house at such extremely low rent, and with four bedrooms. It wasn't long before they realized the reason. The place, according to the neighbors was haunted. But my parents didn't believe any such "drivel" and we remained there until Norma's serious illness.

Regardless of not believing in such "drivel," every night at exactly midnight (just like the movies), strange noises would begin to come forth from the depths of that dark and dank basement. It would wake Effie and she would wake me to share her lingering apprehensions. We would hear Papa get out of bed and with his trusty flashlight begin his nightly prowl of ghost investigation. This went on for months and became a nightly pattern in our lives while each night we interpreted these weird sounds as the clanking of chains and the opening of squeaking coffin lids. The whole thing lasted about 15 minutes each night and always at the same time.

One midnight a strange thing happened. Papa came up from the basement chuckling. He had solved the mystery. Every night exactly at

midnight a train approached Prescott. The vibrations coming from the long line of freight cars caused the partly hidden steam pipes in the basement to clank together. The slowing down of the engine caused the different tones and pitches the pipes emitted.

Papa stuffed rags in all the guilty places and from then on we all slept soundly. This was an important lesson, which helped me many times in later life. Since I was usually left alone with my own little family, there were many frightening occasions when terror could have overcome me. But Papa's example, which was to investigate any unusual happenings, helped me through these fearful times.

One Wednesday, while Mama was shopping, we kids went to the nursery on the second floor to play detective. We had just seen a move the night before so we searched for a secret door. We found one. If we hadn't been playing seriously like a real detective we would never have found it. Before Mama returned we had pulled eight trunks from their hiding places and were knee deep in tissue paper. These priceless treasures included velvet-lined cases of sterling silverware, a trunk full of hand painted dinner china, priceless crystal, two trunks of Paris gowns and hats that defy description. And it was Kay and Lee who investigated further and found a trunk full of civil war uniforms including one of a general, complete with sword.

The lesson we learned upon Mama's return was that we had to put it all back simply because "It isn't ours." We were all crushed, but was a lesson in honesty that I'm sure none of us ever forgot.

It was in this house that Norma caught the measles. She seemed to recover like the rest of us, but soon had a relapse. I remember Papa rushing home from the office each day and holding her in his arms for hours at a time. He was afraid she might be losing her hearing and he would ask her to point up to a picture of some kittens, her favorite. Papa seemed greatly relieved each time she would point to them. When her tonsils began to swell up like the mumps, the doctor informed my parents that she would not live. They knew better, and Papa took Mama and us kids back to St. Johns. Uncle Frank was there and they knew with his skill in medicine that he would save her. He did. It took months and at times Mama almost gave up, but Uncle Frank never once lost faith in the Lord or his own ability. He saved Norma's life and our family never forgot it.

When Norma recovered, we went back to Prescott where Papa had rented us another house; the other one had been sold. We all regretted that, but the next house was much closer to town and we seldom had to use the car. It was a nice two-story place and I remember accomplishing many things while we lived there. World War I was on. I was in the sixth grade with all my old friends from the year before. It was in this house that Effie and I began piano lessons and ballet. One night Mama announced without further warning that we would do a dance for the family. We had double doors between the parlor and the sitting room, which she closed for the big occasion, then opened, as we were ready. When I saw Effie perform so expertly, I got a severe case of stage fright, but Mama didn't let that get me off the hook. I did a dance of a fairy getting a drink from a spring in the forest. Before that evening I had not taken ballet very seriously. But after Mama whispered as she kissed me good night that I had the ability to go far in ballet, I began to work hard at it and never forgot the basics. Later in life when things got tough, I could always earn a little on the side by giving dancing lessons.

Before the war was over, Prescott was caught in the Spanish Influenza epidemic that had spread across the country. Schools closed, movies stopped and only a few stores remained open a few hours a day. The dental office closed and Papa stayed home to care for all of us including Mama. He moved all of our beds into the big parlor and turned it into a hospital. Every day we saw the big black hearse drive by our house to pick up the bodies of our friends and neighbors. It was awful times. When we began to recover and an extra cold winter had also paralyzed the town, Mama taught us all to crochet. This seemed to calm us down. Kay and Lee actually crocheted big balls of chain stitching. They have both confessed that this skill helped them in their medical profession and have suggested for years that we all teach our young boys to crochet just in case they later may choose medicine as a career.

It was in this house that we had our first "store bought" Christmas decorations. Previous occupants had left a big box full and we were delighted with these beautiful ornaments. In those days there were no Christmas trees for sale. You either went out in the forest and got one or you went without. A few days before Christmas, Mama handed Kay an ax and said, "you kids had better go out and get a tree." So the four of us started on our way.

Prescott was in the mountains so we didn't have to go far. Our trouble was that we couldn't decide and kept going deeper and deeper into the forest for a prettier one. At last we found one that we all agreed on and Kay finally chopped it down. It was much bigger than it looked upright and by the time we had dragged it through the snow it was long after dark. Mama was standing on the porch looking for us when we got home. On the way we had met a man who warned us that we might ruin our tree by dragging it further and he carried it clear to our porch. Papa later found that the man was a policeman by day and that we were supposed to buy a permit to cut down a tree. We later could recognize this man and I always silently thanked him for his kindness. He hadn't spoiled our Christmas by even mentioning to us that we should have had a permit. It was also in this house that we found a stack of colored funnies, the first that we had ever seen.

Before the year was up, the war had stopped. The flu epidemic was lessening, but Norma was getting more delicate, and the doctor suggested Papa take her to a milder climate. By the time I was at the last of the sixth grade, we moved to Mesa where Papa joined Dr. Light in a nice office in the middle of town. He bought a small house across from the Vance Auditorium later called the Mezona. We lived there one year while he located the house he really wanted which was one block from the temple site.

While we were in the little house, we all learned to swim. There was a small canal in back and the biggest cottonwood tree in the valley shaded the whole back yard. It was the ideal place for a family of kids being introduced to the hottest of climates and after cool Prescott. We lived in the water that first summer and every one of us got our bearings, which were later to lead us into the world of swimming. Lee and Kay became proficient in high diving and I happen to know that they got their beginnings in daring each other to jump, and then dive from that tree. We all became expert in balancing in Mama's washtubs while floating downstream.

Mama planted a garden that summer that amazed all the neighbors. Her tomatoes could have taken prizes in any state fair. It was in this house that little Helen was born. I was in the seventh grade, and I claimed her as my own. Papa bought our first dairy cow, Old Betty. He also bought a Studebaker that seemed a block long. It had jump seats and when folded there was so much room in the back that we could play house.

I wanted desperately to learn to drive the Studebaker, and Papa made a deal with me. Since Drivers' licenses were non-existent, he would teach me to drive if I would milk Old Betty. She was pastured a few miles out of town, so I could use the car to go to milk in the evenings. I jumped at the chance. It was a great boost for my self-image. Papa soon learned that it was a good thing that he taught me to drive, since Mama and Aunt Martha drove their cars like they had driven a four-horse team. They could neither turn corners nor understand reverse. So at twelve I was chauffeuring them shopping as far out as Phoenix. Learning to drive caused me to almost lose completely my fear of people and my painful bashfulness.

To me, Mesa was rather a seedy town compared to Prescott. But Mama knew how to handle my snootiness and when I complained one day that my Sunday school teacher needed his suit cleaned, she sat me down in a chair (she always set us down where she could look right into our eyes, before confronting us with some action of which she did not approve) She let me know how unfair I was to criticize a farmer who had to get up at 4:00 a.m. on Sunday to milk his cows before preparing his lesson for my class. Before she finished, I was wanting to go help the poor man at least on Sunday mornings. I never noticed his suit again and I learned much in his class. I still remember him well.

When I began the eighth grade, Papa bought the house near the temple. It was a very nice house close to both schools. The yard was big, with fruit trees in back. Mama planted tomatoes again and they were so good that LeSueurs came for them to sell in their grocery store. We used to all go out picking in the evening to help her. I remember her talking to her garden. Perhaps she started this whole business of talking to plants.

The Studebaker caused my parents to give up their "walks". From then on it was, "let's go for a ride." But I continued to miss those walks and for some reason I never enjoyed the rides as much. Unless, that is, I was driving.

It was in this house that Dean was born. Uncle Frank delivered him and Grandma Whiting came down from St. Johns to assist him and to be with Mama awhile. Dean was the light of my life. I loved that little brother with all my heart.

I was twelve when in the eighth grade I won a contest in English class. The school planned to put the play on for Christmas. I was horrified. I had written it for kids, not an adult audience and I was terribly embarrassed by the whole thing. To me it was a stupid plot about old Santa getting arrested and sued for breaking someone's chimney because he had gained considerable weight. This was serious business and I wished that I hadn't written the silly thing. I wanted to quit school so had to bring the problem out in the open to Mama. She read it, and to my surprise, thought it was great. To convince me, she explained her reasoning in detail. The plot was sound, the courtroom scene could include my whole class and the scenery would be simple. The class put it on and it was a success just as Mama said it would be. I gained a lot of confidence in myself over that and it was the beginning of my liking to write stories and things.

It was in this house near the temple site that Effie and I began to work at practicing the piano. We learned duets and one we mastered was Pizzicato. It was a classic and our parents were very proud when we played it in public. I also, through the encouragement of my ballet teacher, continued to seriously study ballet. Kay took up the sax, the in instrument at the time. I accompanied him on the popular tunes and Dad would join us

with his mandolin. Lee began violin lessons. Norma became a strong and healthy child and so we could never regret leaving Prescott. She and Helen were darling little girls, and I loved to dress them up and take them places.

In this house I began to call my parents Mother and Dad. It was hard at first and I had to work at it. The cause was that I had quite suddenly become a flapper and Mama and Papa just were not sophisticated enough. The war was over, times were good, there was a happiness in the land that is unexplainable. I had not yet seen a drunk person nor had I seen a woman smoke. It was well named as The Golden Twenties. There has never been a time like that.

Dad had suffered financial loss in the cotton crash, but had bounced back in no time. I was a flapper in the truest sense, with short skirts and red heart-shaped lips. I chewed my gum, like Clara Bow in the movies and swung my beads with the best of them. Parents got heart attacks, sulked and some disowned their daughters. Articles were written against the flappers, meetings were held by churches and news reporters were unsympathetic. It was all very exciting but my parents took it all in stride.

