



*Verdis*

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## **PREFACE**

During the summer of 1952 our mother, Verdis Eliza Berrett Howard, contracted encephalitis and spinal meningitis. She suffered with intense pain in her head and an extremely high fever for an extended length of time. Because of an experimental drug her life was saved; however, the high fever caused injury to her brain and left her with expressive aphasia (language disorder).

As a result of this language impairment she was unable to verbally communicate as she desired during the last 26 years of her life. Although she understood the circumstances of her surroundings, she could not express her feelings adequately to those around her.

One summer during the 1960s we met on the back porch of our parents' home for the purpose of writing our father's life story (Erin Niels Andersen Howard). This took many days of collecting, compiling and gathering information from him personally. During those warm summer days our mother seemed disturbed. We finally understood that she desired to have a written story of her life also. At that time Annette promised her that we would someday grant her wish.

The following biography is the fulfillment of that promise. It is a compilation of information we recall from experiences she shared before her illness and our views of those happenings. Included also are sketches gathered from other loved ones. It is our hope that by getting to know and appreciate Verdis the readers will be enlightened and inspired.

We dedicate this life history to the thousands of progeny who are and will be descended from this remarkable ancestor and daughter of God.

Darlene Howard Belnap Foley  
Verdis Annette Howard Slade  
Kathleen Eva Howard Kristensen

2014

## CONTRIBUTORS:

The Personal History of Thirza Berrett Brown in her own words  
(Verdis' sister); compiled by Pat and Wally Brown, December 1981.

Jessie T. Ottley Berrett (Verdis' mother); personal recollections.

Verdis E. Berrett Howard; 1923 trip log and 1938 diary.

Erin N. A. Howard (Verdis' husband); diaries, personal recollections.

"Sally Sez," monthly articles by Verdis B. Howard, columnist, Out Holladay Way,  
community newspaper; ca. 1949 –1952, Holladay, Utah.

Kristene Belnap Largey (Verdis' granddaughter); interview.

Darlene Howard Belnap Foley (Verdis' daughter); personal recollections.

V. Annette Howard Slade (Verdis' daughter); personal recollections.

Kathleen Howard T. Kristensen (Verdis' daughter); personal recollections.

*To die and not to have told our story may be one of the biggest  
tragedies that can befall a person. If you let a loved one die  
without hearing his or her story, it will leave a hole  
in your being that can never be refilled.*

- Richard Stone


## TIMELINE: CHRONOLOGY OF LIFE EVENTS – Verdis Eliza Berrett Howard

<u>Year</u>	<u>Age In Years</u>	<u>Event</u>
1905		Birth – Verdis Eliza Berrett
1905	2 months	Baby blessing – by Marion H. Brady
1909	4	Birth – (sister) Thirza Isabelle Berrett
1913	8	Baptism – by Amos E. Jensen
1913	8	Confirmation – by (uncle) Frank H. Berrett
1917	12	Death – (grandmother) Eliza Hookway Berrett (widow 28 years)
1917	12	Marriage - (sister) Eva Maude Berrett to Clyde William Brady
1918	13	Marriage - (sister) Melva Louise Berrett to Earl David Evans
1919	14	Graduation – Union Elementary
1923	18	Graduation – Jordan High Seminary
1923	18	Graduation – Jordan High School
1924	18½	Marriage – Verdis Eliza Berrett to Erin Niels Andersen Howard
1924	19	Birth – (son) Erin Jack Howard
1926	21	Birth – (daughter) Darlene Howard
1929	24	Marriage – (sister) Thirza Isabelle Berrett to Wallace Alma Brown
1929	24	Marriage – (brother) Floyd E. “Ted” Berrett to Josephine Jensen
1933	27	Death – (grandfather) Edward Ottley (widower for 30 years)
1933	28	Birth – (daughter) Verdis Annette Howard
1937	32	Death – (mother-in-law) Nelsena Andersen Howard
1939	34	Birth – (daughter) Kathleen Eva Howard
1946	41	Marriage – (daughter) Darlene Howard to Bryan West Belnap
1947	42	Birth – (granddaughter) Darlene Jean Belnap
1951	46	Birth – (granddaughter) Kristene Lee Belnap
1952	47	Contracted encephalitis, meningitis
1953	48	Marriage – (son) Erin Jack Howard to Marguerite Alice Ward
1953	48	Birth – (grandson) Howard West Belnap
1954	49	Death – (father) Walter Lorenzo Berrett
1955	50	Marriage – (daughter) Verdis Annette Howard to Thomas E. Slade
1955	50	Birth – (granddaughter) Beverly Ann Belnap
1957	51	Birth – (granddaughter) Melanie Slade
1958	53	Birth – (granddaughter) Bonnie Rae Belnap
1959	53	Birth – (granddaughter) JoAnn Slade
1959	53	Marriage – (daughter) Kathleen Eva Howard to Karl G. Topham
1959	54	Birth – (granddaughter) Stephanie Topham
1961	56	Birth – (granddaughter) Barbara Shannon Belnap
1961	56	Birth – (granddaughter) Jennefer Slade
1961	56	Death – (mother) Jessie Timbers Ottley Berrett
1962	56	Birth – (granddaughter) Amelia Topham
1963	58	Birth – (grandson) Bryan Thomas Slade
1963	58	Birth – (granddaughter) Suzanne Topham
1965	60	Birth – (grandson) Paul Edmund Slade
1965	60	Birth – (grandson) David Howard Topham
1966	61	Birth – (grandson) David Paul Belnap
1967	61	Death – (son-in-law) Bryan West Belnap
1969	63	Birth – (granddaughter) Bethanie Slade
1978	73	Death – Verdis Eliza Berrett Howard

## VERDIS

Many historical events occurred in 1905, including a devastating earthquake in India that resulted in the death of 20,000 people; the publishing of Einstein's Theory of Relativity; and the wedding of Eleanor and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Locally, in the state of Utah the large white lime block "U" was added to the mountain above the University of Utah. The Utah vital registration system (Vital Statistics) was established—Utah being the twentieth state to adopt the procedure.

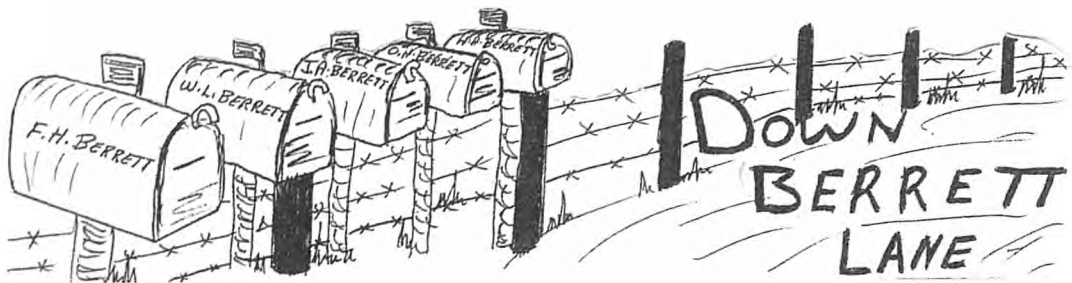
Another very noteworthy local event took place that year in the small community of Union, Salt Lake County, Utah. It occurred down a narrow dirt road by the name of Berrett Lane in the modest frame home of Jessie Timbers Ottley and Walter Lorenzo Berrett—the birth of our mother, Verdis Eliza Berrett, Saturday, April 8, 1905.

<h3>The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints</h3>	
Salt Lake City, Utah, <u>3 February 1970</u>	
I hereby certify that the following is a true and accurate extract from the records of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which records are in my custody:	
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH	Name <u>- VERDIS ELIZA BERRETT -</u>
	Date of birth <u>eight day of April, Nineteen Hundred and five,</u>
	Place of birth <u>Union, Salt Lake County, Utah</u>
	Father's name <u>Walter Berrett</u>
	Mother's maiden name <u>Jessie Ottley</u>
	Recorded in <u>Jordan Stake, Union Ward Record of Members,</u> <u>#9168, Line 146,</u>
	Entered on record <u>3 June 1905.</u>
	 <i>Joseph Fielding Smith</i> Historian of the Church and ex officio Custodian of its Records

Any erasure or change on this certificate makes it null and void.

Berrett Lane no longer exists; however, for years the sandy road led down the slope to the homes and farms belonging to the five sons of John Watts Berrett and his wife, Eliza Hookway Berrett. These faithful pioneers, John and Eliza, emigrated from England to Utah in 1863 and 1865 and settled in Union. The lane was located 11 miles southeast of Salt Lake City in Salt Lake County on the north side of 7200 South (Big Cottonwood-Butlerville Road) at 1550 East. Years later John and Eliza divided their land (and water shares) into five parcels that were equal in value, deeding them to their sons. As the young men married and established families, they built homes and developed their farms on both sides of the narrow road.

Eventually, and for many years, five Berrett family mailboxes stood in a row on 7200 South at the entrance to Berrett Lane.



Walter (third son of John and Eliza) and his new bride, Jessie, moved onto their seventeen-acre share of land after their marriage in the Salt Lake LDS temple June 24, 1896. Their parcel was located on the east side near the origin of Berrett Lane, the first viewed after leaving the main road and crossing over the irrigation canal bridge.

For a while they lived in a tent on their property. When the first baby, Eva, was born May 1897 they were still living in the tent. When Melva was born October 1898 their home was finished except for the doors and windows. The house was built by Walter with assistance from Jessie's father, Edward Ottley, and other family members. It was completed by the time their last three children were born: Floyd "Ted," Verdis and Thirza.

On a chilly spring Saturday, April 8, 1905, their fourth baby was born. The house was not very warm. After the birth the attending doctor was summoned to another home; the tiny baby was left for awhile in another part of the room as family members tended to the mother. As a result, the newborn baby became chilled and eventually contracted pneumonia, developing abscesses on both sides of her neck that were lanced by the doctor a few days later. She was a very fragile infant, crying almost incessantly during the first few months of her life. Many times she was carried around on a pillow to pacify her.

At this time of year the Utah fields and pastures were beginning to turn green and lush, prompting Walter and Jessie to imagine the name "Verdis" for their new dark-eyed baby girl, symbolizing the verdant green countryside.

Jessie recalled that after recovering from her early health challenges this beautiful baby was very advanced in her physical development and sat up at an early age.

On December 14, 1905, in the Salt Lake Temple, Jessie acted as proxy enabling her mother to receive her endowments. Her mother, Thirza Timbers Ottley, passed away in 1903. Jessie's father, Edward Ottley, was sealed to his wife and nine of their twelve children, including Jessie, who were in the temple that same day. The eight-month-old Verdis was tended and carried around the halls of the temple by the Prophet Joseph F. Smith. She was given to her mother for nursing between temple sessions and the performing of sacred ordinances.

From the time Verdis first learned to walk, usually dressed in overalls, she followed her farmer dad all over the fields, in and out of the barn and sheds. She and her siblings ran barefoot during the summer months. In the evenings Jessie soaked their blistered feet and rubbed Petro-Carbo Salve on them. Verdis gained much knowledge and a love of plants from her parents while growing up on the farm. Her father had acquired many useful agricultural skills related to methods of growing and nurturing vegetables, fruits and trees. Her British-born mother also loved to garden and maintained a beautiful large English-style flower garden. Verdis was given a small space for her very own garden where she planted pansies. Her gardening skills became second nature throughout her life.

During the winter months the children bundled up in coats and blankets and rode in a large horse-drawn bobsled to school. These were the days before school buses. On the coldest days their dad or the driver placed heated bricks wrapped in newspaper under their feet for warmth. Sometimes their feet became swollen and itchy by the time they arrived at the school room, a condition known as chilblains.



They also wore thick wool stockings and wrapped paper around their feet before pulling on boots. Each of the children owned only one pair of stockings that were washed once a week. It was difficult to wash more often, as all the water had to be carried into the house for wash day from the outside hand water pump.

On Primary and Relief Society days Jessie loaded up and drove her children in the horse-drawn buggy to the weekday meetings at the meetinghouse. She served as Primary president for many years in the Union Ward, Jordan Stake.



Sometimes she and her sister played house with their puppies and bunnies, grating carrots and making fancy casseroles for the animals to eat. They held contests to see who could create the most elaborate,

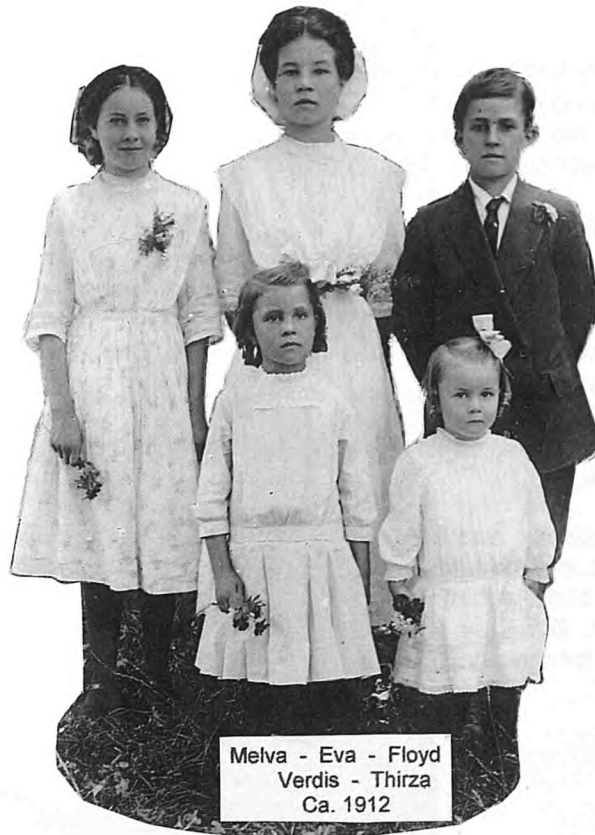
Because of her beautiful dark olive skin and large brown eyes there evolved a joke told by some family members that Verdis was left on the doorstep by Indians. There were times during her formative years when she was teased and occasionally brought to tears because of this contrived family legend.

As a child, Jessie never owned a doll; therefore, she was determined that her daughters would always have dolls. One day she drove to town in her horse and buggy and purchased two boy dolls, one for each of her two younger daughters, a very exciting day for the girls.

Living on a farm, Verdis had many pets. She particularly loved one large bunny rabbit with beautiful long black and white fur. One day her pet rabbit disappeared causing her to be very sad. The next day when the family had rabbit stew for dinner she knew what had happened to her pet. She could not eat that meal or rabbit ever again.







Melva - Eva - Floyd  
Verdis - Thirza  
Ca. 1912

Verdis also loved her cat, a pet goose, the pigeons, chickens, and every living thing on the farm. She and her siblings took the chickens—their mother's laying hens, tucked their heads under the wings and rocked them back and forth. After the chickens fell sleep they set them down on a large wooden board and floated them down the canal. The birds just lay there and slept while sailing down on the gentle waves of the water, a fun prank!