Effie was a flapper in a more careful approach. She softened my reputation by just being my sister. When my partner and I won a waltz contest over all those older people in the big church dance at the Vance Hall, it seemed to make up for a lot of my frivolous ways to my parents. They were proud as punch. After all that Charleston, they suddenly had to realize that I could also dance the waltz.

After high school graduation Dad sat me down for a good talk about my future. When I confessed that my first love was ballet, he cleared his throat, a sure sign of non-approval. It was hard to explain to him since he couldn't appreciate the difference in ballet and the chorus line. Ballet was in, Pavaloa was at her best in Paris, visiting the U.S. occasionally and Martha Graham, who was soon to change it all was yet unknown.

Dad then asked for my second choice. I confessed that I would like to be a secretary. He again cleared his throat and I knew that whatever he had in mind he had probably won. To him, (I could tell) a secretary, according to the movies was a dumb blond that chewed gum all day and sat on her bosses lap while taking dictation. I knew I was licked. Then, Dad showed his great wisdom. He made a deal with me. If I would go to the BYU and learn to become a schoolteacher, just to help my own kids, he said, and then if I found after graduation that I just didn't like teaching, he would send me to New York to study ballet.

It was a great letdown from great ballet dancer to an old maid schoolteacher, something I have never for a moment considered. But I capitulated and joined Effie at the Y already into her teaching classes. It wasn't but a very short time that I became hooked on teaching as a career. One of the professors had converted me, just like you convert someone to the gospel. I never looked back. For years I hung my toe shoes where I could see them and be constantly reminded of the wisdom of my Father and how very foolish I might have been to pursue my great love ballet as a career. My teaching profession saved me from a life of poverty.

When I finished Normal School and received my diploma at the Y, I returned to Arizona and accepted a school at Concho. To my dismay I found

that Arizona and Utah did not reciprocate in the area of teaching credentials. I had to pass the dreaded teachers exam before I could teach at all. I knew the areas the exam would cover since as a child, I had listened to Dad and then to Mother study for this very same test. I gathered up the necessary textbooks and began getting up at 4:00 a.m. to cram. One morning Mother happened to get up and find me hard at work at that hour.

"What in the world are you doing at this early hour?" she said. "I'm studying for the teacher's exam," I explained. "How long has this been going on?" "Oh, most of the summer," I answered. "I'm not as smart as Effie. I really have to work at it." "Well, let me tell you one thing, "Maree," she said. "Any girl that will get up morning after morning, at this hour to study, without having to be urged, will go places. The world is yours, you can accomplish anything you decide you want to do."

Those words have stayed with me all of my life. I have done things that even I can't believe when I read back over some of my journals. Her words that morning carved out a certain kind of world for me, a world in which I would survive because Mother said I would survive because Mother said I would not only survive but would conquer at least my own little niche in life, no matter what the odds might be. I've done just that. But, it might not have turned out that way for me had not Mother happened in, that early morning. I took that dreadful exam and passed with flying colors.

It was 1926, and I was teaching at El Toole. My parents had sold out and moved to Utah. But just before they moved on they stopped at St. Johns to attend my wedding. One month later my husband and I saw them for a brief time when we went there to go through the temple.

My folks were disenchanted with Utah and returned to Phoenix less than two years later. Here they bought a big home on 13th street, built a duplex and bought another one next door. By the time I was nineteen I had won my diploma at the Y, taught a year, married and had a baby. Not bad for a rattled-brained flapper whose only star in the sky had been dancing. With the right parents anybody can make it.

Dad rented a beautiful suite of rooms on the 7th floor of the Luhrs building in downtown Phoenix and his practice soon flourished. Kay went to Africa on a mission, Lee went to Brazil and his and my husband and I were called to Hawaii to be Mission Home parents on the island of Hawaii. It was 1929.

Just before we boarded the ship the big crash came. It changed our whole world and nothing was ever the same after that. My parents hung on for several years. Meanwhile some committed suicide and others left the country. Things had been too good, I guess. The 1929 stock market crash took its toll and then settled down to a long dark depression. Everything changed; we had no help whatsoever while on our mission. Some of the missionaries lived on \$5 per month. With the permission of President Grant, I was allowed to organize a private kindergarten for half a day. It kept us alive. We had landed with \$25 and it was all we had that first summer in a strange land.

We returned from Hawaii and moved to Washington D.C. where my husband entered law school. A year later I returned to teach school in Piney. We couldn't make it financially there. By then Mother and Dad had reached the

bottom and had lost everything they had. Dad traded his practice for one in Holbrook and when I went down the first time to see them, they had rented an old warehouse behind Schusters store. They had partitioned it off for a combination office and home. For the first time in her life Mother had to work. She became Dad's office girl and he never again let her go. She doubled his income the first month.

When I first walked in the door, I hardly knew what to say. Here were my parents that had always had things going for them, dead broke without enough to rent decent quarters. I came through the front room. It was raw adobe with no windows. Mother was bent over a little old wood stove that some relative had loaned her. She was pulling out a big batch of fresh bread that made the place smell like home if nothing else.

She saw me and what should have been tears turned into an honest smile. We fell into each other's arms and still no tears. I finally blurted out, "Well Mother how are you? How do you feel about all that has happened?" She was tearing me off a chunk of hot bread and buttering it for me. As she handed it to me she smiled her real smile and said, "I feel just like a new bride. We're starting all over again. It feels kind of romantic." I couldn't believe it. I thought I knew her, but this was the greatest lesson yet of my life.

A moment later Dad came in. We kissed and hugged and I asked, him the same question. "Dad how do you feel about all this?" He just said, "Well, it's like a snake losing its old skin. It feels kinda good." I wanted to cry. These were my parents. People who had lost less than they were committing suicide and here these two really and truly felt as they said they did. Of all the lessons they had taught me, this was the most valuable. I've lost and lost and lost, and I could always take it because of what they taught me during those few moments standing in that decrepit old building. It was their attitude that made the difference.

The depression continued to worsen. People suffered for a dentist but could not afford the price or the gas to come to Holbrook. Dad devised a plan. He was the only dentist in two counties. He would go to them and relieve their suffering. The plan was pure inspiration. First Mother approached the Relief Society and the School Board in every town in both, counties. The final agreement was that Dad would lower his prices 25%. The Relief Society and the school board would each pay 25% for every school age child in their area, and the parents would pay the final 25% for their own children.

Dad had a trailer built and equipped it for a traveling dental office. He and Mother traveled weekdays, coming home on weekends and in each town they parked and stayed until the whole town was finished. Adults paid in beans, milk, bottled fruit, crochet work, quilts or whatever they had to spare. The whole project was a smashing success, and nowhere in the world, at that time did so many people have so many good teeth and for so many years.

Our parents soon began to see their way financially. Even at his drastically reduced prices, with Mother's management and steady help they began to get ahead. This whole thing had been hard on Norma, Helen and Dean. The three teenagers who had never known anything but a nice home and affluence were hard put to adjust to living in an adobe cave on the wrong side of town, with Mother and Dad gone during the week.

But inside of two years, our parents built the first really nice motel that Holbrook was yet to see. Another year, and they built two duplexes nearby, one of which they reserved for family use. Dad's

new dental office was built at the front of the motel. The family ran the motel, which proved to be an excellent investment.

Mother was in her glory. She had turned into a super businesswoman; the old Whiting blood was beginning to show. These were the years that we can tell the funniest things about Mother. It was here that she borrowed my green two-door Plymouth to go to town and came back with the sheriff's black four-door Dodge. He was not amused, after sending out road blocks from Flagstaff to Albuquerque, to find his car parked in front of Mother's door, with her quaint explanation that "the two cars just looked so much alike." Nor was Dad amused one night when Mother took her dress off to go to bed and he spied all those little yellow sale tags on another dress underneath. She had been shopping, she hurriedly explained and had forgotten to take the last one off. No, Dad did not let her wait until morning to phone Penneys store manager of her blunder.

My four children and I were living in Alaska with my husband, when Pearl Harbor was attacked and WW2 was declared. When Alaska was bombed my husband sent us back to Arizona, and I took over the management of the motel.

Dad moved Mother to Lynwood, California so that she would be near her specialist. Her health was not good, but it was hard for us to realize since she never complained. They never came back to Holbrook, and with the war the whole world changed.

I stayed another year to sell the motel. The time had also come for me to inform my parents of my impending divorce. I wrote Mother and dreaded the answer that might be, "Try a little harder and a little longer," since I had long since done just that, her answer, "We have worried about you for years, go ahead, you have our blessings," lifted a big black burden from my shoulders. Her instinctive understanding and her trust in my judgment sustained me in that awful crisis. It was five years before she asked me a single question as to the details. That gave me a chance to mend enough to be able to talk about it. Her insight was fantastic.

There were many happy times in the house in Lynwood. It was a lovely place with deep red velvet drapes, Chinese rugs and plenty of room for guests. We all remember the Thanksgiving dinner when we sat down to Mother's table, set with her best china and pink crystal, everything on except the turkey. But when Dad went to do the honors, he brought the big bird in stark naked. Mother had forgotten to turn on the gas. Instead of going into hysterics she laughed and sent to the corner shop for 30 hamburgers, 30 fries and 30 milk shakes. Markay, Lynn and David (just hamburger age) thought that the best dinner yet. We ate the turkey for supper.

I think Mother had some of her happiest days in Lynwood. She loved the city and here she was in the big middle of everything. They did well financially here, and Mother hired a German housekeeper and continued to work with Dad in his office.

Mother was always involved with the young people in the church every place we lived. Dean courted Marion when they lived in this house and Joycell was going with Jack. When I worried about Jack and his "Hot Rod" Dad assured me that someday he would make a good dentist because he was such a good mechanic. Jack was 16 at this time and I'm sure dentistry was the farthest thing from his mind. I also worried about Joycell and Jack dancing hours on end on her Chinese carpets. But

Mother said their dancing was more important than the wear on the carpets. If they couldn't dance there they might go off to some public place. So I relaxed and enjoyed watching them too.