Her dad also raised pigs. One of their more mischievous tricks involved bringing the little baby piglets into the house, dressing them in doll clothes and watching them waddle around the room. The whole family laughed.



Thirza

Verdis

The following is a story told by Thirza in her own words: "Every winter dad would always kill a pig. He strung the pig up on an apple tree, pulling it up with a pulley. He took out the insides and blew up the pig's bladder and made a balloon out of that bladder. Sometimes even now I can almost imagine that I can smell that dumb pig's bladder. But it made good balloons!"

The girls built many different styles of playhouses. Some were made in the orchard where they cut willows and wove them into houses spacious enough in which to stand. To a child's view these makeshift houses were beautiful and realistic. Sometimes they were built against a wall of the barn or the house. They hung pictures on the walls and improvised furniture of rocks and sticks. They used rocks to outline the walls and doorways. Often they used rabbits and dogs as their children, in addition to their dolls.

Of course their brother, Floyd, was usually there to tease and sometimes kicked the rocks and kidnapped their dolls.

They created bird nests by weaving tall grass from the pasture. They pulled up the grass, sorted it and wove it into beautiful nests, surprising each other with their creations. They sincerely thought the birds would come and live in those nests and were disappointed when that never happened. But they sometimes found pheasant or mourning dove nests and watched them closely for days until the baby birds hatched.



Walter (father), Floyd, Thirza, Verdis, Jessie (mother)



Verdis with mother Jessie



The family played games together in the evenings, such as jump rope, run-sheep-run and kick the can. The large yard was sandy and well packed, especially after a rain. The children walked around with sticks and drew lines in the sand, then followed the trails like a treasure hunt. Their brother, Floyd the tease, constantly tormented them. Often the girls ran into the house crying because of his troublesome ways. One of the worst pranks he played on Verdis was to cut off her braids one day while she was busy in the kitchen. It was devastating!

During the wintertime they enjoyed playing indoor games together, such as Michigan Rummy and guessing games.



Jessie churned cream into homemade butter and took it to the store in exchange for groceries. Every Saturday morning the very young Verdis and Thirza took a portion of butter across the pasture to Grandmother Eliza Hookway Berrett. She lived with her son Frank, whose farm was the next one down the lane. In order to get to Uncle Frank's home the girls walked through the pasture, climbed over the stile, up two steps and down two steps on the other side. They sat down in the kitchen by the large window where their grandmother often gave them a piece of homemade shortcake, a small flat two-inch square of buttery pastry.

Grandmother Eliza Berrett was a dear little lady whose average weight was 86 pounds. She had a sweet tiny face with deep set eyes. Both her mother and sister contracted cholera and passed away while traveling across the plains with Eliza. They were buried in Nebraska.

Eliza was also very ill at this time during the journey, but the Patriarchal Blessing she received in England before they left for America stated that she would arrive safely in Utah and that she would marry and rear a family in Zion. Her faith in our Savior and in His words was very strong; she did recover and this promise was fulfilled.

It was a sad time when Grandma Eliza passed away during February of 1917 at the age of 80. Verdis was very close to her and shed many tears of grief over her death.



Every Saturday night was bath time. A large metal tub was placed on the floor in the middle of the kitchen and filled with water that had been heated up on the wood stove. The family members then took turns bathing.

For entertainment, the Union ward members periodically produced plays. One Saturday evening during the fall of 1917 a play practice was scheduled at the meetinghouse. As Floyd, Verdis and Thirza had parts in this play, they were busily getting ready to go to the rehearsal. Floyd retrieved his shoes from the wardrobe, a rod with hanging clothes behind curtains along one side of the bedroom. To find his shoes in the dark room, he lit a match and unknowingly caught the curtain on fire. Eva was the first to notice smoke pouring through the small window between the bedroom and kitchen. She immediately alerted the family. Walter and Floyd worked frantically to beat out the flames with heavy wet rag rugs and poured water over everything.

All the family's clothing and linens were ruined. They were very sad when they realized they had lost all their clothes. Jessie had been sewing dresses for months in preparation for Eva's upcoming wedding; they were all destroyed. They had no sheets or towels. They had nothing to wear except those being worn that evening. Eva was so embarrassed when her fiance', Clyde, came home on furlough the next day that she ran and hid. Verdis, who had only one dress to wear to school for a while, washed it every night. It was made of beige pongee (a silk-like fabric) and had been sewn by her mother, as were all their clothes.



There was always work to be done on the farm. The children hauled and pitched hay with their dad. The girls milked the cows when Floyd was not around. The crisp carrots, beets and other vegetables required constant weeding and thinning—a job they did not like.



Walter on load of hay

Meals were simple—baked potatoes, hubbard squash and very thick milk gravy were frequently served. Sometimes they enjoyed fresh carp from Utah Lake. Jessie purchased the fish from an elderly fisherman for ten cents each. (He came down the street in a little old wagon yelling “fisk a day, fisk a da”—meaning fish today). Chicken or pork was also a main dish at times. A Sunday evening treat consisted of rice pudding or a sour cream cake with caraway seeds.

For after-dinner entertainment the two younger sisters often performed by standing up behind the bench to sing duets. This was good practice as they were later often asked to sing together in church. They were blessed with beautiful singing voices.

During the summer months fresh fruits and vegetables from the gardens were plentiful. Verdis and Thirza could never get enough watermelon, even though their dad raised them to sell every year. One summer they decided to eat one all by themselves. On a day when their parents were gone, they cut a large watermelon; and in Thirza’s words: “We darn near died trying to get rid of all that watermelon—imagine having to sneak a melon when our dad had a whole field of them.” Other treats were honey or molasses candy (stretched like taffy), apples and popcorn. Fresh baked white bread with homemade jam was a daily treat.

Their “stone boat” was a homemade flat carrier of railroad ties joined together about four feet wide and nine feet long with metal runners. They called it a stone boat because it looked like a boat and rode on stones. They hitched the horse up to it and heaped it high with watermelons. The children walked along the sides as the horse pulled it up to the main road. It made an awful noise as the runners scraped along the ground. They sold watermelons for twenty-five cents for the large ones and ten cents for the smaller melons. Customers usually asked them to plug the melon before purchasing, which consisted of cutting out a small triangular piece to taste. If the plug showed that it was still green they wouldn’t buy it and the melon went back to the farm as pig feed. The family also sold other fruits and vegetables.

During winter months the Berrett family ate foods that were stored in the root cellar after harvesting. The cellar was located a few steps from the kitchen door and served as a vital storehouse for food in those days. The steep dark cement steps led down to a dirt floor and large metal tubs filled with potatoes, squash, carrots and other root vegetables. Each wall was lined with shelves that held bottled fruits, vegetables and meat. Baskets of apples, pears and other fruits sat on the shelves and on the floor. Cans of milk, cream and a cream separator were also kept in the cold damp underground cellar.



Thirza recalled that as children they cut a small coupon from the newspaper and sent it to Wrigley's Gum Company for a free stick of gum—not a package, just a stick. The sisters then stood up on the street by the five mailboxes every day waiting for the mailman to come. They eagerly looked forward to the day when he brought the stick of gum; when he did, they were very excited. In Thirza's words, "I'll never forget that taste—spearmint gum is still my very very favorite. I can still taste that flavor."

The girls earned money by picking fruit: dewberries, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, cherries and apples. They got up early in the cold mornings to work for people who lived up on the hill, or at their sister Melva's neighbors, or wherever they were needed. Picking dewberries was miserable. Even though leather gloves were worn, they often returned home with bloody hands. The earned money was used for school tuition and books—usually \$5.00 was enough for the approaching school year.

After picking fruit at Henry Feller's place they were rewarded with a swim in his pond. During winter months the pond froze over and Henry cut large chunks of ice and stored them covered with sawdust in his cellar. He then sold the chunks for 10 cents each all summer. Verdis and her siblings loved to make the trip in the horse and buggy with their mother driving to Henry's farm to purchase ice. They knew that soon they would be eating delicious creamy homemade ice cream.

Verdis with eighth grade classmates – Union Elementary School Graduating Class of 1919



# JORDAN SCHOOL DISTRICT Public Schools

Verdis E. Berrett ~ having satisfactorily completed  
the studies prescribed for the Grammar Grades and having given evidence  
of such ability and attainments as are requisite for entrance to the High  
School is granted this

(Certificate of Promotion)

D. Jensen

SUPERINTENDENT

J. H. Green

PRINCIPAL

Sandy, Utah, June 7, 1919.



Life on the farm



Verdis received her Patriarchal Blessing at the age of sixteen from Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith. Among other promises she was given the prophetic blessing that "...plenty would abound at her table." Her husband was a grocer during the depression era when many were in great need!

THE PRESIDING PATRIARCH  
OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
47 EAST, SOUTH TEMPLE STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 24th, 1921.

A BLESSING GIVEN BY HYRUM G. SMITH, PATRIARCH, UPON THE HEAD OF

VERDIS ELIZABERRETT,

daughter of WALTER LORENZO BERRETT and JESSIE (OTTLEY) BERRETT,  
born APRIL 8th, 1905, at UNION, UTAH.

SISTER VERDIS BERRETT: By virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood and according to thy desire I give unto thee a Patriarchal blessing, which I pray the Lord to direct that it may be a guide and a comfort unto thee as well as an anchor to thy faith throughout the journey of life. Thou art born of goodly parents, and have need to be grateful for thy birthright and for the teachings which thou has received as well as for the kind and preserving care which has been over thee for good ever since thy birth. For thy life has been spared to live even to this day and age of the world and to enjoy the gifts and privileges as they have been promised according to the New and the Everlasting Covenant.

And if thou wilt hold sacred thy birthright and honor the teachings which thou hast received as well as the teachers which guide and direct thee, thou shalt live and receive a fulfillment of the promise made by the Prophet of old, even to live long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Peace will be in thy habitation and in thy circle and plenty abound at thy table. And many will bless thee because of thy deeds of true charity. And if thou wilt cultivate thy gifts and take advantage of thy opportunities to do good, the Lord will bless the labor of thy hands, and thou shalt see many providences of the Lord through His kindness unto those who are in distress, who are sick and afflicted. The Lord will preserve thee in health, in honor and in virtue through thine obedience unto the teachings which thou hast received and the promptings of that Still Small Voice, which is the voice of thy guardian angel.

And I say unto thee, go forth with courage and humility in thy heart, keeping thy trust in the Lord, honoring thy birthright holding sacred thy blessings and thy virtue, and even guard it as thou wouldst guard thy life. And in due time thou shalt be given unto a choice companion and be blessed as an honored mother in Israel, and live to see thy children grow up around thee in obedience unto thy teachings.

It will be thy privilege also to hold positions of leadership in the councils of thy sex both young and old, and to stand up and teach the Truth both by precept and by example. Be guarded, therefore, in thought as well as in deed and word; and many will bless thee both for words and for deeds, both written and spoken words. And in the cultivation of thy gifts forget not the Lord, and He will strengthen thee for the labors and duties and privileges which await thy hands.

I seal this blessing upon thy head through thy faithfulness; and I seal thee up against the powers of the Destroyer, to live and finish thy mission in mortality in honor, and come forth in a glorious Resurrection crowned with thy blessings among thy kindred and friends, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved:



At times Walter and his brothers were hired to haul ore in wagons down Big Cottonwood Canyon from the Cardiff Mine. During her teen years Verdis and her cousin, Larene, were very close friends. One summer day they rode up the canyon in the ore wagon with their dads. They were dropped off before they reached the mine area and hiked up the mountain trail to Lake Mary and Hidden Lake, carrying all their gear. There they camped overnight, which was a real adventure for two young girls!

Verdis was involved in many activities as a high school student. Her Jordan High Beetdigger annuals show that she sang in the choir and performed in at least one play, "The Neighbors," a one-act comedy to which the public was invited.

She was also a member of *Sorosis*, a national women's club with branches in high schools that encouraged social reforms in the areas of health, education, conservation and government.



VERDIS BERRETT,  
Sorosis Club 1922-23.



Drama Class Plays

The class in play production presented two one act plays at assemblies to which the public was invited. "The Neighbors", a comedy by Zona Gale, was played by Dorthca Frost, Veola Larson, Beth Batchelor, Olive Swenson, Verdis Berrett, Vera Burgon, and Signe Eck.





On a poetry page in the Jordan High Beetdigger of 1923-24 appears the following limerick, written by Verdis:

*There once was a president rare  
Whose head was too big for his hair,  
Don't think it is \*janes,  
Or filled up with brains,  
I know better—it's air.*

\*girls

V.B.



Jordan and Granite High School basketball teams played as rivals in a tournament game during Verdis' Senior year—1922-23. The highly-anticipated contest was being held at the Deseret Gym in Salt Lake City. She wasn't planning to attend, but when a girl friend coaxed her, she decided to go. During the game a slim blonde young man, who was sitting in the row behind her, kept trying to make conversation. She explained that she didn't talk with people she didn't know. So he made himself acquainted with one of her girl friends and then asked her to make the introduction. He also tried to purchase the seat from the fellow sitting next to her, Shirley Jensen. Verdis didn't know this aggressive young man (nor did she know Shirley,) but she would soon get acquainted very well with "Erin." Even though the seat could not be purchased, not even for the exorbitant sum of \$5, this did not slow Erin down; for as he explained a few years later "Her beauty struck me—she stood out in that row of young girls as a beautiful flower in a garden." He knew he had to get to know her and determined right then to discover her name and where she lived, which he did. He immediately began to court her through letters and visits.



Murray, Utah.  
Mar. 19, 1923

Miss Verdis Bennett,

Dear Friend:  
I was sure tickled to get your letter. although you did Bawl me out proper. But you know how it is when your mind is on one thing I haven't seen any of the gang since, but I'll bet they haven't forgotten you.

Haven't we had rotten weather? but I believe we are going to have summer now.

I had already asked Shirley where you lived, but I asked your cousin yesterday to make sure.

Are you going to let me come over Friday? I sure hope so. I would even like to come over sooner, but I guess you can't be bothered. I wish you had a phone, but I guess you're glad you haven't.

If I don't hear from you then, I'll come over Friday, but if you have time, please write.

I hope I'm not quite as bad as this writing looks, ha ha. Hoping to hear soon,  
Sincerely yours, Erin

Union, Utah.  
Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> 1923.

Mr. Erin Howard -

Dear old kid -  
you told me to answer your letter and tell you when you could come to see me. Well here I am at last but I guess you think I'm a piker for not writing sooner but you know how it is in a small town.

Sunday is too far away so if you want to come Friday I sure will tickle me. But that is if you want to. I sure want you to. I would like to see you every day and twice on Sunday if possible. but - I have to get my head down out of the clouds and study if I want to learn any thing. I went to sleep in

English O, close Monday but woke up in time to get bawled out.

Mother and I just went to mutual but after it, she had a committee meeting so I ran away and came home with a fellow that just came home from a mission. I just hate him but he is so crazy about me he won't stop starring at me. I wanted to hurry home and finish my letter to you Erin dear. I didn't think I could like you when we were at the townery but I do now and want to see you.