Mother enjoyed shopping at Bullocks and Dad opened a charge account just for her. She built herself up a nice wardrobe just in time, for she and Dad were called on a mission, and joined Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha at Jackson County, Missouri where Uncle Frank was mission president. Mother sent us weekly accounts of their mission and I was amazed at the number of entertainment and variety shows she managed to put on for funds for the different church houses being built around the country. She had been involved in dramatic productions all her life. Plays and variety shows were her specialty and she began to use the Hollywood stars when she lived in Lynwood. She got Pat O'Brian to go as far as Tucson in a variety show Norma was putting on there for a church benefit. Her productions always played to full houses wherever they were.

When they lived in Lynwood, the war was on in full force. Dean enlisted in the Navy, Lee joined the Medical Corp in the Army, Jack and Joycell married and Jack joined the army. Aubrey was in dental college and he and Helen lived nearby. Effie and Bill lived in San Bernadino. Norma worked as a secretary in Lynwood. Kay and Beth lived nearby in Alhambra. I sold my apartment house on Pico Street L.A. and Dad and I went in partners and bought a lemon and avocado ranch at Etawanda. I taught there for a while but could get no help on the ranch so was forced to quit teaching in order to do the tractor work myself.

Before they went on their mission Dad wanted to sell the ranch, he didn't like to leave me there alone with all that hard work. We sold the ranch and I built a motel in Gridley where by that time Norma was married to Randy Fife and lived there.

After the war nothing was ever the same again, except the ties that bound our family. The folks returned from their mission and Dad continued his dental work in Lynwood. A few years later Mother's health continued to deteriorate. Dad retired and settled down to do nothing but take care of her.

They moved to Tucson to be under Norma's care. The L.A. specialist had given up on treating mother, and Norma, with some nursing, was especially good with the sick. Mother passed away quietly one night. The doctors told us that Dad, not the specialists, had kept her alive 21 years longer than she should have lived, just by his tender care.

Mother had done more than her share of church work through the years. She had been Primary President at Mesa, Relief Society president at Phoenix, Holbrook, and Lynwood. Many came to her for counsel and she gave freely of her time and talents. I know of no one who did not like her, her enemies were non-existent. Her passing was such a jolt to me that for a long time, like a child would do, I had to pretend to myself that she had not gone away.

To be able to endure his loss, we encouraged Dad to marry again. The doctors told us he might not survive if he didn't. He chose Aunt Martha, who a few years before had lost Uncle Frank. They had some happy years playing their mandolin and guitar and traveling together. They worked in the temple constantly, Dad being especially needed because of his ability to

speaking fluent Spanish, He also, during his last years, did volunteer dental work for Los Angeles County without remuneration. He had been a missionary all of his life and had converted over 40 people before he was called on a mission as first counselor to Uncle Frank, president of the Central States Mission.

Dad developed a bad heart, had open-heart surgery and wore a pace maker which kept him alive the last seven years of his life. He had been a missionary, a sheep man, a cowman, and a dentist. His favorite cousin, Wiley Berry, had been killed in the cattle and sheep men's war. Dad had been chased by the Indians and had ridden in the Pony Express. He had been the perfect husband and father. He had led a full life and had released thousands from pain.

We moved him to Kay and Beth's for his last few days. I asked the two RN's whom Kay had hired to attend him night and day to not wear their uniforms. I wanted him to seem more at home. The last time I heard Dad's voice he was preaching the gospel to one of the nurses. He passed away quietly in her arms that night. Both nurses attended his funeral and both later joined the church.

The loss of my Father was made doubly hard because I was still under contract to Alaska state as supervisor for rural schools, and had to leave everyone I loved and go back to Alaska alone. I decided I could do it only because I was a breath away from retirement, as close as six months. Somehow Dad's death had confused me. When Markay proved to me that I was two years younger than I thought I was, I went in the bedroom and cried, for that meant I would continue flying over those treacherous mountain peaks and hitchhiking on those leaky little fishing boats for two more years. I didn't think I could do it, but Mother's voice continued to tell me that I could.

My parents left me with my sense of humor intact. They taught me self-discipline to the degree that I am an expert. Nor do I allow myself the luxury of depression for it was never allowed in our home. And, although I still cannot listen to the old song Mother used to sing "Will I Find My Mama There," the most valuable element of the legacy my parents left me was the fond memories they built up in my life that have proven to be my second chance at happiness.



MEMORIES OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER  
By H. Lee Berry

When my Father Herbert Alonzo Berry and my mother May Whiting Berry were first married, they lived in a log cabin in St. Johns, Arizona. Their first four children were born in that log cabin.

After five or six year of married life, my father and mother succeeded in making and saving a fair amount of money. They decided that it would be best to invest the money in my father's head, in other words, to pursue an education.

Early in 1913 they went out into the world by taking a train to Chicago, where father enrolled in the dental school. I was six months of age, Kay was 2 ½, Maree 3 ½, and Effie close to five. Dad enrolled in the dental school after finding and renting a flat for his family.

His school work from the start, went well, and life for my mother was pleasant and adequate, excepting for my brother Kay, midway in the terrible two's. I have heard all my life about the difficulties of keeping him under control. At one time Kay got away for a few minutes and was quickly located under the overhead elevated railroad line. This was a traumatic experience for my mother and father and at the end of the school year they returned to St. Johns via Holbrook by way of the railroads.

Mother and Father had some furniture stored in St. Johns, and an arrangement was made for my mother to be moved with the family and belongings to Alpine, a distance, I imagine, of perhaps 75 miles. The move was made by Uncle Lynn using his team of four mules and a wagon to haul the furniture and the family.

My father went along, in order to get my mother settled. Mother had attained a position teaching school in Alpine. The conditions were primitive. There was a single-room cabin to house the family. Father built two bunks, one above the other, which could be raised and fastened to the wall when not needed because the room was so small.

Father returned to St. Johns and then to Holbrook and back to Chicago to continue his dental school. Mother settled in with her four children to teach school, which was only a few yards from the house where we lived. By now I was approximately two years of age. I had the luxury of a full-time babysitter, which I still remember even though I was only two. I remember also the house where we lived. I was tended in a store by a girl probably 15 or 16 years of age. Her mother and father were managing the store.

Kay spent the school year with the privilege of lying on a rug in the schoolhouse in front of the fireplace. The school year came and went, and Maree tells me that Father came home for that summer. But the school year loomed again and he returned by train to Chicago where he eventually completed his school work. After graduating, he returned to St. Johns and built a nice cement brick house, which I believe is still standing.

I think you can see from this account that my Mother put a high price on the value of an education. No sacrifice seemed too great, no price too high to pay and I believe that this hunger for any education and conviction of this direction for her children and her descendants was to be the right direction.

My mother never failed to comment on the grades I made. Even in the first and second grades, I recall very clearly that she convinced me that any goal that I should choose would be mine; however, she pointed out that goals are not reached easily, and, in her words, "The world gets out of the way for a man if he knows where he is going."

H. Lee Berry

#### MESSAGE TO THE FAMILY

Volume one, Issue Number Four of January 1, 1951

By May Whiting Berry

Our plan to bind the issues of the "WHITING TREE" magazine into a book, means more than just statistics or even history. A common interest will bring us closer together, both to our living and to our dead. Our future posterity will read and visualize the messages and testimonies contained in these pages.

I would like to impress upon the minds of our children, some of the stories that we have heard from the lips of our wonderful grandparents. One of the stories Grandpa Whiting used to tell that interested me most was when he and his three wives were crossing the plains to reach Salt Lake Valley.

One late afternoon they saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which struck terror to their hearts. They knew, as the dust rolled toward them, that it was a herd of stampeding buffalo.

Grandpa grabbed a whip and ran toward them. He made his stand and cracked his whip at the leaders of the thundering herd. Gradually the big beasts turned inch by inch.

The noise and the dust were almost more than he could stand, but the black whip cracked unceasingly. Grandpa kept stepping back, inch by inch, so that he would not be trampled to death under the hoofs of the maddened animals. They crowded him toward the wagon, but the black whip cracked on, with the power beyond human strength.

The hysterical children clung to the terrified women, as they stood helpless and watched Grandpa fight a lone battle with the thousands of crazed buffalo. It seemed an eternity before they saw him stagger backward and up to the wagon tongue as the last of the now tiring beasts stampeded by the little camp. Grandpa fell exhausted to the ground. The black whip had caused the leaders to turn just enough so this herd missed annihilating this band of human being, as the straggler passed over the wagon tongue.

His arm was swollen from his shoulders to his finger tips and looked as if it has been bitten by a rattle snake. Grandpa did not fight the battle alone, as he said: "The Lord was there too!"

## SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

By Dean Berry

It was Arizona in 1930 and the depression was on. Mother and Dad were not yet desperate, though times were hard. I was only five years old but certain things I can remember very clearly. One such recollection was an automobile trip from Phoenix to St. Johns, going the "other" way through Globe and Show Low. A modern car on today's highway makes that trip in high gear in about three hours. It took us two days in the Model A Ford Sedan, and it required all the gears.

We started early in the morning. Father drove, and he and Mother talked and built air castles while I lay on the back seat covered with a nice warm quilt. We turned north at Apache Junction and began the climb up the Salt River Canyon and our adventure began with a flat tire. Father was in his late 40's then, heavy but still athletic. He moved always with poise and grace and I watched with admiration as he jacked up the car and changed the tire. It was early spring and Mother showed me the wild flowers just off the road.

We were soon on our way again and Father sang, "When it's Roundup Time in Texas and Bloom is on the Sage..." (I misunderstood the song as "...with the bloomers on the sage..." and it took me several years to get that vivid mental picture out of my mind.)

The desert scrub soon gave way to juniper and then pines as we climbed higher. We came to the Salt River and I was surprised to find there was no bridge. We had to ford where the river was wide but shallow. Father slowly drove the Model A into the water. He found it was not quite shallow enough and we were soon unable to proceed or to go back. Father and Mother laughed at the predicament and they let me sit on the fender and dangle my feet in the water. It was icy cold and I didn't dangle very long.

A huge Indian on a giant horse made his way across the river to the car. He gave Father one end of a rope, which he tied to the bumper. The Indian tied the other end to his saddle horn and with Father driving and the horse pulling we were soon on the other side. Father gave the Indian \$5.00, but I don't believe that he spoke a single word. I had no idea that a horse could pull a car or that an Indian could be of any help.