I am certainly glad I went to the tournament now. I come almost not to go but changed my mind when Glenor coaxed me to.

Isn't this lovely weather? I believe I have got the "Spring Fever." Ha! Ha!  
I received a letter from Dad yesterday, but don't you know, Erin you've got him beat a city block, and he's hard to beat.

This letter isn't as sassy as the first one I wrote is it?  
I didn't know you then.  
Hoping to see you soon. Good night  
From your loving little pal,  
Verdis

Mr. Erin Howard  
Murray RD #4  
Utah.

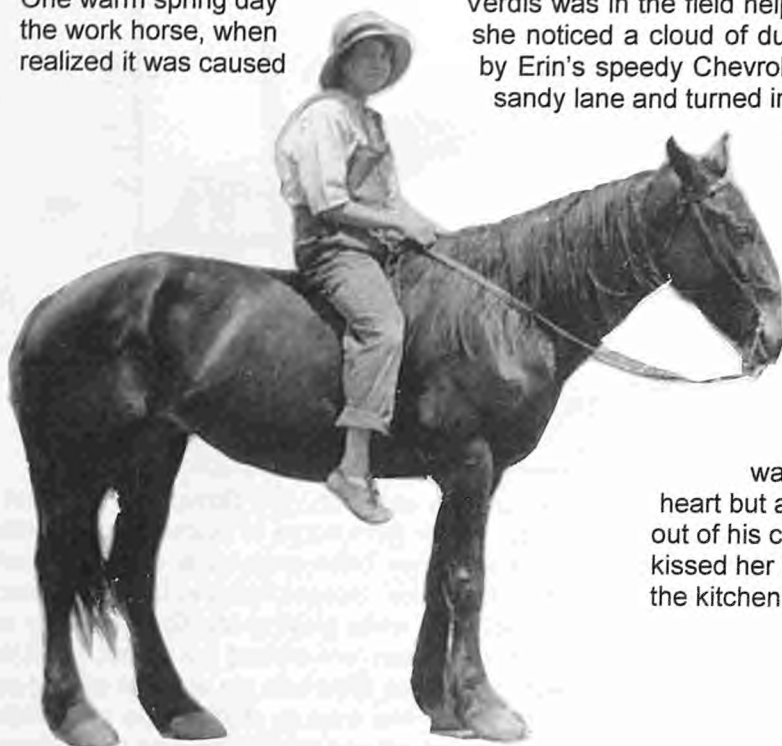




At times she rode her horse over to Erin's first grocery store at Vine Street and 9<sup>th</sup> East in Murray, Utah. They had fun racing each other back to her farm home in Union, he in his black 1922 Chevrolet Coupe and she on horseback. There they often enjoyed a delicious home-cooked meal of fried chicken, potatoes and fresh vegetables. Occasionally he brought a box of yummy chocolates to win her heart. They enjoyed them while playing Michigan Rummy and other games. Some evenings they made ice cream on a "turn-'em-around the wheel," as it was called by Erin. It was an ice cream maker consisting of a tank filled with ice and salt setting on a tray which was filled with a creamy eggnog combination. The mixture stuck to the tank while it was hand turned. The frozen ice cream was then scraped off and served. As Erin lived alone in the back of his grocery store, he loved visiting Verdis and her warm friendly family. Her parents enjoyed his presence and treated him with respect. He felt he had found a second home.



One warm spring day the work horse, when realized it was caused



Verdis was in the field helping her dad cultivate, sitting on she noticed a cloud of dust rising up from the road. She by Erin's speedy Chevrolet Coupe as it nosed down the sandy lane and turned into the driveway. She became

extremely anxious, her heart pounding, as she was dressed for work, not for visitors—clad in everyday bib overalls. She certainly did not want him to see her like that. Bounding off the horse and making a wild dash for the house, she tried fruitlessly to reach the back door before he could see her. However, he

was not only quick at matters of the heart but also fast on his feet. He jumped out of his car, ran toward her, grabbed and kissed her before she could catch hold of the kitchen doorknob.

They enjoyed a fun and busy courtship. They rode along together in his classy automobile—she sang while he accompanied her on the harmonica. The currently popular song, *Redwing*, was a favorite.

Occasionally they attended a movie or dance, stopping afterwards for hamburgers and malts. This was a fifty-cent evening.

He loved "spoiling" his girl. One time he gave her a beautiful natural wooden cedar chest; a "hope chest"—the wish of every young lady during that era.

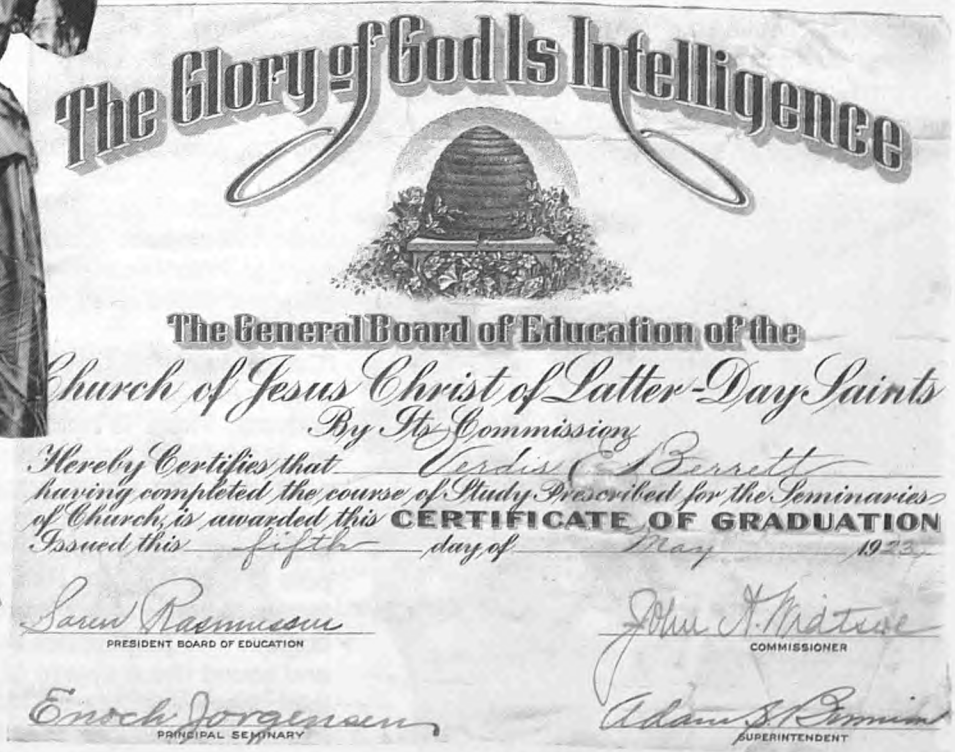
He also bought her a pair of "King Tut" shoes. They were the rage that year—made popular due to the recent discovery of the Tomb of Tutankhamun. They were made of tan leather with rounded toes and leather strips on top.







Verdis graduated from Seminary May 5, 1923...



...and from Jordan High School May 18, 1923

They enjoyed traveling and camping with friends. In July of 1923 Verdis, along with Erin's brother Will and friend Les, drove to Idaho where they visited with Erin's Aunt Julia. They stayed overnight, then brought his cousin Erma along with them for the rest of the trip. They drove on to Jackson Hole, Teton Valley and through Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

Verdis kept a daily log of the adventurous journey. Every few miles a tire on the "merry Oldsmobile" went flat necessitating many stops for repairs. She wrote "Erin is now laboring with a ruined tire and he is liable to labor as it is ruined. The casing has got a slit in it big enough to put your fist in."

Following are more excerpts:

"Good morning. Five o'clock came too early for me. It's very cold. Coffee smells good, but I'm a Latter-day Saint. Cocoa will do. If ice water makes a beautiful complexion, then I ought to be beautiful. Brrrrr..."



"Erin saw a fish in a little pool of water, so he and Les went to strangle it. Les fell in and got his lower limbs wet and Erin was trying to drown the fish and wet his sleeve up to his neck. Will decided they couldn't catch it so he went to help them. All the fish by this time were frightened away.

"Camped on beautiful Yellowstone River. It is a very broad, clear stream running so quiet and still. There is hardly a ripple. There are many fish in it. Never got one. They are too particular. Erin never brought a fishing pole and there are no good willows around, so he had to use a club with line and spinner. The pole scared the fish. Had a delicious supper, fished some more, then sat around the bonfire. The mosquitoes are big as Mohawks and sound like a swarm of bees. They are so thick there will only be remains of us in the morning. Good night. Now for a good sleep on pine boughs.

"Saturday, July 21, 1923 Five a.m. Good morning! Had a good night's sleep except for mosquitoes biting, squirrels gnawing and trout flies crawling all over us. They are miserable."

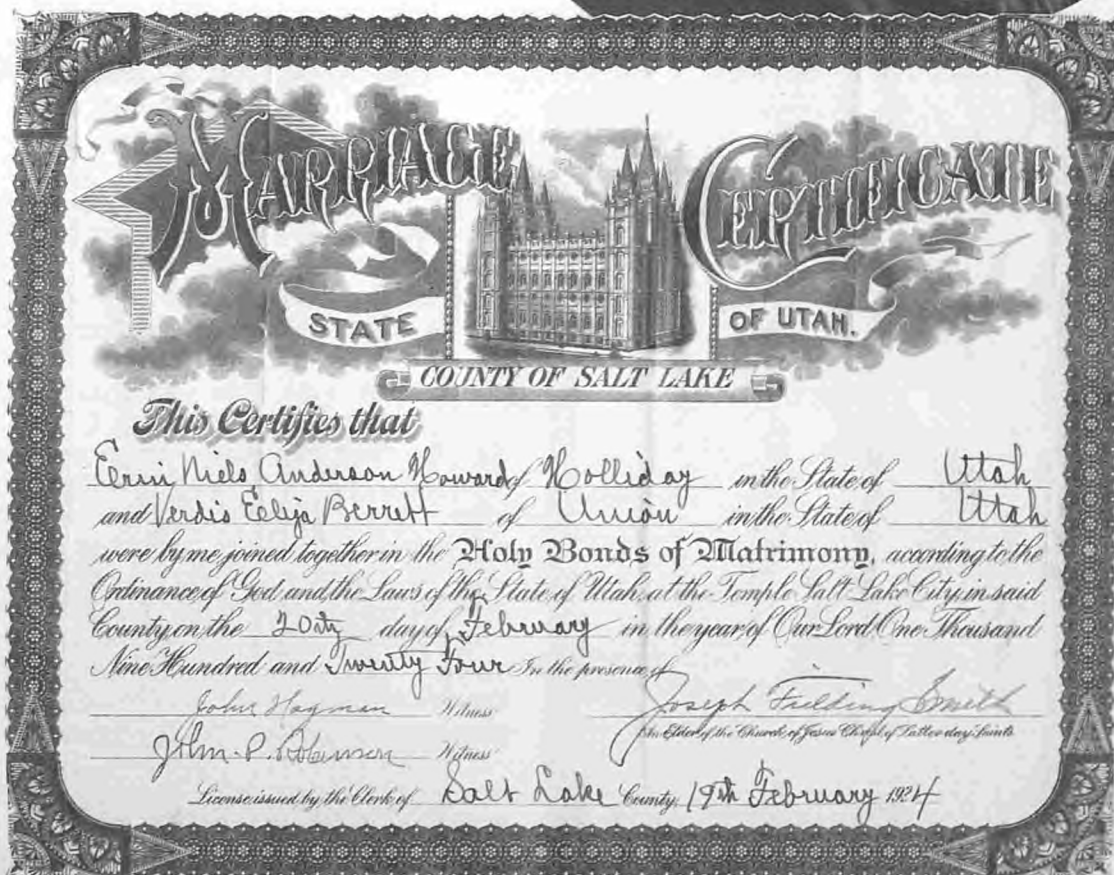


One day Verdis became unhappy over something that happened at home and rode her horse over to Erin's store. She said, "Let's go get married." He replied, "No, let's not. We've been planning for February—let's wait and marry in the temple as we planned."

Erin and Verdis were married in the Salt Lake LDS temple February 20, 1924, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith—sealed for time and eternity. She was almost nineteen, he was soon-to-be twenty-four years of age.



**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**  
 Harold Peterson, Kimberly, Idaho  
 and Ada L. Hunter, Oakley, Idaho.  
 George J. Banks and Orpha Turk,  
 Salt Lake.  
 Ira H. Storms and Madge Howard,  
 Salt Lake.  
 Erin N. Howard, Holliday and Ver-  
 dio E. Berrett, Union.  
 John S. Murphy and Virginia Mur-  
 phy, Salt Lake.



Erin described the day in these words: "She was real beautiful...we went into the temple early in the morning. It was a beautiful day...I remember the streets were dusty. Grandmother Berrett went with us; it took all day. But what a marvelous experience, so peaceful and still, almost frightens one."

The bride's parents hosted a wedding dinner at their home later that day. Among those attending were family members of the bride, the groom's mother, Nelsena, and the groom's sister, Mary.

When the newlyweds arrived at their first home that evening they discovered a dead chicken in their bed dressed in her nightgown. Evidently some prankster friends or relatives thought that would be a great joke. It was not funny to them.

During the months previous to their marriage Erin contracted with his brother, George, to erect a building for the purpose of a retail grocery store. It was located at 39<sup>th</sup> South and Highland Drive in southeast Salt Lake City. Attached to the back of the new grocery store building were small living quarters. This was their first "home." A hanging curtain divided the store from the household area.

Verdis became a sales clerk and valuable assistant to her new husband in running the business.



At times Thirza came to visit. As they were very close friends while growing up it was difficult for the two sisters to be separated. Although she was only fifteen years of age she also worked in the grocery store.

Verdis became a mother when their first child, a son, was born on November 1, 1924. He was the first baby born in the newly built Cottonwood Maternity Hospital in Murray, Salt Lake County, Utah. He was premature, weighing only 3 pounds 13 ounces. Since he was not expected to live, the new parents were advised to have him named and blessed immediately. Erin sent for another priesthood holder to assist him in the ordinance of giving the tiny infant a name and a blessing. They gave him the name of Erin Jack Howard.

However, little Jack did survive and became a welcome addition to the entire family. His dad loved him so much he often kissed his cheeks until they became red and chapped.

Darlene was born June 13, 1926, also at Cottonwood Maternity Hospital. She was a healthy blue-eyed baby girl, weighing 6 pounds 6 ounces.

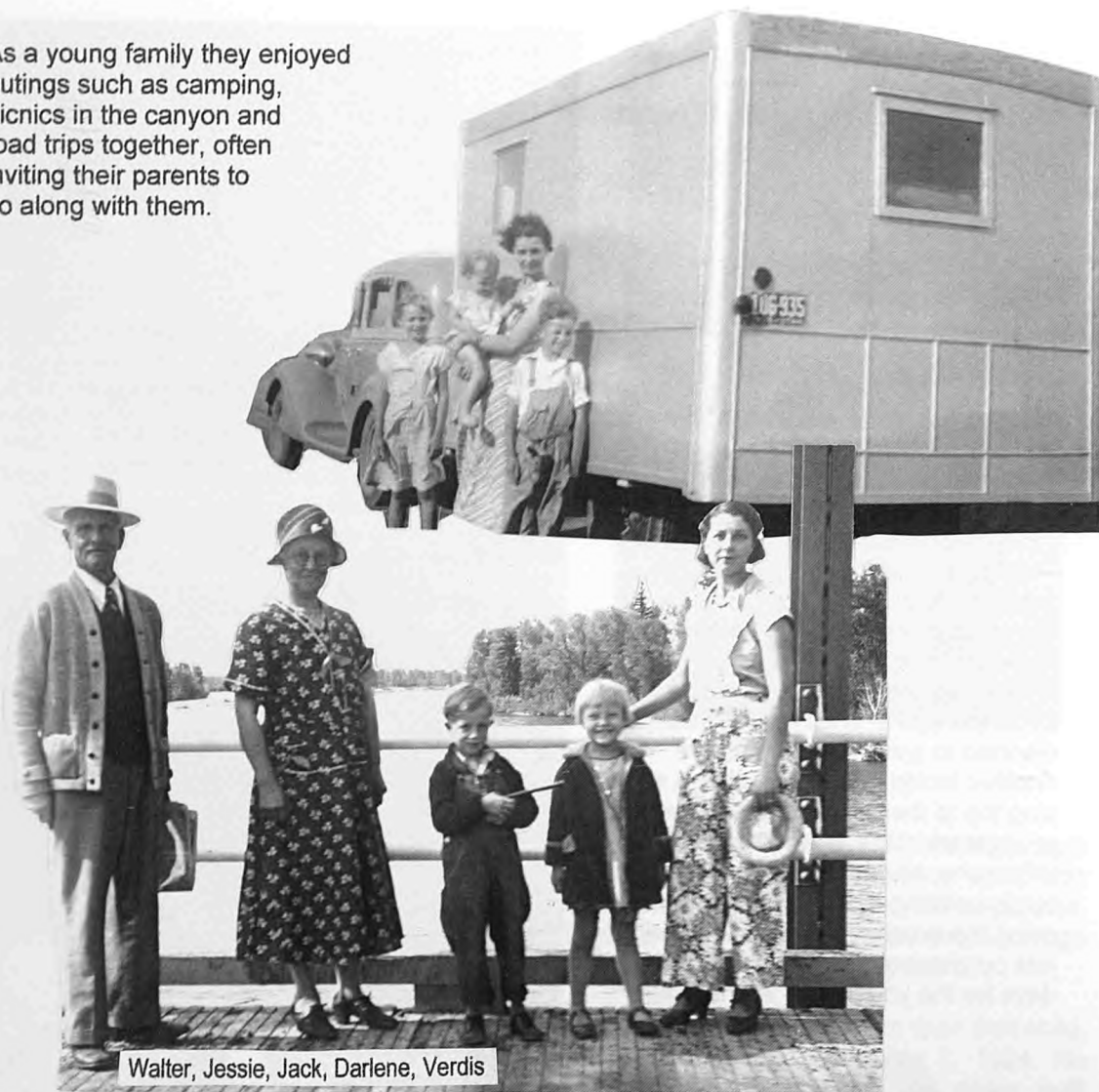
In 1927 Erin purchased an existing grocery store located at 4738 South Highland Drive in Holladay, Utah. The family moved into the living area behind and attached to the building. They now owned two stores.

At times it was necessary for Verdis to leave the two young children alone while she helped in the store. Their mischievous antics were very creative during the times they were left alone. One day they climbed up onto chairs, retrieved Jello boxes from the shelves above, then sprinkled the colored powder into the bathtub. They also loved to reach up into the metal matchbox tin on the stove. Their mother finally resorted to tying down the chairs. Another incident occurred after a shopping trip to the city. She left the two youngsters in the car for a few minutes. When she returned she found them busily painting the interior of the car, using the brushes and paint she had just purchased. Those were very busy days for the young wife and mother!



One day Verdis became very frustrated when Erin arrived home driving a shiny new automobile. She felt they needed a clothes washer more than a new car. She washed all their clothes, linens and towels with a scrubbing board. She was so upset that she put the two young children in the baby carriage, then walked and pushed it all the way out to her parents' home in Union (five miles). When she finally decided to return home—again pushing the carriage—she found Erin sitting at the table alone eating corn flakes. Darlene felt very sorry for him. Verdis got her washing machine.

As a young family they enjoyed outings such as camping, picnics in the canyon and road trips together, often inviting their parents to go along with them.



Walter, Jessie, Jack, Darlene, Verdis





In January of 1933 Verdis' brother Floyd and his wife, Josie, became parents of premature twin baby girls. They both died one day later. Because Erin had purchased a Singer treadle sewing machine for his wife during the 1920s she was able to create two tiny white dresses for their burial. As the years went by she kept the machine's foot pedal going by sewing beautiful clothing for her children.

The family moved into their newly completed home in 1933, which was contracted by Erin to be built for his family (at a cost of \$4,000). The one-acre plot was located at 4635 South Highland Drive in Holladay. It was a beautiful two-bedroom brick home with leaded stained glass windows on each side of a distinctive rock chimney. A canal ran in front of the home parallel to the road. They were fortunate to be owners of a new home during the depression era.



Verdis delivered their third child April 17, 1933. This baby girl, Verdis Annette, was born in the front bedroom of the new home. Thirza was on one side of the bed and Erin on the other serving as assistants to Dr. O. Sundwall. She weighed 7 pounds 9 ounces.

Darlene didn't know she was going to be a "big sister" until she stopped at her dad's grocery store on the way home from school that spring day. An employee, Eleanor Sheets, told her to hurry home because there was a surprise waiting there for her.

Although she was busy rearing her three children, Verdis found time to pursue her many interests and talents, one of which was in the field of music. A friend of the family, Del Dickerson, manufactured electric steel guitars. She became interested in learning to play this instrument. After purchasing a beautiful pale blue guitar and speaker from Del, she took lessons; and later taught others to play. She also helped Del distribute electric steel guitars to other enthusiasts.

Verdis performed at many functions. One summer evening she played her Hawaiian steel guitar at a dinner party honoring Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, an apostle, and his recent bride, Jessie Evans Smith. They had recently returned home from Hawaii. In her diary of 1938 she wrote: "I played for friends... one person told me he believed I was a Hawaiian at heart and a star bumped into me on the way down from heaven."

Annette was trained at the age of three years to hula dance to the melodious strains of the Hawaiian steel guitar. Verdis dressed as a native *wahine* with a flower behind her ear, singing and playing while her young daughter danced to the smooth South Pacific strains. They performed together at various functions: civic, church, private parties and club meetings around the Salt Lake Valley.

For one performance they won a cash prize. Verdis used the money to purchase an 8 mm movie camera. She promised Annette that she could "inherit" the camera when she was grown because she helped win the prize.



A popular contest in Utah during those days was *Search for Talent*. In 1938 Verdis won this contest and the honor of performing with her electric steel guitar on KSL Radio—an exciting experience.

Verdis and Erin gave their daughters the opportunity to take dancing lessons during their childhood. Darlene was in a group called "The Seven Clickers." They were great little tap dancers. One time the "Clickers" danced at Saltair, winning first place in the *Search for Talent* contest. Each "Clicker" received a prize of \$10 and a box of peanut brittle. The money helped toward the purchase of material for future costumes.





Verdis loved her mother-in-law, Nelsena, who took turns living with her children and their families. She did not own a home since her house burned down after the death of her husband, Lucas B. Howard. She had been a widow for 23 years when she came to stay with Erin and Verdis in 1937. She passed away while in their home. She was a sweet, quiet Danish lady who helped with tasks around the house such as darning socks when she was well. Her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Denmark. They then responded to the request from President Brigham Young to join with the Saints in Utah. Nelsena was their only living child and a nursing infant at the time of immigration.

February 20, 1938, Verdis wrote in her diary, "Today is our anniversary, and I love my man more than when I married him." Near the end of that year she wrote: "Everyone in the family knows now that we're going to have a little bundle from heaven next spring."

In this era a woman was embarrassed to show her bulging body when expecting a baby. When she became pregnant in 1938 she began the project of crocheting an afghan. The yarns she chose were soft shades of rust and rose. When anyone came to their home to visit she sat on the sofa crocheting, with the afghan spread in front of her, hiding the belly that today any female is proud to show.

May 10, 1939, another child was added to the family. Kathleen Eva was born at the Salt Lake LDS Hospital. Verdis and Erin were thrilled with this new addition of a beautiful blonde blue-eyed baby daughter.



Through the years she encouraged her children to develop their talents, especially in the field of music. By the age of three Kathleen was composing her own melodies and playing familiar tunes on the piano.

Verdis also continued to sew clothing and costumes for her daughters. One Easter Sunday her daughters attended church wearing navy wool coats lined with red silk. A lovely and unusual dress was created for Kathleen's fifth birthday—a sheer royal blue organdy with the music staff and notes embroidered on and around the full skirt. It was a perfect dress for an extremely musical little girl!

Verdis enjoyed working in the yard, especially when given the challenge of their new home on one acre. She planted a rose garden, complete with a patio area overshadowed by wisteria hanging over trellis work. She created an inclining rock garden that served as a backdrop for a lily pond populated by goldfish swimming in out of the lilies. The lawns were bordered by iris, tulips, daffodils, lilac bushes and many other lovely flora. She raised colorful, rare flowers, both outdoor and indoor varieties.



## S. L. Housewife Boasts Rare Blooming Hibiscus



Mrs. E. N. Howard of 4635 Highland drive is proud of her blooming hibiscus plant, which usually only flourishes in far warmer climates than that of Salt Lake City. Flowers are deep pink.

An especially beautiful hibiscus is blooming freely in the living room window of Mrs. E. N. Howard of 4635 Highland drive, after having flowered profusely all summer outdoors. This native of the warm regions of Asia is seldom seen in this state, although it is used as a roadside shrub and for garden effect in tropical climates.

The plant which Mrs. Howard cherishes has large blossoms, fully six inches across, in several shades of watermelon pink verging on red. The tints are blended and arranged in a striped fashion in each of the five petals, and there is a projecting length of pistil and stamens, embellished with red anthers, which further beautifies the individual flower.

Unfortunately, each exquisite blossom

lasts but a single day; although buds open almost continually.

The hibiscus comprises many varieties of the mallow family, which are widely distributed through tropical and warm temperate regions. This particular hibiscus, which can only be treated as a pot plant in Utah, because of its tenderness, is *hibiscus rosa-sinensis*, denoting that it is a native of China.

She was an active member and served as an officer of the Holladay Garden Club, winning many ribbons for exhibits entered into flower shows throughout the area.



Thousands View  
Roses at Annual  
Show at Murray

Garden Club  
of Holladay  
Plans Meeting

The Holladay Flower Garden Club will meet Monday at 8 p.m. in the Holladay Ward meetinghouse.

Highlight of the session will be a panel discussion on fall planting, given by the members and led by Mrs. E. N. Howard, president.

They will also have a bulb exchange. Members will bring various fall plantings with neighbors, their friends attend.

Win Awards for Flowers  
Mrs. E. N. Howard, Mrs. L. Sheets, and Mrs. Dudlee Bradlee, members of the Holladay Flower Garden Club, received several ribbons for flowers entered in the state fair.



Verdis  
and  
Children  
1939

Verdis  
Erin  
and  
Children  
1940



Great Salt Lake

Kathleen Darlene Erin Verdis Annette Jack



Erin and Verdis were happy and busy rearing their four children while serving in the church during the years of World War II. She was a leader of the older teen girls in the ward Young Women organization. They planned a service project—going to the USO to dance with the servicemen. It was rumored later that the young men liked the teacher better than the girls.

She was fortunate to have a beautiful alto voice and was willing to share this talent, performing with many groups. She and Darlene sang duets together at church meetings and many social gatherings.

Her many talents and interests included painting, photography and stitchery. She accented black and white photography with photo oils which added color and enhanced their beauty. She excelled in gardening skills and loved nature in all its forms. While outdoors hanging clothes on wash day or working in the garden she explained to her children that the meadow lark was chirping “Holladay is a pretty little place.”

She loved to read and enjoyed writing. She wrote about everyday situations for and about friends and family. For example, this short poem was written during World War II concerning an incident involving her two young daughters—while Japan was an enemy to the United States.

#### COMPENSATION

“Baby, don’t break my tea set!”  
Sister was worried it was plain to see,  
tiny fingers were grabbling her treasures  
with careless and happy glee.  
“She’ll be careful, I’m sure,” I answered;  
but no sooner these words I spoke,  
than down came the baby and tea set,  
and each pretty bauble was broke.  
Tears filled the eyes of big sister,  
As to the wreckage she ran,  
but a smile quickly came through the tear drops,  
“Don’t matter, ‘twas made in Japan!”

- V.B.H.-

Erin and Verdis celebrated their silver wedding anniversary with family members at Beau Brummel Restaurant, noted for outstanding food and pastries. The delicious cake was decorated with a large "25" surrounded by white roses and silver leaves.



In the spring of 1951 Verdis traveled by train to New York City to visit her daughter, Darlene, and husband West Belnap, and their young child, Darlene Jean. West was studying to obtain a doctorate in Theology at Columbia University. She made the trip to welcome a new baby granddaughter to the family.



February 1949 – 25<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary

Usually when a mother comes to help with a new baby there is a lot of work involved. However, this visit was out of the ordinary. Darlene and West were house parents to disadvantaged teens, a position they could hold while he was attending school. The usual tasks of cooking, cleaning and washing were provided along with room and board. These were given as reimbursement for their services of watching over and providing parental support for the teens. Following are portions of a poem she wrote while visiting with this little family:

#### RAVINGS OF AN EX-HOUSEWIFE !

I'm glad you've learned how to sling hash,  
dear husband of many a moon,  
'cause this spouse you sent East in a hurry  
at the sight of a cook stove would swoon!

Her hands have grown soft, white and dimpled;  
to scrub, she's forgotten that too—  
but if your cook has made you all pimples  
she'll get a cook, maid and chore girl for you.

I think I'll sit down by my window  
and sew on my beautiful Pfaff,  
ring a bell for my breakfast and dinner  
now at this thought please do not laugh!

I'll need lots of loving and petting,  
with much attention and care,  
'cause I'm a lady of leisure now,  
a lass with a delicate air!

No longer on Mondays I'll dig out  
the socks and the soiled clothes to wash,  
on Tuesdays the ironing to cope with,  
a dirty house all the time too, by gosh!

But I'll put on my best dress and stockings  
and drape 'round me my beautiful mink,  
you'll take me on trips to Seattle  
and then off to Hawaii, I think?

Well this little daydream is over  
I knew it was too good to last.  
Just kidding you know and I'm always  
Mom and sweetheart – in the future as well as the past!  
-- Verdis Longfellow Howard --

She wrote a column, "Sally Sez," for the local monthly newspaper, Out Holladay Way. Her dad gave her the nickname of Sally while she was a child following him around the farm. The entertaining articles reflect bits of personal philosophy, various life experiences, gardening tips and her great knowledge and love of plant life (see "Sally Sez" collection - end of life story).