With his spirits lifting, Father sang, "Ta ra ra boom de ay," as we drove up the other side of the Salt River toward Superior, a mining town. There were occasional stands of pine and some patches of snow left over from the winter. We had need of that snow when the engine began to over heat. Father had to stop the car and let the engine cool with the sides of the hood up. Mother had a kettle and they used that to melt the snow and fill the radiator. I got to pack my first snowball but I didn't throw it at anybody. I ate it. And when we were on our way again I wanted to stop at every patch of snow.

Father laughed a lot and sang, "Deany Boy, Deany Boy, won't you be my Deany Boy," to the tune of "Pony Boy". At Superior we stopped to have the tire fixed. Mother and I walked to a store where she bought milk and crackers

and cheese for our lunch. For five cents she bought a pound of pinon nuts. We were soon off for Globe and I ate pinon nuts as Father sang, "Hallelujah, I'm a bum..."

It was dark before we could reach Globe. The roads were very narrow and often only dirt tracks on very steep and treacherous banks. We stopped by some pine trees and spent the night by a campfire. We finished the crackers and cheese and drank warmed milk. Mother and Father covered me with quilts and I soon fell asleep to the sound of the wind rushing through the pine branches above us.

At daybreak, Father and Mother were up and ready to go. Warm on the back seat, I watched a chipmunk on the branches above. Soon we were on our way. Father sang, "Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt..." Mother sang a harmony part as she and Father held hands. This worried me some for the road switch-backed on the sheer mountainside, and there were tumbled rocks in the bottom of the canyon below.

As can happen so quickly in Arizona, we were soon in a pouring rain, with thunder and lightning all around. A truck ahead of us was stuck with one wheel in the soft shoulder of the road. We could have driven around him but Father stopped and got out to talk with the driver. Soon other cars were there and all the men got behind the truck and pushed it out while the driver spun the rear wheels. All the men were happy and laughing as though they were old friends. (I had no idea that men could push a truck out of a ditch.)

My father was wet to the skin but as we made our way onward he sang, "Show Me the Way to go Home." Mother laughed and said she'd like that.

Past Globe, on the way to Show Low, we had to stop where the road had washed out. The same truck was again stopped ahead of us. Once more all the men worked together putting pine branches and rocks in the rut. The truck went first with a mighty spinning of wheels and splashing of mud. Once across he waited until all the cars made it safely. Mother wiped the mud from Father's face when he returned to the car.

During that wonderful trip Father and Mother showed me deer, quail, wild turkey, pronghorns, and a mountain lion. It was one of the greatest adventures I ever had. To our parents it could have been a nightmare but they tackled the problems with humor and optimism and didn't ruin the trip for me.

Father and Mother sang, "We ain't got a barrel of money, and clothes may be ragged and funny, but travelin' along, singing a song, side by side."

Dean Berry

## AN INSIGHT INTO A MOTHER

By Helen B. Andelin

Mother had a number of strong traits that made her a unique person. She had a way of commanding obedience of children and yet she never raised her voice, struck any of us or threatened punishments. She had a unique way of making people feel good, of changing their moods from discouragement and even despair, to optimism and hope. Those who knew her liked her and respected her. She was absolutely marvelous in building a person's confidence in himself. She was a master psychologist, using methods that are among some of the most advanced used today in human relations. Her strong traits are evident in the following incidents:

### Aubrey and Dental School

Here is an example of how she changed emotions from negative ones to positive: The dean of dental school was a sort of Hitler who delighted in keeping the students in "hot water." No matter how well they were doing in school they did not know until graduation day if they would make it. Three-fourths of the class failed somewhere along the way. Most of the students suffered nervous frustration due to the oppressive policy and, although they liked dentistry, hated school.

During Aubrey's senior year he was going through a state of critical depression, gripped with fear that he would likely fail. As he expressed this fear to Mother, she said, "Aubrey, if you fail you will probably be a better man than if you pass." Her full acceptance of him, regardless of the outcome immediately relieved his tension and he relaxed enough to pass.

### The Green Print Dress

The following is an example of how Mother built a child's confidence in himself and the lasting effect in his entire life:

On a Saturday morning when I was 10 years old, my mother was leaving to fill a church assignment. She was to spend the day in the homes of the sick and the needy. Just as she was walking out the door I stopped her and asked, "Mother, what can I do today?" She came back into the house, took from a cupboard a piece of green cotton print, handed me a pair of scissors and said, "Why don't you make a dress?" She gave me no pattern no instructions and rushed off to her appointment.

I had learned to use the sewing machine and do simple sewing, but I had never made a dress before. As I stood in that room, holding the material and the scissors, I remember thinking, "She really thinks I can do this! She trusts me with this beautiful material."

I took one of my dresses and began studying it to see how it was made. I spread it on the material and tried to determine just how it should be cut. With a little courage I began cutting. The outcome was that by the time my mother arrived home in the late afternoon I had finished the dress. It was a humble attempt that I was proud of and I wore it several places. It was amazing to me that later on when I learned to sew in school, it took me an entire semester to make a dress.

When my mother saw my work she was astonished. Her confidence had produced better results than she had expected. The truth is that in her rush she had forgotten to provide me with a pattern, but I didn't know this. The

power of her confidence overcame the missing tool.

I don't recommend that children be given no pattern or training, but I do feel that they need some experience in which they must depend upon their inner resources to get a difficult job done. It will build confidence and prepare them for times when training and preparation are not possible.

The effect of that single incident upon my life has been profound. It has helped prepare me for difficult situations, helped me to know that when you find yourself in a situation in which there is a job to be done and no one but yourself to do it, and you feel totally unprepared for it, if you accept the job and do it with an inner confidence, you find a way to get it done. Such is the slogan of the Marines who say, "We can do difficult things immediately. The impossible takes longer."

This incident was valuable to me later on in life when I decided to write *Fascinating Womanhood*. I felt impelled to write this book because of the need I observed in women. I was teaching marriage classes at the time and knew that women were seeking this kind of help. I had no training or writing experience. Since I had eight children at the time it was impossible for me to take training. I asked two other women with writing skills to write the book but they both declined. I thought of postponing it but was urged by women in my classes to do it now. My final motivation to begin was prompted by recollection of this early experience. I thought of the day I stood in my childhood home with the scissors in my hand, realizing that I had a job to do for which I had no training. An inner confidence in myself that my mother had that day, I would somehow find a way.

#### Positive Criticism

When a person did something to displease Mother, instead of tearing them down she tended to use positive criticism. For example, if I did something to displease her she would say, "Helen, Helen, I expected more of you than this." This let me know that she had a good opinion of me, which I had not measured up to. One day a lady who had a real antagonism for Mother dropped by to give her a piece of her mind. After taking her criticism, Mother responded by saying, "You could be a fantastic person if you tried a little harder." Then she told her what she expected of her. This disarmed the lady and they became close friends. I think mother responded this way by instinct. She did not know the principle well enough to teach it to others. It is a marvelous method of correcting a person while preserving their self-image.

#### Making a Bargain

Mother had a way of dealing with older children when they wanted to do something she did not approve of. Instead of saying "no", she tended to "make a bargain" with them. This method is now recommended by psychologists and is called "The Contract Method." For example, when Kay was attending high school in Provo he wanted to go with a group of young people to a football game in Spanish Fork. Mother had a strong feeling that Kay should not go to that game but instead of saying "no" she said, "Kay, if you will forgo the game you and I will go to the show." It there was anything Kay loved it was to go to the show with Mother, so this was a tempting part of the bargain and he gave up the game.

As many of you know a tragedy happened that night. The group of young people Kay had planned to go with were riding in an open automobile. They had pulled up to a railroad crossing to let a train pass when a horse drawn cart drew up beside them. Just as the train approached the crossing it blew its whistle, frightening the horse, which lunged into the open car. As I remember it killed all six of the young people.

There is an interesting part of this incident that few of our family know. One of the young girls in that car was Marba Andelin, Aubrey's aunt, then only 18 years old. Her father also had a strong feeling that she should not go but he did not have the skill in dealing with young people that Mother had. Marba wanted to go so badly and he had so often said "No" to her that he went against his better judgment and let her go. This bears a real message to young people not to persist in something that goes against their parents' better judgment and for parents to hold firm to their judgment and deal with young people with discretion.

### Isolation

This is also a method Mother used in handling children which is now recommended by psychologists. When she could not handle an unruly child, instead of yelling or striking him, she would put him in isolation. An example is this: After Effie died, Gary Ellsworth was staying temporarily with Mother and Dad. He was about eight years old. One evening a group of older cousins came by quite late and invited Gary to go to the movies with them. Since it was about Gary's bedtime Mother thought he should not go. Gary "harped" to go, but Mother remained firm in her decision. Then Gary began kicking and screaming.

In a quiet way, Mother led him into the garage and shut the door, saying unemotionally but firmly, "When you are quiet you can come out." After a few minutes he was quiet so she let him out. Again he harped to go, and when she said "No" he began kicking and screaming. She put him in the garage again and the same thing happened. This "in-out" went on for about forty-five minutes until Gary was quiet and Mother victorious. Mother was gentle but she was no quitter. She always remained in command of children, as we all know.

My Favorite, my Mother-in-Law.

We are all aware of sarcastic remarks about mother-in-laws. Well, it seems that Mother was an exception. One day when Aubrey and I were talking about the spirit world and different people we would like to see there, Aubrey said, "Do you know the first person I would like to see? Your Mother." That was quite a tribute to a mother-in-law.

## MEMORIES OF GRANDMA

By Joycell Cooper

Grandma Berry was so much a part of my life I can't remember starting it without her. Her warmth, interest and tremendous sense of humor had a great influence on my growing-up years. She never, never spanked me. Lift me off the ground by my ear, yes, but spank me, never!

It was impossible to say no to her and I still can't figure out why. She seemed to take command of any and every situation, for it seemed being a leader just came naturally.

Her brand of psychology was something to behold; you had to see it in action to believe it. She could get more work out of people than anyone I ever knew. She was truly one of the pioneers in brainwashing.

Grandma was the "Dear Abby" of her-day. No problem too big, no person too small to help. Of course, she did have a way of exaggerating, but after all, that's what made her stories so interesting. For instance, one day she said to Jack:

"Jack, I tell you she was the most beautiful girl you ever saw."

"Really, Grandma? When did you see her."

"Well, I never actually saw her, but someone did, and they said she was the most beautiful girl you ever saw!"