Verdis was plagued with various health issues during her mid-life years. She contracted undulant fever (brucellosis) and suffered with allergies. When she traveled to New York in March of 1951 she enjoyed the visit but did not feel well. A year later at the age of 47 she developed a very intense headache with nausea and other worrisome symptoms that increased in severity as days passed. After two weeks she was admitted to the hospital. Her fever was extremely high for days. She fell in and out of consciousness and suffered convulsions. Eventually the diagnosis was spinal meningitis and encephalitis.

A week after being admitted to the hospital one of the attending physicians began using a new experimental serum. These injections continued for three months. After many days she was released from the hospital. Because of the serum, many priesthood blessings, fasting and prayers her life was spared.

Her daughters, siblings, the ward Relief Society sisters and other friends gave much love and assistance during the long weeks and months of recuperation. However, the greater portion of her care fell upon the shoulders of her patient and loving spouse who continued to care for her diligently for months and in the years to come.

As time passed it became apparent that she was left with a permanent impairment of the ability to express herself. This language disorder is known as expressive aphasia and was caused by brain damage from days of sustained high fever. Words could be retrieved from her past memory bank, but they were not organized in such a way that others could understand what she was trying to say. She often pointed to names in the phone book or drew sketches to show what she meant. Her inability to communicate feelings and thoughts in her heart and mind continued to be very frustrating for both her and her loved ones.



Even though she struggled with this challenge along with other ailments for 26 years, Verdis never lost her beautiful smile, perfect singing pitch or the skills she had acquired in playing the electric steel guitar and home organ. She continued to paint with oils and enjoyed scrapbooking. She walked around the neighborhood and visited the local gym. Traveling by plane to visit family was exciting for her. Erin often took her visiting, to community events, church meetings, family gatherings and on road trips.

Before her illness she wrote in one of her columns, "Last fall I planted a patch of yellow crocus by my kitchen door because these bloom so early and seem to me a promise of better things to come."

This was a clear affirmation of her faith, endurance and hope for a brighter future (I Corinthians 13:7). We feel this knowledge helped sustain her during those trying years.



### FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

One night when the moon was big and yeller,  
a lean, blonde handsome kind of feller  
saw a girl whose Snow White beauty  
caught his eye and turned him ruby.

Jordan versus Granite was vying for a power.  
'Twas not the score that mattered this hour.  
What was this Black-eyed Susan's name?  
Forget which school should laud the fame.

And some courtship bloomed this night  
and we as children are proud and right  
to claim as parents so sweet and dear  
whose lives did merge and children rear.

They saw the very best in each other.  
Could we learn to love as father and mother?  
Duty bound was he to her.  
No need for her to win or lure.

His lips said "Yes, in sickness and in health."  
Knowing eternity with her was more than wealth.  
Her big black eyes and olive skin  
seemed more than he could hope to win.

What more could we as children inherit  
than a father who provided well with merit  
and musical mother and best gardener of her kind  
who was the exemplary wife so hard to find.

And now though more wrinkled he  
still cherishes her love and she  
with mild affectionate temperament  
is grateful for this man "Heaven Sent."

A toast we thus as family members make  
to a great couple whose genuineness is no fake  
and happy are we that you tied the knot  
for our lives and the many blessings wrought.

- Kathleen -

February 1974 brought their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, which they celebrated with a festive dinner party for close family members. Also, announcements were sent to many friends and extended family who responded with numerous congratulatory cards, calls and visits.



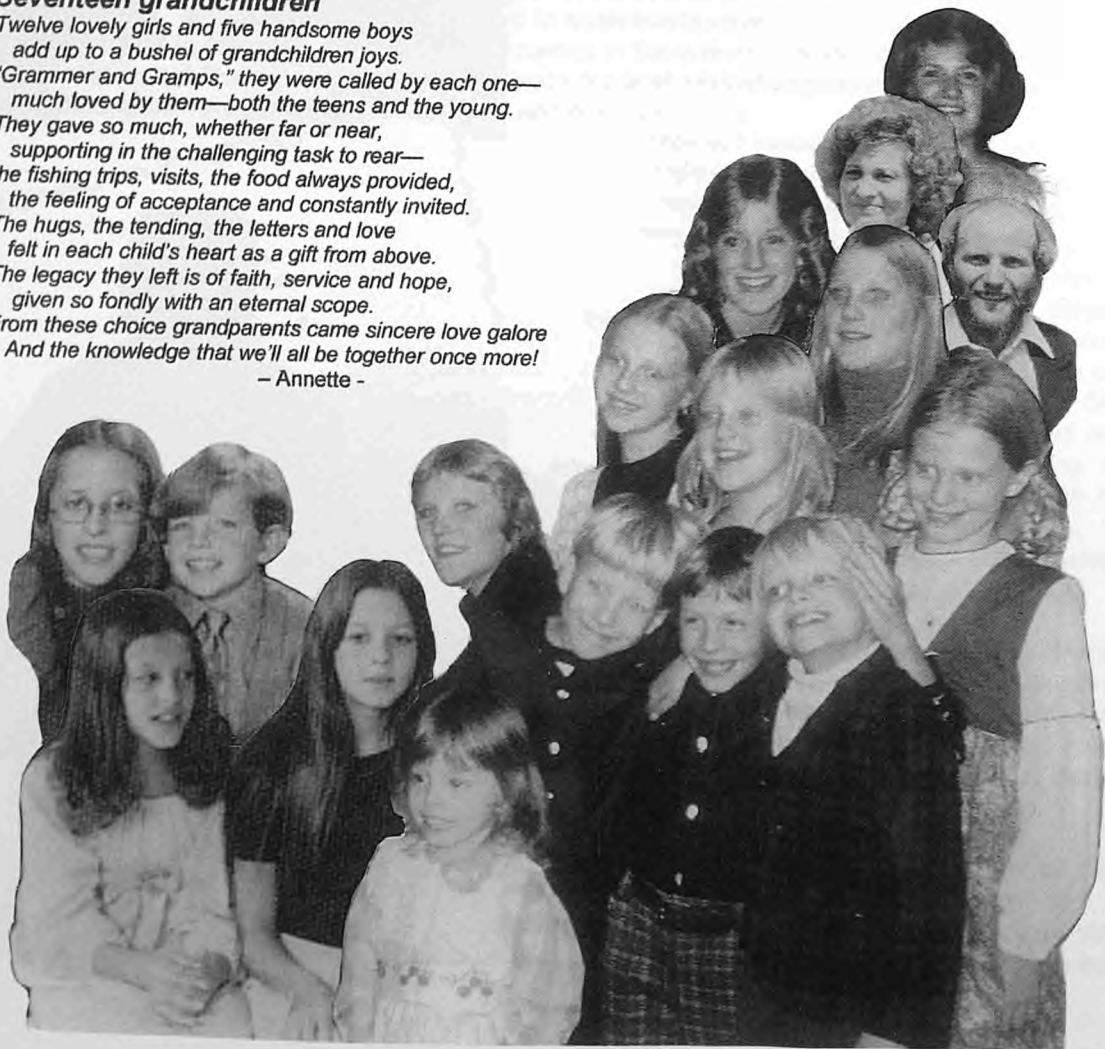
**A Golden  
Wedding  
Anniversary  
Celebration**  
Panorama Inn  
Cottonwood, Utah  
February 20  
1974



Jack, Darlene, Annette, Kathleen with their parents  
Verdis and Erin

**Seventeen grandchildren**

*Twelve lovely girls and five handsome boys  
add up to a bushel of grandchildren joys.  
"Grammer and Gramps," they were called by each one—  
much loved by them—both the teens and the young.  
They gave so much, whether far or near,  
supporting in the challenging task to rear—  
the fishing trips, visits, the food always provided,  
the feeling of acceptance and constantly invited.  
The hugs, the tending, the letters and love  
felt in each child's heart as a gift from above.  
The legacy they left is of faith, service and hope,  
given so fondly with an eternal scope.  
From these choice grandparents came sincere love galore  
And the knowledge that we'll all be together once more!*  
— Annette —





**Verdis Berrett Howard**

Verdis Berrett Howard, 73, longtime resident of Holladay, passed away Aug 30, 1978, of cancer.

Born April 8, 1905, Union, Utah, to Walter Lorenzo and Jessie Ottley Berrett. Married Erin N. Howard, Feb. 20, 1924, Salt Lake LDS Temple.



Active in LDS Church; 17 years in Primary, Stake Primary presidency; music director for Primary and Sunday School, Junior Sunday School Coordinator. Former president of Holladay Garden Club. Columnist for Holladay newspaper. Played and taught steel guitar, played piano and organ and sang at many church and civic meetings.

Survivors: husband, Holladay; son E. Jack Howard, Phoenix, Ariz.; daughters, Mrs. B. West (Darlene) Belnap, Provo; Mrs. Thomas E. (Annette) Slade, Roseville, Calif.; Mrs. Kathleen H. Topham, Salt Lake City; 17 grandchildren; brother, Floyd E. Berrett, Seattle, Wash.; sister, Mrs. Wallace A. (Thirza) Brown, Salt Lake City.

Funeral services, Saturday 11 a.m. Holladay 11th LDS Ward Chapel, 2065 East 4675 South. Friends may call Friday, 6-8 p.m., Cottonwood Mortuary, 4670 Highland Drive, and one hour prior to services at the chapel. Interment, Holladay Memorial Park.

During the summer of 1978 Verdis became very ill. She was once again admitted to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. After plunging into a coma, she was transferred to a care center in Holladay across the street from the home where they reared their family. She passed away the same day as the transfer on August 30, 1978. Her devoted spouse, daughter Darlene and sister Thirza were at her bedside.

**MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR  
VERDIS BERRETT HOWARD**

BORN  
APRIL 8, 1905  
UNION, UTAH

PASSED AWAY  
AUGUST 30, 1978  
HOLLADAY, UTAH

SERVICES AT  
HOLLADAY 11th WARD CHAPEL  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1978 - 11:00 A.M.

**PALL BEARERS**  
HOWARD BELNAP                      BRYAN SLADE  
DAVID BELNAP                      PAUL SLADE  
DAVID TOPHAM                      KENT HAAS  
DAVID MILLER

**INTERMENT**  
HOLLADAY MEMORIAL PARK

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS**  
MACKAY COTTONWOOD MORTUARY

OFFICIATING ----- BISHOP MELVIN E. HILL  
FAMILY PRAYER ----- THOMAS E. SLADE  
PRELUDE MUSIC ----- W. E. (TED) BRADY  
INVOCATION ----- WALLACE B. BROWN  
RESUME OF LIFE-PATRIARCH WILLIAM E. BERRETT  
MUSICAL SELECTION ----- GRANDDAUGHTERS  
"A WOMAN WORTHY OF IMITATION"  
Composed & Accompanied by Janene Brady  
SPEAKER ----- ELDER BERNARD P. BROCKBANK  
PIANO MEDLEY ----- JANEEN BRADY  
SPEAKER ----- PATRIARCH G. CARLOS SMITH  
STRING TRIO ----- TOPHAM FAMILY  
"O MY FATHER"  
REMARKS ----- BISHOP MELVIN E. HILL  
BENEDICTION ----- KELVIN EVANS  
POSTLUDE MUSIC ----- W. E. (TED) BRADY  
DEDICATION OF GRAVE ----- SHIRL HOWARD

SALT LAKE CITY - COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT  
DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS

**CERTIFICATE OF DEATH**  
18-3014

NAME: VERDIS BERRETT HOWARD      SEX: FEMALE      RACE: WHITE      DATE OF DEATH: AUG. 30, 1978

DATE OF BIRTH: APR 11 8, 1905      AGE: 73

PLACE OF BIRTH: USA      COUNTY OF BIRTH: UTAH      COUNTY OF DEATH: UTAH      ZIP CODE: 84117

EDUCATION:      OCCUPATION: Housewife      HOME:      ERIN HOWARD

PLACE OF DEATH: Terrace Villa Nursing Home      CITY: Salt Lake      COUNTY: Salt Lake

DEATH CERTIFICATE BY: G.H. CURTIS      DATE: 9-1-78

PLACE OF INTERMENT: Holladay Memorial Park      DATE: Sept. 5, 1978

CAUSE OF DEATH: Metastatic Carcinoma of Liver      1 month  
Primary Carcinoma of Breast      1 year

118704

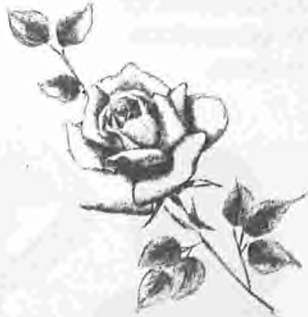
This is to certify that this is a true copy of the information on file in this office. This certified copy is issued under authority of Section 26-15-6 of the Utah Code Annotated, 1953 as amended.

Date Issued: JUN 20 1994

Thomas J. Schlenker, MD  
Director of Health

Mary Lee J. Mackay

WARNING: IT IS ILLEGAL TO DUPLICATE THIS COPY FOR OFFICIAL PURPOSES.



Erin wrote, "My prayers were answered as I prayed every day that I would outlive my sweetheart so I could take care of her..."

Progenitors from Verdis' paternal and maternal ancestral lines who lived in England during the mid-nineteenth century embraced the restored gospel of Jesus Christ upon hearing the message from missionaries. These devoted elders left families and homes in America to spread the remarkable news: that the true Church of Jesus Christ had once more been established on earth.



*Mrs. Verdis B. Howard*



This heritage was magnified by her exemplary life and testimony. She lived in harmony with teachings of our Savior. Before her illness she enjoyed serving the Lord in various capacities, spending 17 years with the Primary association as instructor, president and as counselor in the stake Primary presidency. She also served faithfully in the leadership of the YWMA (Young Women Mutual Improvement Association) and as chorister for auxiliaries of the church.

We believe her example will continue to be an inspiration and help to bind the hearts of her many descendants for generations to come.



## Verdis-isms

Like her English mother, Verdis used many everyday sayings that originated from the old country:

Busier than a one-armed paper hanger  
Charge it to the dust and let the rain settle it  
Do as I say, not as I do  
Give it a lick and a promise  
I wish I had that car and he had a wart on his nose  
If it's not broke, don't fix it  
If wishes were fishes we'd all have a fry  
Jack of all trades, master of none  
Like pulling hen's teeth  
Mind your own business  
Mind your own p's and q's  
No skin off their noses  
Penny for your thoughts  
Pretty is as pretty does  
Put that in your pipe and smoke it  
See a penny, pick it up—all the day you'll have good luck  
She's plowing the field (a woman in labor)  
Silly questions get silly answers  
A stitch in time saves nine  
That's for me to know and you to find out  
That's what she gets for standing out giggling with the boys (pregnancy before marriage)  
The Lord helps those who help themselves  
Today's Wednesday all day if it doesn't rain  
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it  
What's good for the goose is good for the gander  
When in Rome do as the Romans do  
Who put a nickel in you?  
Why buy the cow if you can get the milk free? (why get married)  
You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink  
You'll be old and funny yourself someday





# Out HOLLADAY Way

## Sally Sez . . .

Now the holidays are over I feel like I was left on the merry-go-round too long! Doesn't the house seem empty with the children back to school, the Xmas tree looking so forlorn outside stripped of all its bright baubles except for a few strands of forgotten tinsel.

This very day I'm going to start making me a fresh green dish garden for my mantle. These are very interesting and fun to do and will last a long while if planted right. Just in case you have never made one I'll tell you how.

Select a low bowl, round or oblong, put in first a layer of charcoal to keep your miniature garden from souring and to provide drainage, then add a layer of peat moss or vermiculite, to absorb any excess water. On top of this put about two inches of soil. This should not be too fine as it will pack too tightly about your plants. It should be rather coarse with particles of rock and decayed leaves or peat moss. Most good florists have little plants for sale for your dish garden such as peperomias, strawberry begonia, ivy, philodendron and bird's nest fern. The most important thing to remember is to plant the taller growing ones in the center so as not to hide the lower growing varieties, also to keep the planting plain and simple, using a few good plants rather than a hodge podge conglomeration. Over the top of the ground after planting it, small shells or pretty pebbles can be spread or the natural ground with peat moss mixed in, is preferred by many.

V. B. H.

## Sally Sez . . .

When you get so absorbed in a nursery catalog that your better half has to speak to you four times before you can hear . . . then you're hopeless . . . that's what is called being bitten by the garden bug!

Guess I've been bitten hard because I can spend many long winter evenings, drooling over the new roses and iris, not to mention the thousands of lilies and rock plants.

I'm so impatient waiting for spring, seems as though winter will never go! This is the best time I know, to plan what to plant in the garden this spring so as to have the blooming season last from early spring to late fall.

Last fall I planted a patch of yellow crocus by my kitchen door because these bloom so early and seem to me a promise of better things to come. The ground in the rest of the garden is still too soggy to walk on so the earliest flowers such as Snow Drop, Crocus and Chinadoxia, little blue stars, should be planted close to walks or the house where they can be enjoyed first of all when the snow has melted.

Here is a poem for your scrap book.

## OUT HOLLADAY WAY

Hi Silver.....Business Mgr.  
Virginia Silver.....Editor  
Margaret Bennett.....Ass't. Editor  
Verdis Howard.....Sally Sez  
Don Thomas.....Sports  
Vida Wright.....Style  
Therma Pettey.....Children  
Marg Bauer.....People We Know  
Lucile Hickman.....Hol. 1st Ward  
C. W. Snow.....Photography  
Herman Spilker.....Cottonwood Heights  
2500 Circulation  
\$1.00 Yr. Subscription

## THE SUNDIAL SPEAKS

By W. B. FRANCE

"Let others tell of storms and showers,  
I'll only count your sunny hours."

But for myself I also prize  
The restfulness of leaden skies;  
The singing rain that brings to birth

The fragrant scent of moistened earth;

The friendly touch of fog; and oh!

I prize the miracle of snow  
That drapes me in its robes of white . . .

I prize the peacefulness of night  
Whose stars proclaim, "Sleep on! Sleep on!"

Beyond the hills, there comes a dawn!

Had I no nights, no clouds, no showers,

How drab would seem my sunny hours!

—V. B. H.





## Sally Sez . . .

How wonderful it seems to drop from the North Pole into the lap of Spring! I'm writing this today on St. Patrick's day and my favorite Irishman is helping rake the lawn and do the pruning. My friends have always teased me about meeting my husband as he came home from work with a shovel in my hands, but they don't know I also can bribe him into gardening with a gooseberry pie. Besides getting lots of fresh air and sunshine he is beginning to enjoy it. At first he couldn't tell a Delphinium from a red root but he's learning fast.

After attending a lecture on roses the other night, I overheard a lady say she would rather have new roses than a new dress! Spoken like a true gardener! I am contemplating new roses instead of an Easter Bonnet. My family was very discouraged with me last year when I told them all I wanted for my birthday was a load of manure for the rose bed.

The new Polyanthas and Floribundas are wonderful for mass plantings. On hot summer evenings a hedge or row of white Snowbank Floribundas would make the garden seem 10° cooler. If you like roses to cut and last a long while in the house, try the Floradora, All-American winner. The beautiful cinnebar red, Camillia shaped flowers come in clusters and I have kept them in the house for a week before they faded. It's my favorite color and rose. Pinocchio is a treasure also, seems to be always full of perfect little buds and full blown flowers of a salmon pink that looks good enough to eat.

If you are planning to set out a bed of Hybrid Tea Roses, do not buy waxed, dried-up plants that have been sitting around in hot little boxes in stores. DO go to one of our good nurseries and get strong number one roots that are two year, field grown. They may cost a few cents more but will repay you in more blooms on a more vigorous bush, and with proper care will last twenty years or more.

Thanks to my many friends that have phoned their praise for this little column. It's all in fun and to help make Holladay the prettiest place on the map.

V.B.H.

## Sally Sez --

This is the time of year when I have a condescending pity for those who live in the part of the country that can't grow lilacs! Utah is one place where they grow to perfection. They do not winter kill, they have no enemies such as bugs or blights that I know of and adapt themselves to any alkaline soil.

Walt Whitman wrote a poem about them called "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed"—  
*Stands the lilac-bush tall growing*

*with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,*

*With many a pointed blossom rising*

*delicate, with perfume strong I love,*

*With every leaf a miracle—  
and from this bush in the dooryard,*

*With delicate-colored blossoms and*

*heart-shaped leaves of rich green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.*

The old-fashioned common lilac is beautiful but the newer ones are so much more so, that it always pays to plant these instead, as they have larger blooms and last much longer on the bush. There are Persian, Chinese, Villosa (late blooming), Japanese Tree and the Double French Hybrids. When any one asks me what to plant as a hedge I quickly say, Red Chinese (or Rothomagensis). It is an improved Persian with 'lacy' narrow leaves and large loose trusses of rich colored blossoms. It makes a wonderful hedge. If I was the governor I would pass a law that would make every one plant as many lilacs as their budget would allow. This could become a Lilac State! Let's start by making Holladay a lilac town!

V. B. H.

## Sally Sez - - -

Most gardeners, besides having a green thumb and an aching back, have too much curiosity. We spend money on rare and exotic plants, that were never intended to be grown in this climate and in spite of the coddling and pampering and extra loving care we bestow upon them, they usually give up the ghost and die. It's usually the flowers and shrubs that are the hardest to grow that we love the most, yet the good old standbys such as petunias, zinnias, roses and pansies give much more showy bloom around the home for our garden dollars!

I can't imagine a garden without pansies. Their rich velvety colors and upturned faces make them everybody's favorite. Pansies do much better when planted in the sunshine rather than the shade, although our grandmothers would be surprised at this because they always grew them as shade loving plants. In the shade they grow tall and spindly and the blooms get smaller and more scarce.

The strongest blooming pansies are grown in rich soil with plenty of humus in full sun with light shade in the afternoons. Set them out as soon as the ground can be worked and they can be bought, don't wait until the weather is hot and they have lost their strength sitting around in shoe boxes until they turn yellow.

By all means try a planting of sky blue perennial pansies or violas. They will bloom several summers if given the right care. There is nothing sweeter than a circle of violas planted around some favorite early blooming tree or shrub. They come in a variety of colors. Dark red, yellow, orange, shades of blue, and pure white. Last summer I saw the light blue ones planted in masses around the Monkey Moat at the zoo in San Francisco and I admired them more than the monkeys.

Pansies and Violas like the same rich soil as do roses so they can very well be planted as a border for the rose garden or tripping down the path between the roses. Just be sure they are planted where they can be picked often especially by the little folks because the more they are picked and enjoyed the longer they bloom.

-V. B. H.





## Sally Sez - -

Just got through setting out my Petunia plants and if they aren't drowned by all the rain we have been having or if Ginger, the cocker pup, doesn't decide to plant her favorite bone there also, they will be pretty. They are the large ruffled white variety, Snow Queen, that are so showy in a garden at night. These pick well and can be used for a cool looking spicy arrangement for the house on a warm day.

We passed by Iris gardens today that were so beautiful. Every color of the rainbow! Right away I felt like I couldn't live another day without some of the new varieties. Funny thing about it, my friend's husband, felt the same way—so, Shining Waters, a clear blue sky—Me'tize, a creamy buff—and Rosy Wings, a lovely Jewel color of amber and rose, and several others were mine to add to our garden. I would rather have live plants given me, that keep on giving year after year than dozens of hot house roses.

For years I have been meaning to get a clump of Iris called William Mohr but would always put it off until I had forgotten about it. This Iris only grows about a foot tall but it has the largest blossoms of a luscious purple with lighter veins throughout. It is such a vigorous grower that it would make a low hedge in a few years. Iris are dormant in August, but it's too hot to dig and plant then. They are such hardy plants that it doesn't bother them while they are blooming, so go ahead. —V.B.H.

## Sally Sez

Hello! What a big wide wonderful world this is! As I write this today we are speeding eastward toward New York. At home the Meadow Larks all sing, "Utah is a pretty little place," but yesterday I heard one sing "Colorado is beautiful too," then this morning I heard an optimistic one sing about Kansas. As far as the eye can see there are wheat fields and then some. They have even flattened out the mountains so they can plant more.

The wild flowers in the Rockies are something to write home about. There were blue and yellow lupins, penstamens and Indian paint brushes, but the ones I loved best were the lovely fields of white, lavender and blue wild Iris. What delicate beauties they are. Just like butterflies on slender stocks.

It was rather hard at times to get my motorman to stop so I could peek at all the wild flowers. Through Oklahoma and Missouri there were Gallardia a smaller variety than the tame ones, purple Godetia and pink Rudibekia growing in large drifts by the sides of the road.

For miles and miles in some towns, I think enterprising garden clubs have planted pink and red Dorothy Perkins roses along the road side fences.

No one ever told me that large land turtles crossed the road here in the East just like Jack Rabbits do in the West, only not as fast.

If there is room for me in the car after the family gets through collecting rocks, turtles, colored bugs and wild flowers, I'll be seen' you soon. . . .

V. B. H.

## Sally Sez

What a thrilling sight it was to see the Rocky Mountains towering up in the sky when we got back to Colorado and I couldn't help but wonder what the pioneers thought about when they first viewed them. They must have been filled with strange fears. How could they cross through them and what adventures lie on the other side? I for one am very glad my forbearers didn't decide to make their homes in the East or Middle West. How wonderful it was to smell the spicy sagebrush and the pine trees again!

Well, after looking around the garden when I got home I found the weeds had grown taller than the flowers. It has really gone to seed and is uninspiring, so here is a poem for your scrap book . . . hope you get a chuckle out of it. It's too hot to garden anyway!

### HOE HUM

No, a day at the office is hardly enough,  
With all of its trials and toil.  
Oh I should be made of some sterner stuff,  
And spend evenings in tilling the soil.

Eight hours of striving  
And constant conniving  
To make a few sales,  
For the sake of surviving.  
Make little impression  
On my wife, whose obsession  
Is making me master  
The garden profession.

Each night after dinner she says, with a smile,  
"Now, dear, let's go to work in the garden awhile."  
So I spade and I rake and I weed and I hoe;  
I prune and I sprinkle; I trim and I mow;  
I go gunning for aphids, ants, earwigs and slugs,  
And I don't know who suffers most—me or the bugs.

No, a day at the office is nothing at all.  
It's really a man's recreation,  
Compared to the way I'll be hitting the ball  
When I'm home on my two weeks' vacation.

—Paul Titus

V. B. H.



## Sally Sez

I get hungry every time I think of a fire in the open with hot dogs or hamburgers and steaming corn on the cob. One of the best planned outdoor living rooms I have ever seen belongs to the Earl Belnaps in Mt. Olympus. The fireplace and barbecue with a patio large enough for tables, is close to the back door of the house so there is a minimum of work to bring the prepared food and dishes from the kitchen. A large flood light shines down on a brand new lawn banked by a border of lavender *Alsyium*, Marigolds and large Zinnias. The lights made the garden look like a fairyland with Mt Olympus standing guard.

A frame for all this beauty is a well made fence built in squares and painted white.

Another back yard that is perfect for entertaining a large number of people at once, belongs to the Kenneth Biesingers of Holladay. There is an outdoor swimming pool with fresh hot water running in, heated by a gas furnace. A fence and shrubbery keeps this spot secluded and safe.

Tall weeping willows shade a large lawn that is used for playing games such as badminton and tennis; also a cozy fireplace in one corner where the swimmers can toast their shins and cook the food.

The moral of this story is to have an architect or a builder for a husband that is very clever at such things as outdoor fireplaces, add the touch of a lovely lady's hand and the results are a spot for informal entertaining that leaves every guest well fed and relaxed with laughter and fresh air.

V.B.H.



## Sally Sez

St. Francis of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. He said, "I would finish hoeing my garden."

In spite of Hydrogen and Atom Bomb talk, how wonderful to plant for the future and hoe our gardens.

Last month, my sister and I attended a flower garden convention at the Hotel New House, and among many interesting attractions was a colored movie on the planting and care of roses. It was very beautiful and educational but was all for California gardeners. The pruning was supposed to be done before February, and a lot of the species shown would not do well in our climate at all. It didn't take Salt Lake's own rose expert (Mrs. Claude Shields) long to correct the mistakes and advise the growers there, the proper method for this climate.

She said roses do better here if planted in March (weather permitting) or April, and pruning should not be done until April. Pruning stimulates the plants to start sprouting and if done too early they might be damaged by late frosts. Our heavy clay soil in Holladay is fine for roses, the holes should be deep and wide so as not to crowd the roots, tamp dirt around roots tight and water thoroughly so as not to leave any air pockets. Roses are heavy feeders so a well balanced fertilizer should be scratched into the ground around the plant after they start to grow.



Some of these beautiful pictures of roses started me dreaming and drooling and toying with the idea of putting a Mortgage on the old homestead. If I were to name a list of the roses that I thought were the loveliest, the rose named 'peace' would be every other one. What a delicate colored aristocrat it is! The plant itself is such a sturdy grower and so disease resistant that it is a joy to own. There are so many new wonderful roses though it is hard to decide which are the best, and as we left the convention hall we decided to give each other a Sutter's Gold

rose for our birthdays.

The most important thing to remember when buying rose bushes is to get number 1 or number 1½ grade, field-grown plants. Never throw money away on waxed bench roses that florists have used to force in greenhouses. When their strength of blooming is gone they box them up and sell them out cheap. These may grow and produce a few spindly blooms with good care but in the long run if you wish strong vigorous roses that will last from fifteen to twenty years, get the very strongest plants you can buy.

V.B.H.







## Sally Sez - -

Do you remember last winter you wished you had a round chubby pine tree outside your house so you could decorate it with colored lights?