I think Grandma's most endearing quality was her ability to laugh at herself. When her antics were told at family gatherings, she laughed louder and harder than anyone.

I remember the way she had of putting on black eyebrow pencil without the use of a mirror, giving her an expression that she had just seen something shocking that she shouldn't have.

The way she cooked was by the hit-and-run method. How we used to hate cleaning up after one of her whirlwind meals. It was always exciting getting into a car with her at the wheel, not knowing where you would end up. The whiplash suffered as she dropped her foot off the clutch was as good as any roller coaster I've ever been on.

She would grab scissors when she had 5 minutes to spare, and would exclaim, "Let's whip something up for you." And whip it up she would, cut and snip, cut and snip, never mind the basting or fitting. "I have a true eye," she'd mutter. "No time for patterns, better to use the imagination you were born with!" Before you knew it the garment was ready and the results pretty good.

Her enthusiasm and love of life was contagious to all who knew her. Her ability to love, unconditionally, was something few ever attain in this life.

My love and appreciation for this woman continues to grow as I get older, and I could never repay all that she did for me. The nearest would be to try and develop some of her wonderful qualities. There is a goal I am striving for and one I hope to attain someday. "There goes Joycell," they will say, "and you know, she is just like her Grandma Berry."

## MY GRANDMOTHER

By Diana Rice  
(Daughter of Randy and Norma Berry Fife)

One evening, after dinner, I read to Grandma Berry. She and Grandpa had just arrived for a long stay at our house in Tucson, Arizona. His day had been filled with traveling and unpacking. She was not well, and looked tired. She took the time however, to ask how Diana (shy and 8 years old) was doing in school, and that is how I found myself reading aloud that evening.

As I raised my book, I noticed her eyes looking at me. They were clear and attentive. I felt this was my big moment, and I began. Through each paragraph, I felt her complete support and encouragement. Her praise of my efforts was warm and genuine. I basked in the limelight, and reading became, forever-after, my favorite pastime.

Grandma's illness was serious. For the next few months, she slipped in and out of comas. During this difficult time, I became better acquainted with Grandpa Berry. I learned what a truly scientific mind he possessed. I loved to walk with him in the desert. Because cactus was in such great abundance, he began to wonder how all those reservoirs of water could be made productive to man. He bought cactus candy to sample (nasty use of the plant, we decided). He gathered baskets of prickly pears, peeled and juiced them, and made quarts of prickly pear jam. And he planted corn and wheat directly in the flesh of several different types of cactus to see if the seeds would germinate. I still think it was a great idea. The experiment failed, but Grandpa succeeded in showing me how to wander and explore.

A TRIBUTE TO MY SISTER MAY BERRY

By Elda W. Brown

May was such a special older sister. She was my ideal, always kind, cheerful, and made our home happier. She could tell stories almost as well as Pa, and she always used these stories to get us to work, and that did the trick.

She used to tell about books she had read and would continue them day after day. There are two I will never forget, "Lorna Doone" and "Barriers Burned Away." She told these while we worked shucking corn to dry, peeling apples to dry, hoeing in the garden, working in the bees, etc. We actually enjoyed some of this.

May made us feel she could do anything, and she almost could. She really influenced my life from the time I was a little girl. How Myn and I and also Fannie (Herbert's sister) loved and tended our first nieces and nephews, May's children. Later after we had homes of our own, May always made us feel welcome, and made us think she was glad we were there, and would like us to come again soon.

PRECIOUS MEMORIES  
By Marilyn Helf  
(Leilani Hamblin's oldest daughter)

I was a very young child when I lived in Grandma and Grandpa's home in Lynwood, so my memories of that time are scattered and in snatches. However, I do remember the friendly, outgoing nature of Grandma and the sweet gentleness of Grandpa. There always seemed to be a great deal going on in their house and even at that young age, I knew that they were loved and respected by the seemingly multitudes that passed in and out of their home.

As Grandma passed away while I was still very young, there are no particular instances that stand out in my mind. However, one of the choicest memories I have is of the summer that Grandpa Berry came to visit us in Alaska. I was 19 years old and it was the most wonderful summer of my childhood. That memory is so precious to me that I still often shut my eyes and go back those many years ago to relive the love and joy that those days brought me. I can remember walking with Grandpa in the warm afternoons, down the railroad track and to the river.

Grandpa's appreciation of the beautiful Alaskan wilderness that we lived in still rings in my ears. He loved everything he saw and exclaimed over the pine forests and the rugged mountains. I already loved Alaska but his admiration of its beauty in some strange way made me ever more grateful that I lived there. Down at the river, I showed off my fishing prowess by promptly catching several large salmon with a gaffing hook (legal in those territorial days) I would have caught him a hundred but he stopped me, saying, "Let's leave the rest to lay their eggs, we have all we need."

His concern and love of nature was evident to me. Once at home, I showed him how I cleaned the fish and cut them into smoking slices and sled-dog food. He praised my every move and I had never felt so admired and appreciated. I still, to this day, remember every smile and kind word he gave me. To my child-mind and heart, he was the personification of love and acceptance.

In life's timetable my time with Grandpa Berry would probably have to be measured in moments, but how grateful I am for those moments. I saw Grandpa again only once and just briefly, though we wrote each other through the years. That fact makes me ever more thankful for that one beautiful Alaskan summer that Grandpa and I got to share.

MY GRANDPARENTS  
By Louine Berry Hunter  
Oldest Daughter of Kay Berry

Grandma took an active part in my upbringing. Her admonitions were well thought out, diplomatic, and kind. When I was about ten she pointed out that I had hurt the feelings of a cousin. I had been completely unaware of my sin. She suggested ways to make amends-- suggestions I promptly and anxiously carried out. I remember the anguish I felt because I had disappointed her, but the memory of that conversation has had the life-long effect of making me more sensitive to the feelings of others.

She was liberal with praise and compliments. While visiting Grandma and Grandpa in Arizona when I was about seven, I stepped on a rusty nail in their backyard. I didn't think to mention it to anyone but when I went in the house I dripped blood with every step and my wound was soon discovered by Grandma. While she lovingly soaked and pampered and doctored my wound she said over and over again what a brave little girl I was because I hadn't cried. I remember glowing with pride because of her praise and at the same time feeling like a fraud because in truth, it didn't hurt.

Not only did Grandma serve as Grandpa's dental assistant during much of their lives, but she always took an active part in the family business ventures. I remember her leading many discussions with the relatives about the pros and cons of acquiring different pieces of real estate. Important in any of these discussions seemed to be the question, "Would it be a good place for a family get-together?" Who can forget "THE RENDEZVOUS" nightclub owned briefly by them, but long enough for a couple of great family parties? Remember the three ranches in the Fontana area? There was the Sky Ranch, the Lemon Ranch where Aunt Maree and her family lived, and the ranch where the Ellsworths lived. These last two ranches were the setting for many treasured memories because of the clan gatherings. Remember the excitement of having family swims in the reservoir swimming pool? Remember Marian Stricker singing at the family ranch parties long before she and Dean were engaged? Remember Joycell plowing the lemon orchards with a tractor? Remember all of us pruning suckers? Remember waiting for baby pigs to be born?

Grandpa and Grandma loved family get-togethers and we all knew it. Their Lynwood home served as the gathering place for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners as well as other family occasions. I can picture the pans and pans of parker-house rolls rising on the counter, dripping with butter, and tables set up all over the place.

After dinner there was a special time for the grandchildren to be with Grandpa and Grandma. They would both tell us stories, sometimes true stories, sometimes old family stories and sometimes story-stories. Always on the agenda was "Bricket Leg" by Grandma. Her fame and skill at story telling was partly because whenever she read to us, her stories just flowed out of her. Her animated enthusiasm made story time something special.

This was also a time to give us friendly advice and counsel. It was a time for them to heap praise on us and tell us how proud they were of us. It was a time of hearing their feeling about the gospel. After story-time there would be games with all the family in the living room... Charades, Rhythm and Rook come to mind. Just being together with all the relatives was fun.

The chief entertainment was the wit and humor of the personalities in

attendance and the family stories forever repeated and laughed at. Eventually it would get too noisy to visit in the house so the adults would abandon the house to the kids and reassemble in Grandpa's dental office next door for more plans, more stories, more fun. Often the teenagers joined the adults, none of us wishing to miss a word.

Yes, Grandpa and Grandma loved family get-togethers. A few years before Grandma died I remember them enthusiastically speaking of buying a certain very large house "Where all our grandchildren could come." We all went to see this marvelous place that they were considering buying because of us, and it was a beauty of a house. We could just picture ourselves romping around inside and out and having a marvelous time, but it was not to be. Many of my warm childhood memories are due to our grandparents concern that we "have a family place" and seeing to it that we did have a place.

I remember that until they were very old my grandparents gave each of their grandchildren a Christmas present ever year. It was often something to upgrade us. In my early teens I received a book entitled, "The Heart of the Rose", which I still have, a book designed to help keep me pure and untouched. When I was much younger Grandma gave me a yellow and white dress that she knitted especially for me.

Grandma often told of their early years together and of their decision for Grandpa to go to Dental School. But did you ever hear Grandpa tell of his memories of those hectic days? He told us how he went back to dental school in Chicago, leaving his wife and four children in a poorly built cabin in the mountains in Alpine, Arizona, where Grandma taught school.

He said that when he was away at school and found it very hard he felt like the frog in the big puddle in the middle of the road. Puddle as it would, just couldn't get out. Then all of a sudden it was out, and one of its fellow frogs asked him how he did it. He said, "A big truck came along and I had to get out." So I guess we don't know what we can accomplish until we find that we had to or else!

## I REMEMBER GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BERRY

By Lynn E. Ellsworth  
Son of Effie Berry Ellsworth

Each was in his and her way most unique, Grandpa for being the most honest, guileless man I have ever known, untiring in his efforts to do exactly what was right; Grandma for being an inspiration to others; her name could quite properly have been May Whiting "He- can-who-thinks-he-can" Berry.

I first remember them when they had the Forest Motel in Holbrook, Arizona, but best remember them when they lived on busy Long Beach Boulevard in Lynwood, California. I often rode the large electric "Red Car" train across Los Angeles to visit them. It was always a treat to be in their home with so many exciting projects in process, such as plans for a Berry family castle for posterity, or at least a "rendezvous."

From time to time we would all gather there and visit, laugh, swap stories and dreams far, far into the night. Such occasions were and are to me absolutely pure ecstasy. They loved their pioneer heritage and passed on to all of us the Wonderful stories of their brothers, sister, and parents. To me, the Celestial Kingdom will have some of the same kind of get-togethers in some celestial living room.

Grandma Berry would quote the ideas of Norman Vincent Peale's "Power of Positive Thinking" to promote to others and me a positive approach to life. According to her any worthy goal was attainable regardless of its seeming impossibility.

Grandpa Berry took absolutely every opportunity to share the Gospel with others, even with nurses who attended him while in the hospital to get his famous pacemaker (some of my children can only remember that about him).

I can never remember an angry word from either of them to anyone, only encouragement, though Grandma had little patience for negative thoughts if expressed--then out would come the Norman Vincent Peale lecture on positivism.

I remember they had snoring contests and I really couldn't say which of them was the better in that department. Grandma believed that furniture was built especially to be moved around a room from time to time, and often employed her progeny to do it. Jack Cooper did a lot of it, as I recall.

The back room of Grandpa Berry's dentist office was always cluttered with a most wonderful assortment of tools and materials: a grinder and its polisher, clamps, sets of false teeth, a human skull and so forth. Grandma had a kitchen drawer full of pieces of dried bread, which she used in making delicious meatloaf and other tasty things.

Both lived life with "gusto", enjoying the Gospel, family, friends and opportunity taking special delight in the affairs of their posterity.

They must have had faults, but I can't think of what they were. Their greatest legacy to us, though, was their example of how to live, how to treat your fellowman and your family.

## I REMEMBER EFFIE

By Ruth B. Lewis

The day we buried Uncle Herbert, I walked over to Effie's graveside where her youngest son, Van, and his wife and baby were standing. I was thinking of Effie's smile, her faith, her ambition and her kindness and goodness and looked up and asked Van if he remembered his Mother and he said, "No, I was only two." Bill, Effie's husband, who was also there asked me if I would write something about Effie for her children who never really knew her. As I stood there I thought how like her father she was. They never wanted to trouble anyone. They sort of lived in their own world. And yet she had the drive, ambition, and sort of a glory that her Mother had. How I loved all of them. The world is a better place because they lived in it.

How can anyone really put on paper the things that make up a personality? She was about six years older than I, and so as a younger cousin I looked up to her and thought she was so pretty, and quiet, but the world really moved around her. She and Maree used to play with us once and awhile, and I was always Effie's little girl, and Maurine was Maree's.

When Effie was a baby her Father taught school. Aunt May and Uncle Herbert were living at Greer. In those days they didn't have bassinets or baby beds. The baby always slept with their parents. It was almost unheard of for a baby not to be breast-fed. One night Aunt May and Uncle Herbert woke up to the screams of Effie. They felt all over the bed and couldn't find her. Finally after getting out of bed, and lighting the lamp they found her under the bed.

She was a few months older than my older sister, Nora. They say what a beautiful pair they were; Effie with her naturally curly blonde hair, and Nora with her long black braids. They were constant companions, and had such fun together. Effie was a healthy little girl and her laughter filled the room, wherever she was. She hated contention and trouble. She always wanted peace at any price.

From what I remember, Effie was an exemplary daughter. I don't remember hearing any worry about her behavior. I think there is often sort of an affinity between a first daughter and her mother, maybe because they help so much with the other children, or they sort of grow up together, or there is lots of experimenting with the first child. Effie and Aunt May were no exception. Uncle Herbert used to say that sometimes he felt bad when Effie came and she and her Mother would run into each other's arms, and talk for hours without seeming to know he was there.

When she was just a little over a year old, Maree was born and she used to inform Maree that of course she wasn't expected -- as who would want another baby in just a year. Aunt May was always great on dramatic effects, and when she dressed her children she capitalized on this. Effie was a beautiful child and used to wear her hair in long curls with large bows on the back of her hair.

When Effie was about seven, their family followed ours to Chicago where Uncle Herbert went to Dental School. It was a sad day for Nora had passed away a year before and she was truly missed. Aunt Myn says she likes to think that now they are together again. After a year they decided to return home and Aunt May taught school until Uncle Herbert finished. There were four children, Effie, Maree, Kay and Lee. I can imagine

the responsibility Effie shared with her Mother those cold winters in Alpine. After her father finished school, he was offered a job in Prescott. They stayed there for two years and our family was jubilant when they decided to move to Mesa, where we had been for nearly two years.

Our families were so close, no celebration was complete without the Berry's, and no sorrow was shared so completely as with them. They lived across the street from the Mezona and later moved to First Avenue, about a block and a half from us. We were together constantly. Aunt May and Mother used to talk on the phone so much that one time Mother picked up the phone and central just rang Aunt May's number. Those were the days when we used to play dress-up with Effie's and Maree's clothes and their high-heels.

During these "growing-up" years, Effie was a good student and never lacked for friends. She always seemed too grown-up and glamorous to us kids. Especially when she and Maree got a job as ushers in the Nile Theater in Mesa, did she seem glamorous. They wore uniforms with a headpiece fashioned like the Egyptians of the Nile. This was one of the many jobs she had. Effie would just make up her mind the kind of job she wanted and get it. Aunt Myn said it was almost embarrassing to go down the street with her because she would stop and ask any place. She seemed to always have one lined up in case the last one ran out.

St. Johns was sort of a pilgrimage to us kids. We used to go at least once a year. In those days it took two days to make the trip that now takes four hours. We often traveled with Aunt May's family. We made beds with pine needles, and in spite of slow cars, bad tires, (not balloon) and terrible roads, it was truly a vacation. St. Johns was sort of a Utopia—a revered spot. Effie and Maree wanted to go to high school there. Sometimes they lived at Aunt Elda's and sometimes at Grandmas. Aunt Myn says it seemed like years that the three of them slept together in her little memory filled bedroom upstairs. She said she and Maree sprawled all over the bed, (Aunt Myn in the middle) and Effie sort of hung on her side, taking up the least amount of room possible—not because she was so small, but because that was the kind of girl she was.

She loved the Homestead and spent many happy hours and days there. I remember when Aunt Myn, Effie and Maree came up in fancy riding skirts. How I wished I was grown up like them. Those three had lots of good times together. I remember Aunt Myn telling me about one time when they were in California together and they went to the beach. No buses ran after midnight and they couldn't afford a taxi. They stopped and asked a policeman what to do and he gave them a plan. Effie got out on the street, and when one lone man came by and offered her a ride, the other two girls jumped out from their hiding place and he had to take all three of them to Hollywood.

Maree married Elbert when she was 18, and this left Effie sort of alone. (I'm sure Effie was very happy that Maree was born just a year after her, because I almost thought of them as one, they were so much together.) Effie went to Tempe and B.Y.U. to school. She also went to Business College and became an excellent secretary.

When Maree and Elbert went to Hawaii on a mission, Effie decided she would follow them. She had a job as secretary to the Chamber of Commerce. She was there about a year. She was not called as a missionary, but did lots of missionary work. After Maree left, she decided she would go home, but didn't have quite enough money. She owed a couple of bills and some tithing. She was about to use the \$50.00 tithing money, but

knew she couldn't do that, so she paid it. The next day when she told her boss she was going home he said she had done such a fine job they wanted to give her a bonus of \$50.00. When she want to pay the store-keeper the \$10.00 he refused to take it as she had done some typing for them. The last \$5.00 she needed she found on the sidewalk. If she ever needed a lesson on tithing -- she had it.

She had many experiences while working. She met May Robson, an old time movie star who played character parts. She and her husband were so attracted to Effie she was almost like family. They helped her get a job at the radio station in Phoenix. She wrote 15 minute short skits every day called "Ma and Pa," and they were taken from Grandma and Grandpa's life. She worked at the station quite a while.

While she was in St. Johns she and Maree joined the Whiting Theatre group. I remember so well when they played "The Two Orphans." I can still see Effie as she played her part. I think it was then the desire to do something with dramatics was born, or at least cultivated. When she was at the radio station she took a professional name -- Edweena Whiting, and used to give private lessons, readings and be in plays. I think she seriously thought about the movies, but I'm glad she didn't.

One of the things I remember about Effie was her ill health, not because I ever remember her complaining, but because she was so brave. Our families celebrated Thanksgiving, Christmas and all the important holidays together. My heart was stirred with sympathy as we sat down to a big turkey dinner and Effie would eat a little pineapple and zwieback, or tomatoes, apples or dill pickles with lots of salt. She seemed to be healthy until she was about 13. She went on a diet, which my Dad, Dr. Frank Brown didn't think would hurt her, as he assured Aunt Myn that no young girl can stay on a diet long. No one seems to know what caused her stomach trouble. When she was in high school she had lots of friends, but she didn't go out a lot as she wasn't well enough. Aunt Elda said she used to find sandwiches tucked away that Effie didn't want to turn down and hurt her feelings, but she couldn't eat.

One young fellow thought so much of Effie and came to see her, but she said, "Aunt Myn I can't go with him -- I wouldn't be any fun -- I'm too sick."

Effie seemed a little lonely to me -- maybe because her ill health forced her to be different. I don't know what the connection was between her bad stomach and the fact that she started to menstruate when she was 14, but never had another period until after she was married. I remember that several times the whole family fasted and prayed in her behalf. I remember how fervently I prayed -- because I cared. I also remember that each month she had terrible pain. I remember watching Lee rub her back and try to relieve her pain. Perhaps it was at this time that the desire was born in him to be a doctor -- he says it was so he could help Effie. Mr. Ferman, the manager of the Portsmouth Hotel, where Aunt Myn and Uncle Don lived, said he had never seen a boy look with all the love and concern that Lee had when he was about sixteen, helping Effie. The doctors told us that if Effie didn't have a period before she was 30, she couldn't live.

Effie had so much faith and spirituality. It didn't bother her when they worried about her life. She had had blessing that promised her a husband and children and she had also seen a little girl in a dream, who told her she would be her little girl someday, so she knew she would live at least until that was fulfilled. Dr. Tebbets, the family Doctor in Los Angeles said her organs were like a

babies, and they shouldn't ever expect that she would have any children.