If you have children in the family or need a boost for your holiday spirit, by all means, resolve to buy a living pine tree now. The man in your life could be bribed into digging a large hole where the tree is to be planted before the ground freezes; then it will be no trick at all to slip a balled tree into place.

Remember that most pine trees need a lot of room in order to grow into a symmetrical shape. Do not plant them against walls or too close to driveways or walks as some varieties have a rapid growth, especially the Blue Spruce. In ten or fifteen years, they can be as tall as your house. If your lot is small, it is better to purchase a slow-growing kind or a dwarf—and whatever you do—do not plant living Christmas tree in the middle of a small lawn! You'll be sorry!

I have never seen the pyracantha bushes so heavily loaded with berries as they have been this fall and they are even lovelier with soft white snow on them.

A nurseryman told me more people plant pyracantha and more dig them out than any other shrub. The reason for this, I suppose, is that we plant them under windows; then they grow so very fast in this locality, it is no time at all until we are living behind a hedge of thorns, like the story of Sleeping Beauty.

I can still hear my neighbor muttering to himself, as his wife had asked him to clean the window where the pyracantha was growing. The things he said!

This year, while visiting in the Northwest, I noticed pyracantha trained as a vine up a corner of a house, or to the side of a fireplace chimney. All the long lateral branches were kept pruned off just allowing one terminal stock to grow straight up. The little short lateral branches were covered with berries. Try this next spring for a color accent. It is very worthwhile.

—V. B. H.



## Salley Sez:--

If you hear a thumping noise around town, it's probably just me, trying to get my Christmas shopping done with a broken foot in a cast. It's my diggin' foot too! I had a lot more things I wanted to dig, such as my Valley Lilies that became so crowded they didn't bloom last spring, and some peonies that are being pushed out of existence by a blue spruce.

Oh, well! There's another year coming!

"I heard a bird sing  
In the dark of December;  
A magnificent thing  
And sweet to remember.

"We are nearer to Spring  
Than we were in September,"  
I heard a bird sing  
In the dark of December.


As I write this, it's perfect weather for anything and especially to gather evergreen boughs and Ivy to deck the halls. Short arbor vitae branches tied in bunches along a heavy cord makes nice smelling stuff, that can be used for a garland to drape a stairway or an archway using a large red satin bow of ribbon in the center.

I'm sitting up late trying to make a manzanita branch look like a sugar plum tree in a story book.

I always have a condescending pity for people who say they haven't the Christmas spirit or that it is just another day. This is a magic season that gives a glow to everything and everybody that is in tune with it. No matter where you live, in a sunny warm clime or the snowy north, the same feeling comes with Christmas that turns your thoughts to friends and loved ones.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

—V.B.H.



## Sally Sez

By this time I suppose all the New Year resolutions that were made are broken and we are all back in our comfortable little ruts again.



At least if we do have good intentions and make them, it shows we are aware of our faults and have the will to do better even if the flesh is weak!

Kathleen, my youngest sprout said, "Mother, Annette has broken her New Years' 'revolution' already. She's teasing me again!" I could write a book on why mothers go gray.

A very good new resolution for all gardeners to make would be to share more flowers and plants with new home owners and people who don't have room to grow flowers and shrubs.

I've never seen a real gardener that wasn't the soul of generosity though. Their knowledge of growing things makes the more flowers they give away the more they seem to have.

I used to have a neighbor that planted what she called a 'cutting garden'. This wasn't a very large place but was carefully planned with rows of snapdragons, asters, baby zinnias, hennemannia, calendulas, sweet peas and many other old favorites that cut well. Every one that called on her was soon out chatting gayly in the garden while my friend cut a lovely bouquet for them.

## GARDEN GIFTS

*Gardeners are always giving gifts*

*To one another — something their own earth*

*Has given them. They bear from yard to yard*

*Small bits of green uprooted for rebirth.*

*A dangling root, a clipping from a vine,*

*Given and taken eagerly although*

*Another may not see the rareness of it.*

*But gardeners see more than most; they know*

*What leaves lie curled within a singly root;*

*They sight the purple plume, the fringing gold,*

*long pod, silver-beaded in the dew.*

*So, year to year and friendly mold to mold,*

*Bearing green gifts within a hand's caress,*

*They multiply their bloom through kindness.*



## HOLLADAY WAY

Virginia R. Silver.....	Editor
Hi Silver .....	Bus. Manager
Verdis Howard .....	Salley Sez
Don Thomas .....	Sports
Vida Wright .....	Style
Phyllis Dennis .....	Decorating
Marg Bauer .....	People We Know
Lucile Hickman .....	Hol. 1st Ward
C. W. Snow .....	Photography
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JACK E. HOWARD, Manager

Did you see the lovely star

in the western sky on Christmas night? It was a beautiful sight. I suppose it was the star Venus. We were going visiting that night and were riding along when we spied that brightest of stars and it was shining over the little town of Lark on the

western mountains making it look just like the town of Bethlehem with the bright star above — it was so real I got tingles all up and down my spine and was a sight I shall never forget.

Happy New Year!

—V. B. H.



## Sally Sez:-

By VERDIS HOWARD

After reading all the verbal bouquets about me and mine in last month issue, I feel as though our little Holladay paper belongs partly to me and I better get busy and try to do better writing this next year.



When the weather and season still keeps us inside, when we are so impatient to get out and dig in the dirt, it reminds me of this little verse by James Whitcomb Riley, called . . .

### WET — WEATHER FOLK

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;

It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,

W'y, rain's my choice.

The potted plants in my window have been sadly neglected of late, they look sort of moth eaten and tired, so while the snow melted off my pile of good earth at the back of the garage, me with my trowel dug deep into it. It wasn't frozen at all! That's the kind of soil I like, rich and mellow, it would make anybody's thumb turn green.

Good friends of our brought a trailer load of it last fall and just dumped it there and said they knew that was what I liked. I couldn't have received a nicer gift! I spread it around roses and used it as a top dressing on my rock garden, now I'm going to scoop off about an inch of the soil off the tops of my ivy pots and other plants that clutter up my house and put in some of this fresh stuff. The acids and salts that accumulate on top of the dirt around a potted plant is both unsightly and I think, unhealthy for the plant.



My African violets are just coming in to bloom now. They are my pride and joy, especially the pink ones named Pink Lady. The blossoms glisten like sun on fresh snow. Years ago I thought if I could but get one St. Paula violet to grow for me, I would be the happiest of persons—so I would read everything I could find about them, some of the material wasn't good advice so I still had trouble but now I'm

having fun with these dainty house plants.

They were originally found in the mountains of a warm country where they were high and dry, so they can be made real sick by keeping them too soggy wet and by shifting them around from place to place. About twice a week set them pot and all in a pan of warm water until they are thoroughly saturated: Let them drain off so water doesn't stand in the saucer. Water spilled on the leaves will turn them brown. They should go dry before watering again. Fertilize once a month by dissolving two plant tablets in a pint of water (pour this around them but not on the leaves or crown). Never put them outside even for a minute, I've killed more violets that way with mistaken kindness! They are so tender any change of temperature shocks them—they live to be left alone in a sheltered place and will bloom freely if they have sunshine filtered through a light curtain on sunny days.

If you have had bad luck with your violets and they looked puny in spite of all you did, try again, they are worth it.

—V.B.H.



# NEWS



**SALLY  
SEZ**

by  
**VERDIS HOWARD**

Seems like your flaggin' spirits  
get a lift y' can't explain,  
An' perk up like a crocus when  
there's bin an April rain;  
Y' can't help feelin' hopeful, and  
you'll whistle some, or sing,  
An' your burden ain't so heavy  
when it's comin' on t' Spring.

It fills your heart with somethin'  
that you kind o' want to  
share;

An' folks ain't near so cranky  
when there's springtime in  
th' air;

Don't matter if you're rich or  
poor, or young or old an'  
queer;

You're never quite as happy as  
y' are this time o' year.

—From "Comin' on t' Spring,"  
by Adam N. Reiter.

I hope everybody that wanted  
sweet peas to pick this summer  
got their seeds planted the first  
part of March while the weather  
was so warm. Well, I had good  
intentions but couldn't find a  
place to dig a trench for them  
where the pesky pup wouldn't  
dig them up again.

Half the fun of gardening is  
to go poking about in the spring  
to see what's coming up. The  
faithful perennials are just like  
old friends coming back to visit  
year after year. Once in a while  
though, there is a small tragedy  
when you find a plant that has  
been winter killed. My little  
Daphne shrub looks very dead  
and I am very sad. It was a  
treasure, growing only a foot  
high and covered in May with  
sweet scented blossom clusters  
like little pink lilacs. Why  
should it live through the hard  
winter last year and die during  
a mild one?

This isn't an obituary column  
so guess I better cheer up and  
go buy me another instead of an  
Easter hat.

I have never been able to  
understand why everyone who

loves flowers doesn't have a  
purple Clematis vine. They do  
so well in this climate and come  
back every year more lovely  
than before. Clematis Jackmani  
is easy to grow. Plant it in deep  
rich soil, heap peat moss around  
it to keep the crown moist and  
cool—give it something to climb  
on and watch it grow.

The red Clematis, Ville de Lyon  
is a lovely thing also, but doesn't  
have as many blooms. It will  
make a picture climbing on a  
fence. The flowers on these vines  
last from four to six weeks and  
are a joy to behold.

I'll let you in on a secret—I  
have started them under bottles  
just like rose slips. If you get  
a woody stem, not a green one, in  
the spring when the life starts  
coming up into the vine, be sure  
it has two joints, put one joint  
down in loose shady soil about  
two inches below the surface,  
and the other above the ground,  
cover with a fruit bottle. Keep  
shaded and watered well and  
under the bottle all summer. I'd  
like to bet it will grow!

V. B. H.



**SALLY  
SEZ**

by  
**VERDIS HOWARD**

## A MOTHER'S GARDEN

Dear God, I long for power to  
create  
Good soil for youth, committed  
to my care.  
And, in my eagerness to cultivate  
Enduring plants of vigor, firm  
and fair;  
I pray that I may harm no tender  
shoots  
Of genius, lurking there conceal-  
ed from me;  
Or dampen joy in bearing splen-  
did fruits  
Of talent and originality.  
May there be warmed by an il-  
luminating sun  
Of tolerance soothed by the  
gentle rain  
Of wisdom; and sustained by  
Faith in one  
Who tempers winds of sorrow  
and of pain.  
All gardeners strive for growth  
upright and tall.  
A mother's garden is the best of  
all!

—Florence West.



It surely is a welcome change  
to pick fresh flowers and flower-  
ing branches of trees to brighten  
up the house. I've looked at my  
Chinese ming tree and the tired  
old men by it for so long until  
I felt as tired as they look.

Everyone who likes to cut  
flowers and display them should  
know a few tips on how to keep  
them lovely longer. Some of  
these tricks are used by profes-  
sional flower arrangers and ex-  
hibitors in flower shows, but  
some are just old standby meth-  
ods that have worked for me and  
my friends.

One day I visited a lady in a  
beautiful home and on the large  
grand piano were just three huge  
salmon colored Oriental poppies!  
It was the only vase of flowers  
in the room and made such a  
vivid accent point. Immediately  
I thought you just can't pick  
Oriental poppies and have them  
last any time at all, but the lady  
told me she picked them in the  
cool of the morning before the  
petals were unfurled and then  
plunged the stems up to about  
three inches into boiling water  
for just a minute. This seals in  
the milky juice. Then in they  
went in to deep ice water. Seems  
as though this would be a dras-  
tic treatment but it really works,  
and how exotic they look when  
arranged!

May 18, 1950



## SALLY SEZ

by  
VERDIS HOWARD

### That Dad of Mine

He's "slowing down," as some folks say,  
 With the burden of years, from day to day;  
 His brow bears many a furrowed line;  
 He's growing old—that Dad o' mine.  
 His shoulders droop and his step is slow,  
 And his hair is white—as white as snow;  
 But blue eyes sparkle with a friendly light  
 And his smile is warm and his heart is right.  
 He's old? Oh, yes! But only in years,  
 For his spirit soars as the sunset nears;  
 And blest I've been and wealth I've had,  
 In knowing a man like my old Dad.  
 And proud am I, to stand by him,  
 As he stood by me when the way was dim;  
 I've found him worthy and just and fine  
 And a Prince of men—that Dad o' Mine.

—Adam N. Reiter.

I wish to thank my good friend Iola Taylor for this lovely poem for Father's day. Being a farmer's daughter and tagging my Dad all over the farm from the time I could walk, the why and wherefore of growing things just came as second nature to me. My Dad never got tired of answering my many questions. Always the meadow lark sang "Utah is a pretty little place," or when the mourning dove made its mournful call it was time to plant corn. Lucky the kid that has a Dad like mine!

Once a neighbor of mine (who had been raised in a mining town and had never had a garden before moving to Holladay) planted a patch of watermelons. One day he asked me to come over and look at a melon that looked real sick. He wanted to know what was the matter with it. I had to really laugh when I noticed he had plugged it to see if it was ripe, five days before, then had pasted brown paper over the hole until it ripened more. It had.

A wonderful new color for our garden is the new Fire Chief petunia, although I don't know why they name it that as it isn't the color of a fire engine or even the Chief's car, but is a lovely cinnebar red that is such a change from the old Rosy Morn petunia.

My knees were that color after setting out a flat of them. Oh, my achin' back! Mrs. C. R. Walter (my Aunt Eleanor) on Bon Air said, "Having a green thumb sure makes my knees sore, too!"

Last month was printed a few rules to keep flowers longer when cut for indoor use. Here are some more. Snapdragons—are to be cut when the spike is only one-fourth to a half open at the base. Strip lower leaves off the stems and place in two quarts of water containing three tablespoons of baking soda. Calundulas and scabiosas should be cut when half open and put into deep ice water. Some roses don't pick well no matter what you do but experts tell us they hold up better if picked in the cool of the evening after they stored sugar all day, then placed in a cool place in water up to their chins until morning, then arrange. The best keeping rose I know of is the Floradora, Floribuna. They will last a week then they don't wilt when the petals drop off.

If you have waterlilies and wish to use them floating in a shallow bowl, wood alcohol should be injected into the stems then set them in cool water for two hours, the blooms will close though, unless warm paraffin is dropped between the petals.

The blooms of waterlilies will stay open all night in the lily pool if treated this way also. This is a surprising little trick if you are having a party at night in your garden, because the lilies always close at sundown.

V.B.H.



## SALLY SEZ

by  
VERDIS HOWARD

### ODE IN TIME OF HAY FEVER

My left eye weeps,  
 And over the surface of my classic map  
 Large tears flow solemnly their silent way;  
 The nose, loud herald of the cold's approach,  
 Beams, rosy-red, and seemeth loath to stay,  
 But ever runneth on till I do fear  
 That, like the brook, it will run on forever . . .  
 O Fever of the Hay, I feel thee near!  
 Hast thou not hear me say we twain must sever?  
 Base spirit of the fields, I bid thee go!  
 Abracadabra! Chase yourself! Skidoo!  
 Avaunt! Depart! I thee no longer know;  
 I've turned to—ah! umm! ah! —kerchool!