Effie had gone with several fellows, but when she met Bill who was one of Kay's missionary companions, she wrote Aunt Myn and told her that he was a big rugged man, and looked like he came from Arizona. She said "I feel completely at ease with him, and I know he loves me too. I think he can take it." By then Effie was ready to settle down and she had faith that she would have at least one little girl, but she didn't know how. Bill was so good to her and loved her, just as she loved him. They moved to Washington D.C. where Effie was secretary to Mr. Hayden from Congress, and he adored her. She was also secretary to Mrs. Greenway who was in Congress. She was a very successful secretary and those she worked for loved her.

While she was there she had a doctor who recommended treatments that come from England to treat her kind of trouble. The treatments were terribly painful, but they were successful, and she became a mother. Lynn was a beautiful child with beautiful curly blonde hair. She was so proud of him.

When Lynn was a few months old, she was ill and the doctors found out that she had T.B. and they told her she would have to go to Arizona and live in the sunshine. This was a terrible shock to all of us. She also thought she was expecting again, and the doctors and her parents advised her to have the baby taken, but Effie with the kind of faith she had wrote the Church authorities and asked their advice. They told her that if her family had the faith she had they would be all right. However, she was not expecting, but the doctor in Phoenix verified what the doctors in Washington had found -- T.B. She went to the temple right after and said that while she was in the prayer circle she felt as if someone pulled a zipper over her lungs. The next time she went to the doctor, he told her that she had scar tissue, but no sign of T.B. and I understand she was never bothered with it again.

She and Bill and Lynn moved to California where he had work. He had to work nights. They lived in a small apartment in Los Angeles. One night when she had Lynn in bed with her a man climbed in her window. Of course Effie was petrified with fear. She was wearing her garments and felt that they would be a protection to her. She begged the man to do her no harm. She told him that she was a happily married woman and it was her baby in bed with her. She offered a prayer orally to her Father in Heaven.

The man did lay on the bed by her, but did not move the covers, and finally agreed to leave her if she would not tell the police. She stood by the window all the rest of the night, and in the morning called to someone. Bill insisted that they go to the police when he returned home. Bill's boss told him to work days so he would be with her at night. That night she went to sleep with Lynn's hand in hers, and Bill by her side. She awakened in the night and Lynn was not in his bed, and the kidnapper had undoubtedly awakened her.

Effie went to the window and started to scream as loud and long as she could until she had a crowd and a policeman there. After a thorough search of hours Lynn was found abandoned in a vacant warehouse, where evidently the kidnapper had been frightened by her screams. How grateful Effie and Bill were for the help given to them. The police told them to have Lynn sent out of the state immediately, and the baby was sent to Bill's mother. Effie went each day to the line-up and finally recognized her assailant.

Five years later Effie and Bill became parents of another boy, Gary, and how thrilled they were. Then after a couple more years Elaine

was born. All this time Effie's health was bad, but she suffered silently. She worked a good part of the time.

When Elaine was little, Aunt May asked Effie if this was the little girl she had dreamed of, and finally Effie admitted it wasn't. Aunt May made the remark, "You can make it her if it will save your life." But Effie knew she would have that little girl.

Again she had a boy, Van. At this time they were living in the hotel they bought in Barstow. I remember how hard she worked there. We went to stay with them one night and she didn't want us to pay anything, but when we insisted she only charged us half. Mother said one night she and Dad were there, and Effie was so sick, but she insisted on renting rooms. Bill said, "She wants to do it herself, because she gets more out of it than I do."

Aunt May and Uncle Herbert were in the mission field when she was expecting again and Effie did not tell her parents, nor would let anyone else because they worried so much about her. We went to California just before Evelyn was born and I remember Effie was staying with Lee, and how tender he was with her. He was so worried about her because she was not well. Evelyn was born the first of December, but Effie did not recuperate as she should have, and Lee would not let her return home. However, she begged to go home for Christmas and promised that she would go right to bed -- but she didn't. She went home and went Christmas shopping -- and perhaps did more, where there was a need. She had a relapse and was rushed to the hospital again.

Aunt Myn said she spent the last day and a half with Effie. She talked as if she couldn't get enough said. Aunt Myn asked her if that was the little girl she was expecting and she said "I'm nearly sure." She said before "I wouldn't want to miss her." She worried terribly about leaving her children. She did so want them to have a home, which would give them spirituality. She worried terribly about wanting her children to be good. She seemed to know she wasn't going to get well, and Aunt Myn asked her where all the faith was that she had always had and she said, "Oh, Aunt Myn, that isn't the way my faith works I just believe that whatever is best will happen."

Aunt Myn said she didn't fear death. Effie said the sick don't fear death -- it would be a relief -- only well people fear death. Her thoughts were all for Bill and her children.

Effie passed away January 2, 1948. We went to the funeral. How Lee grieved. I wonder if he realizes how much he has done for Effie's family, and how everlastingly Effie will appreciate what a wonderful brother he was. The last time Gary was in Alhambra he wanted Aunt Myn to drive him past the old home that Lee and Virginia lived in, and as he looked at it he said, "Aunt Myn, that is the most gracious home in America." They were given a place to report morally as well as financially. All of Effie's family has been good to her children. I am sure she will also be eternally grateful to Bill and to his good wife Ruth.

Myn said, "We've got lots of smart girls in this family, but we've never had anyone else with the alertness to other people and to the world and all that has gone on and was going on as Effie. She knew everything that had ever gone on. I like to think that now she has been relieved of her sick body and is accomplishing the things she could have

done here."

Aunt Elda said that her greatest quality was the tolerance she had for her family and others, her unselfishness.

I'm sure if Effie could see her family today she would be so very proud of them and their accomplishments. She had suffered enough, and she left the job of raising her family to those who have taken over what she could not do.

## NORMA BERRY FIFE

By Ruth B. Lewis

Norma was one of my very favorite people. All of our growing up years the Berrys and our family were like one big family. When we moved they moved! Effie and Maree had Nora, who died when she was five years old, and Maree said she and Effie never quite got over that. Ray had Kay, I had Lee, Maurine had Norma, even though Maurine was older, but the three of us often played together--you know--girl stuff. Louise had Helen, and Dean and Maydene were named like twins. (Mother and Uncle Herbert said if they had two more they'd name them Marthabeen and Herbert-bean.) How we loved that family.

Aunt May and Uncle Herbert were married a year before my Dad' and Mother. Aunt May and Mother were so very close sisters all of their lives, and Uncle Herbert and Dad were close cousins. When Dad came home from his mission to England, he came home with a real desire to carry out the desire he had to become a doctor. The Berrys' decided they would make the sacrifice to go too, so it wasn't too long until they were both in Chicago going to school. Aunt May had Effie, Maree, Kay and Lee, but she didn't stay long. She felt she could do more good going to Alpine where she taught school, and Uncle Herbert boarded with Mother and Dad.

When Uncle Herbert finished school in 1916 Aunt May and the family moved into their nice cement-block house in St. Johns. They lived there until he could pass the examination to practice dentistry in Arizona, which was given only once a year.

Norma was born in this house on February 27, 1917. She was the fifth child in the family. She was five years younger than Lee and was such a welcome baby! Aunt Myn says Norma was born smiling. She was such a good and adored baby. Aunt May kept her dressed so cute, as she did all her children. My first memory of her was when she was wearing a beautiful crocheted cap and great big bows over her ears. (Aunt Myn is quite sure she made that cap for her!) She says she always enjoyed tending Norma because she was such a good baby. Aunt Myn said from the time she was a little girl she was a ray of sunshine whenever she entered a room. She loved and was interested in everyone, and was loved in return. She especially loved her Grandma and Grandpa.

After Uncle Herbert took the exam he was offered a job in Prescott, so they moved in 1917. When Norma was a year old she had a serious problem with Mastoid and infected glands. I remember seeing her with such large band-ages. Aunt May brought her back to St. Johns so Dad could help her. She suffered for several months, and carried scars afterwards.

Dad and Mother decided to move to Mesa. I remember when Norma was nearly two years old, on our way, and when the armistice was signed we were staying with the Berrys. The Berrys decided to move to Mesa in 1919 and they soon bought a home about 2 blocks from us. When Norma was small Aunt May wanted her to go to the store and get some bread. Norma said, "I'm afraid of that big dog". Aunt May assured her the dog wouldn't bite her. Norma said "but I'm afraid he will taste me!"

When Kay was little Aunt May was explaining to him about wishbones. She told him that all animals who had feathers had wishbones, like birds, turkeys and chickens, and Kay said, "yes, and Indians."

Mesa was a good place to grow up in. It was big to us, but small enough to be comfortable. When I graduated there were 400 in Mesa High and 400 in Phoenix. The hardest thing to take was the hot weather. There were no air conditioners, and we had to sleep outside or in screen porches. I remember Aunt May had a big screen porch they all slept on. I also remember Effie and Maree's room. How we envied those "grown up" girls. Maurine, Norma and I used to play "dress up" in their dresses and high heels. They seemed so fancy to us, and they were so much fun and we considered them the greatest and we couldn't wait to grow up. We often played paper dolls, by cutting paper dolls out of the Sears catalogue. We played jacks, jump the rope, and we skated all over. In the summer we followed the sprinkler wagon, which sprinkled the dirt roads. We had fun and good life.

Norma would have gone to the Webster School, across the street from the old High School, then to the Franklin school. The Berry's lot backed onto the school grounds and one time the Berrys put up a little stand in their yard and we all worked at selling hamburgers, drinks and candy to the school kids. They lived about a block from the first self-serve grocery store called the "Grocerteria". The world has changed since we all used to run out in the street to look up if we heard an airplane.

Mother and Aunt May trained us all to entertain and put on programs. One time we were in a skit where Lee, Norma, Maurine, and I sang "I have a little donkey that's gray." Ray and Kay were the donkey. Just as they went on stage someone pulled the head to one side and Kay couldn't see a thing. We sang our song and Ray headed for the front of the stage, taking Kay with him. They went off the stage and Kay had his pockets full of marbles and they scattered from one end of the hall to the other. There were many other shows and parts on programs. Aunt May could really fix costumes and we all enjoyed entertaining.

Helen and Dean were born in Mesa. We moved to Salt Lake five times. In 1926 the Berrys moved too. They lived near us. Like always, we spent the holidays together. That Christmas while the folks were gone we ate 5 pounds of chocolates. Mother never forgot it. Aunt May had a miscarriage and lost twins. She felt very bad, but also she developed kidney trouble from it, and never recovered. It was what finally caused her death.

The Berrys decided to move to Phoenix in 1927, when Norma was 11. They bought a large home on Fillmore Street. Maree was married. Kay went on his mission in 1929. Maree and Elbert soon went on a mission to Hawaii and Effie followed about a year later and worked with the missionaries for a year.

We soon moved back to Mesa and we saw them real often. When Norma was 15 she had a dream, which was very important to her. She never told many people about it. Norma was always a worrier and she felt that her family was becoming far apart. Effie was always sickly, and Norma worried about all of them. Maurine remembers Norma telling her about the dream she had. She said a man in white was standing by her bed. He took her hand and she rose and it seemed that they went through the ceiling, and as she looked back she could see her body lying on the bed. They went through a great deal of space in a very short time. She saw lots of people and recognized some of them as relatives and friends.

The man told her not to worry that her family would be all right and that they would all go on missions. They all went on missions. Effie did not go for a full mission, but even Uncle Herbert and Aunt May went to the Central

States Mission. Norma felt that had answered the dream and promise she had. This was very dear to Norma's heart.

Norma was the tallest of the girls in her family, about 5 ft. 10 inches. She had many friends because she was so cheerful and kind. She didn't speak unkindly to or about people. She had a disposition a lot like Aunt May's and Effie's, but Aunt Myn said Effie was more interested in ideas and art, etc., but Norma was interested in people. She loved people. The thing most people remember was that she was always so glad to see them. She could enjoy little things more than most people, Aunt Elda said. She was unselfish and didn't worry too much about earthly things. She was happy and pleasant not finding fault or talking about people. She had beautiful feminine features and when she was dressed up could look stunning.

The Berrys went to the Phoenix 1st. Ward. In those days there were only 2 wards in Phoenix. Norma graduated from Phoenix High School. Her closest friends were three boys, and they went everywhere together, Phil Dana, King Udall and Wendell Noble. They were such good friends. Aunt Myn asked her once why she liked Wendell Noble the best and she said, "I guess you like the one who likes you best." Aunt May and Uncle Herbert were so worried about Wendell because he had bad heart trouble, and they felt he couldn't live long. Norma could never stand to see her folks worry and she never wanted to be the cause of problems to them, so she gave up being really interested in him.

However King Udall died in an airplane accident during the War. Phil Dana died in a war related disease, Norma is gone, and only Wendell is with us, but his heart is still bad. He sang and spoke at Aunt May's funeral. He has a beautiful voice. He said, "I have admired this family for years and I love their daughter." After the funeral he went down and kissed Norma.

The depression which began after the crash of 1929 was very difficult for everyone. No one could believe the problems, the unemployment and hunger. Norma graduated from High School in Phoenix in 1935. Soon after that the family moved to Holbrook. The Stake Relief Society asked them to go to Snowflake. Eventually they set up a program to work with the people. The school paid one-third, the Relief Society one-third and the parents one third. Dental work was one thing people could do without. Uncle Herbert worked at a reduced price and a trailer made up with a dental office so he could move from one town to another. Aunt May was his assistant.

Eventually they bought 28 cabins, and rented them to tourists. All their family was married except Norma, Helen, and Dean.

Norma worked hard at the motel. She was a whiz like her mother at getting things done. Aunt Myn and Aunt Elda said, "they could move mountains when they got started." The biggest problem was ironing all those sheets, so they thought up a new plan. They hung out a sign "sundried sheets", and hung them all on lines close together. Norma was the one child by their side helping them all the time in their financial and health problems. She was always so good to them.

It was from Holbrook that she got her mission call to go to the Southern States Mission. President LeGrand Richards was her Mission President. She filled a good mission and helped many people. After her mission she went to Salt Lake City and stayed with Aunt Myn with 5 other cousins, and was going to school, but she decided to go back to Holbrook and help her folks. The family enjoyed living in Holbrook so near all the relatives and they saw them often.

Aunt May and Uncle Herbert moved to California in about 1941, about 4 years before Norma was married. They bought a home on Long Beach Blvd. and built a dental office. Times were good and they enjoyed a good dental business in Lynwood. It was from Lynwood that Dean and Helen went on Missions.

In 1946 my Father was called to be mission president in the Central States Mission. He wanted Uncle Herbert called to be his first counselor, so in about 1947 Uncle Herbert and Aunt May were called to serve a mission. The four of them did much good in the mission field. Aunt May and Uncle Herbert especially worked hard raising money for new chapels. It was such a blow to all of them, including Norma, when Effie died in 1948. Aunt May and Uncle Herbert went home to her funeral, and Aunt May was ready to have a kidney operation when she received a telegram from Dad to come back to the mission field, and they finished their mission.

The Berrys went back to California where they lived until 1955. Aunt May was getting worse and they decided to move to Tucson with Norma. Norma took good care of her mother and they lived with her for several months.

About 1942 she went to Washington, D.C. where Lee was going to medical school and lived with them for a while. It was at church there that she met Randy Fife, who was in the service, stationed there. Their courtship wasn't very long, but was serious. She had gone with several boys, one quite seriously, but none she wanted to marry.

Maydene remembers seeing her in Holbrook after Randy went to Africa. She said Norma raved about Randy and was very excited and happy with her new boyfriend. I think Norma was waiting for him for 3 years. He went through Africa and Italy. About all the men that age were in the service. I think Norma and Randy were engaged. I have heard it said that Randy said after all he went through seeing all the fighting, bombs, deaths he would never worry about unimportant things again. They were married the 26th of November, 1945, shortly after the war was over.

Randy has a cheerful disposition and he and Norma got along well and enjoyed each other. They were in love and were very compatible. After their marriage they moved to Gridley, California. Randy was in the construction business. Their two oldest girls, Diana and JoAnn were born in Gridley. They were not alone there. They had relatives of Randy's and Ronald and Helen and their children lived there, and Nathel and her family.

Aunt Elda said that from the time Nathel was a baby, Norma took a special interest in Nathel, and as she grew older they played together. They became especially close when their husbands worked together. They put on programs for the Church. Randy and Norma worked in the church all the time, and they raised their children to love the gospel.

I remember a time when they came to conference in April. Diana was a baby, but my family never forgot how appreciative Norma was, and how much fun it was to have her as a visitor. Our children got an Easter basket for Diana. Norma was one of the most sociable girls in the family. Whenever she came into a room she would light up the room. It was a pleasure to see Norma.

Randy built homes in Gridley. There was a recession that was hard on contractors. They decided to move to Tucson, Arizona in about 1953,

where he went in business again. Nathel and Russ moved there also, and they kept up the close relationship they had enjoyed in Gridley.

Bonnie was born about a year after they moved to Tucson. She was adorable, with flaming red hair and a beautiful complexion.

It was always hard for Norma to get pregnant, and she was so happy when she had her first boy, Randy on the 18th of November, 1954, and it was when he was a baby that May and Herbert were living with them. Aunt May was getting worse. Norma was pregnant with Bradley, who was born a little over 9 months after Randy.

The day after Brad was born, September 11, 1955, Aunt May died. She wanted to be buried in California near Effie. The funeral was in California. Norma insisted on being to the funeral, so Randy made her a bed in a station wagon, and she traveled with her husband and baby to California to the funeral.

Norma was so tickled to have her two sons. She was so proud of her family. She was a good and loving mother. Her patience never ran out. As I see her in my memory it is always with a smile. Aunt Elda said the greatest gift Grandpa and Grandma gave to their posterity was to have common horse sense and the ability to get along with other people, and Norma had that in abundance.

The Fifes moved to Fresno in about 1957 where Randy was busy building swimming pools. Norma enjoyed living near Helen and Dean. The three of them planned and worked hard to have the Berry reunions at Dinky Creek, in the mountains above Fresno and for several years the family enjoyed getting together.

Norma enjoyed her little family, and the children had fun with their cousins. Pool business was quite slow and Ray Brown needed someone to build a pool club in Indio, California, where he had some interest. Randy and Norma decided to go and find a place for Randy to live in Indio during the construction of the community swim club, so they borrowed Maree's little trailer.

They were going to take some of their children with them, and as they were ready to leave Marion, Dean's wife, insisted that she take care of the children. Norma kissed her children goodbye. Marion said it would give Norma and Randy a little vacation by themselves. She was really inspired to do that.

Norma and Randy had traveled the road from Fresno to Bakersfield quite often and could make it with gas easily, with one tank of gas. They were nearly to Bakersfield, but they had not figured that it would take more gas when they were pulling a trailer, and they ran out of gas. Randy went to the nearest service station and was bringing gas when he saw a big truck fail to make the curve, perhaps he went to sleep, and crashed into the car where Norma was sitting, killing her instantly, and the trailer was shattered and landed at the bottom of a chasm.

Had any of their children been with them they would surely have been killed, too. How very tenderly Randy told his children of her death. She was buried in Fresno at only 43 years of age. How she would have hated to leave her little family. Brad was only 4, Randy 5,

Bonnie 7, JoAnn 10, and Diana 13.

Norma was killed the 5th of May, 1960. The little family had quite a struggle without her, and we will all be grateful that Dean and Marion took them into their home for quite awhile and took care of them about a year.

She left many of us with a very warm spot in our hearts and I expect when our turn comes she will greet us with as much warmth and love as she did here, and I am sure that the Lord welcomed her into the eternities, because she was such a really good person.

In December 1961 Randy Married Barbara Seymour, who had 3 boys. Diana told me once she could not imagine their family without her three brothers John, Lew and Doug. Norma and all of us will be grateful to Barbara for the fine family she and Randy have raised.

Diana said the family has been through some rough times together, but the thing that has helped them through is the training Norma gave to them, the feeling of how families are supposed to be, with love for each other, and a family togetherness. I think the Whiting's have been especially strong in the family area--how we love all of them.

My life is richer for having known Norma. I also want to pay a very special tribute to Randy and for having helped to rear such a good family.

Let me add that I have felt for years that someone should write something about Norma. When I was in California last week Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn and Maurine and Maydene were together, so we wrote what we could remember. I'm sure some dates are wrong, etc. but you can use this as a starter, and add what you want. I wish all of us could have the kindly and loving thoughts we have of Norma, said about us.

Ruth Lewis  
4732 Deer Creek Rd.  
S L C, Utah 84117