—Author Unknown

Two white bunnies by name of Winkie and Blinkie have come to live with us . . . maybe more weeds will get pulled out of the flower beds now, who knows?

My curiosity got the better of me the other day, while driving along at 3940 Hyland Drive. A Mr. Joe Lamb has built a landscaping and patio shop that is so different from any thing in these parts, you will have to stop and take a peek at it yourselves. The first thing you see is a cool waterfall cascading over rocks and splashing down on rare and lovely ferns and plants. The water then runs into a quiet pool flanked by more moisture loving plants. These have been placed until it looks so natural as though they have always been there. Inside the glassed-in patio are tuberous begonias in every shade of the rainbow, just like wax roses.

How cool and shady it is down there even on the hottest days! Mr. Lamb told me this has long been a dream of his to have a place where he can display and sell rare and unusual plants. You can find little trees of dwarfed red leaf maple, fukia plants with their delicate lavender blossoms. Oh, so many things you read about, but in this arid part of the country usually they curl up and die, but this man says they can be raised here if you know how. Well, we are all for learning the know-how!—V.B.H.



**SALLY**

**SEZ**

by  
**VERDIS HOWARD**

While thumbing through my garden scrapbook I ran onto this little poem and it reminded me of many wonderful gardeners, who, every time you call to see their gardens, you always come away with several starts of their favorite plant or some choice seeds or cuttings of something you admire in their garden. Just such a gardener is Mrs. Chris Karsis on Highland Drive.

**Nearness**

Swing wide the garden gate.  
Open your heart, as well,  
To the faith, and hope, and ec-  
stasy

That in all gardeners dwell.  
For God has given a gift to you,  
To you who love the land,  
To see and hear that He is near  
To prosper the work of your  
hand.

—Mrs. Philip S. Eggers

I happened to drop in at her garden the other day and there she was, cutting flowers for one of her many customers. Oh, such a mixture of lovely flowers that it reminded me of the old-fashioned bouquets of grandma's day! Then to top it all off and to add a personal touch, she picked her customer a bunch of sweet lavender, I supposed to dry and tie with a lavender ribbon and put with her hankies. The lady ordered an all-white bouquet for a party she was having and I could almost see the white delphinium with Shasta daisies mixed with the lovely white snapdragons growing all around. I'll bet that looked cool on a hot afternoon!



She then showed' me all her new roses, at the same time clipping off the dead blossoms so the strength of the bush could go to producing more lovely buds later on. She insisted I have some small plants of a Mexican flower called Tithonia and another start of mint for my garden, as mine had been crowded out by buttercups. Every time I pick this mint for cool drinks I'll think of this generous lady and I'll sure watch and wait to see how these new plants bloom.

\* \* \*

Have you ever tried putting Nastursium leaves between the layers of a sandwich or placing them on salad plates and piling the salad on top? We used to eat these leaves a lot years ago, but I stopped growing them for the simple reason that I can't resist picking them, then they smell so spicy they make me sneeze-- but they're good and taste a lot like watercress.

\* \* \*

This is the time of year when we would like to sit back and watch the things grow and the humming birds dip into the sweetest flowers and the bees

tumble in and out of the Canterbury bells, but there's those lawns to be watered, so 'bye for now!  
—V.B.H.





## SALLY SEZ

by  
VERDIS HOWARD

They say horses sweat, men perspire, but ladies only glow when they get too warm. Well, I was surely glowing the other day trying to get all the Madonna lillies divided and settled in new beds. They needed this done this fall now they can stay in these places for another two or three years. These lilies have to be planted early in the fall in order to make a good top growth or else they will not bloom next July. One inch of soil covering them is enough and they must have good drainage.

I don't think there is any time of the year when a good gardener can sit in the shade and just look at the flowers without seeing a hundred and one things that he would change, or do, if he had the ambition or time. Now the iris need dividing, also September is the month to move peonies, if they are to be moved.

The other night I went to the Utah Rose Society's party up Mill Creek canyon. I gave music to them but got a lot of garden information in return. Fred Augsburg has a grand hobby of taking colored pictures of flowers and gardens. He would show these slides on the screen and tell about the different places he visited. It was very lovely to sit there in the cool of the canyon and see these wonderful flower pictures come to life. There were also pictures he had taken of the natural rock gardens and wild flowers in the upper basin of Alta.

These pictures showed how rock gardens should be made to resemble the ones found in the natural surroundings, not just piles of rocks standing up in jagged points. This kind reminds me of the farmer who said he spent five years clearing his land of rocks, then his wife wanted them all hauled back in the middle of their front lawn for her rock garden! Mr. Augsburg is a staunch defender of the wild flowers and is trying to educate people not to pick them in large armfuls when in a short time they are wilted and gone, but to take pictures either mental or real so the flowers will continue to beautify and scatter their seed for the years to come.

There are no more beautiful wild flowers than the fragile columbine and the many species of penstemon! Let's treat them as they say children should be treated, "Love 'em and leave 'em be!" Three years ago I learned my lesson on picking the wild flowers. We were motoring around wonderful Lake Tahoe, when back among the pines we came upon a most beautiful wild flower blooming red on the snow-covered hillside. I had never seen anything like this! It was sitting on a heavy stem and such a glorious color. Without thinking my friend picked a large one. We had to find out what kind of a flower it was.

At the next service station we proudly displayed our prize. The attendant fairly gasped when he told us it was called a "Snow Flower," coming in to bloom as soon as the snow melted, and that there was a fifty dollar fine for anyone caught picking one! For the rest of the ride we felt like criminals trying to dispose of a body. I'm going back some early spring and take a colored picture of these rare beauties to have and to hold and share.

V. B. H.



# SALLY SEZ

by  
VERDIS HOWARD

## TAPS

By Mary B. Mann

All is quiet now in the garden,  
The stir of summer is done,  
The last of the flowers are  
blooming,

In the weakening glow of the  
sun.

All earth seems as if waiting  
For the bright silver bugle to  
blow

Across garden and woodland and  
meadow,

For it's rest time, and to sleep  
all must go.

Time to sleep—little flowers go  
to sleep.

May your slumbers be sweet—  
and deep.

If you love chrysanthemums, and who doesn't, I hope you got to see the lovely display of them at the state capitol lately. It has been a wonderful fall for these flowers to develop to perfection. My brother-in-law has been raising lots of large prize-winning mums where he lives in Seattle, so he wanted to see what Utah could produce in this line. I think the showing of these beauties were to his satisfaction, because he went around touching and naming each variety. There were huge blossoms as large as grapefruit and in all colors. The Spider and Cactus type surely intrigued me, but the kind I fell for and drooled over were the tiny button Mums named Dainty Maid. Such sweet little clusters of a soft pink with darker centers. A "must have" for me next spring if I can remember.

\* \* \*

I like small flowers best, that is why these appealed to me, but my next choice was called Queen of the Pinks. This was a medium-sized Mum of a beautiful lavender pink. These flowers need a sunny spot in the garden and plenty of deep loose soil. They thrive when barnyard manure is dug around them.

\* \* \*

The warm fall rains we have been having are good for the shrubs next to the houses. There are more shrubs lost in the winter time by their roots being dry than any other reason. I heard a good gardener say "Never let your shrubs go to sleep in the winter with dry roots." Sometimes a snow storm will cover everything and freeze and the ground will stay dry underneath most of the winter.

\* \* \*

Have you ever seen so many Pyracantha berries on the bushes as there are this fall? The birds will love them about February! In the warmer climates they grow a dark red Pyracantha called Cochinea that is so lovely. We have tried growing it here but winter kills it. I have surely admired this variety. People train them on wires for fences and against a white stucco house trained in espallier fashion they make a striking picture. Our hardy variety could be trimmed and trained like this also against a wall of the house or garage. Why don't we try it? 'Twould be different!

—V B. H.







**SALLY  
SEZ**

by  
**VERDIS HOWARD**

## CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Karen Elba

O God! Give us real "Peace on earth" once more,

Let frosty stillness fill the fragrant air,

While ivory clouds go scudding in the sky,

To make a lovely picture everywhere.

Let streets be covered deep with sparkling stars,

And all the winter roses bloom again,

While Christmas angels fill the velvet night

With madrigals of holiest refrain.

But most of all, swing wide my portaled heart,

Remove the rancor and corroding sin,

And help me keep one holy candle bright

With fervent prayer, that Christ may enter in.

At Christmastime the wreaths and boughs of pine and juniper that are brought into the house for decoration bring all the freshness and spice of the great outdoors. It is very interesting to know why many trees, shrubs and flowers in different parts of the world become symbols of the holy season.



For instance, the holly tree has an appealing way of spreading out its branches covered with glistening shiny leaves when other trees are bare. In the northwest and other damp climates these grow into such chubby trees and in the winter bedeck themselves with clusters of gorgeous berries that the birds flock to them for a winter's feast.

To the early Christians this tree was a symbol of the burning bush, and of the flaming love for God that filled the heart of Mary, the mother of baby Jesus. They loved holly above all other growing things, and that love has come down to us through the ages.

"Of all the trees that are in the wood—

The holly wears the crown!"

Mistletoe is the name of the strange little plant that is in reality a parasite, for it lives in clusters on the branches of other trees. In ancient days its origin was regarded as a deep mystery. They had a superstitious belief that Druids cut it from oak trees with a golden sickle and its pearly berries and leaves would fall upon a white cloth held by a band of maidens. They believed the little plant possessed healing powers and called it the *Guidhel*, or *All-Heal*.

For many centuries after the birth of the Christ Child, the wreaths of mistletoe were hung upon the altars at Christmas time as emblems of Christ's healing power. In the early days the Christians stood under a wreath of golden branch to give each other the sacred kiss of peace and good will. Well, we certainly

changed the motive of that kiss! A nice change, though.

Throughout the lowlands in Arizona on cottonwood and oak trees, we found huge clusters of mistletoe growing on branches and we got long sticks and gathered all we wanted. To me it was quite a thrill as I hadn't realized such a lovely plant grew like this.

The poinsettia or Mexican flame flower blooms in dazzling splendor at this season but only outside in the farm climates, but they are such cheery pot plants and many green thumbers can grow them and bring them into bloom year after year. I love to glance in Mrs. Annie Lewis' window on 48th South. I think she always has one in bloom this time of the year. A pretty sight that window is. The double ones that are new the last ten years are a novelty and I have even seen white ones, products of the hybridizers' art. The poinsettia is the American Christmas flower.

There are also bay tree, ground ivy and rosemary that are still used in many parts of the country in wreaths and bowers for churches and homes all with their sweet fragrances and quaint uses. So let's keep tradition alive and "deck the halls, tra la la," and all have a Merry Christmas!

—V. B. H.





## SALLY SEZ

by  
VERDIS HOWARD

### MY OLD GREEN CHEST

By Grace Candland

Today I emptied out  
An old green chest of mine,  
And came across, to my surprise,  
A soiled and faded valentine.  
I read the loving words thereon  
With somewhat of a start,  
For there in his handwriting  
"I love you, dear, with all my  
heart."

I wonder as I look at him  
If that was just a pretty caper.  
It seems his keenest interest  
Is in the evening paper.

Why not plant yourself a Valentine? How? By planting a dish garden! Every flower shop has interesting little plants such as Watermelon Begonia, Philodendron, Devil's Ivy, German Ivy, English Ivys and many new and odd striped and spotted ones such as Diffenbachia that do very well planted in globe bowls as well as open dishes. There is a wonderful peat moss put up in plastic bags. I just love to feel this stuff, it's so black and soft, just the answer to a gardener's prayer for dish gardens and such. To spend a few hours

on a dull day planting a miniature garden, whether you have a green thumb or not, will bring you a thrill you have never had before to watch the wonder of life with growing things.

It seems as though every year gardeners are dismayed by some kind of freakish weather that may permanently injure their flowers, especially their prize roses. Nature has a way of "evening up" though, because every year we have flowers, regardless!



When the hard winter of a few years back hit the west and the thermometer stood below zero for weeks, everyone expected even the hardiest of roses to be killed and to be lost forever. But somehow even most of the weakest ones came up from the crown and made a strong comeback. Many of the Floribundas and some of the newer tea roses are about as hardy as oak trees. The climbing roses usually take two years to gain what they lost by a big freeze but this damage could be eliminated by laying the canes down on the ground and piling rubbish or pine boughs on them, and then let Mother Nature cover with a blanket of snow.

So far this winter there has been no freezing back of the rose canes, but it may be that later on damage can come if warm days bring the bushes out of their dormant state. Then the alternate freezing and thawing could do harm, so if some of your bushes are your pride and joy it isn't too late to protect with a light mulch, just to keep the action of alternate freezing and thawing at a minimum.

Roses went into the winter season with plenty of moisture in the ground; this helps considerably. Even though there has not been too much snow in many parts of our valley, there has been enough to provide quite a bit of protection.

In March and April, when it is time to prune the rose bushes, those that were left uncovered should be regarded with patience because even an inch or two of life green wood down at the ground level still holds invisible eyes that will produce lovely June blooms.

—V.B.H.



Thursday, April 5, 1951



**SALLY**

**SEZ**

by

**VERDIS HOWARD**

### HOME

By Nick Kenny

Home is where the heart is  
When you're far away.  
Home is where your dreams go  
At the end of day.

When you follow rainbows  
You will always find  
That they lead you homeward  
To joys you left behind.

For home is where God's blessings  
Somehow never cease;  
Home is where the heart is  
And where the heart finds  
peace.

When I was a little kid, Dad  
used to take us for a ride in the  
"surrey with the fringe on top,"  
and he would say as we neared  
home, "Well, east or west, home  
is best!" I thought of that old  
saying as I neared my home  
through the beautiful Rocky  
Mountains recently.



While I was in New York, I was fortunate enough to be able to visit the 35th annual International Flower Show held in the Grand Central Palace. Never in my life do I expect to see so many wonderful flower displays as I did that day. I had less than three hours to see it all, and I could have stayed there three days. The huge building was about as large as the Tabernacle only with four stories. Every one of the four floors was packed with all kinds of flowers from roses, delphiniums, lilies, peonies and rare, exotic flowers from far away I had never seen before. There was a large forty-foot square area composed of all orchids—green, pink, white, and even black ones. When I saw these I almost said aloud, "I don't believe it," but there they were, just like velvet. Right in the middle of all these gorgeous orchids was a live cock-a-too bird preening himself under a large palm tree that had been shipped from Florida.

There were large dogwood trees in full bloom, azaleas and rhododendrons almost as large as apricot trees, tulips from Holland growing in solid beds just as if they had always been there.



SALLY

SEZ

by

VERDIS HOWARD

### FLOWER MAN

By Nick Kenny

He pushes summer down a street.  
Bright red geraniums, zinnias  
—rambling rose;  
Drab faces brighten in each win-  
dow seat . . .  
Enchanted children follow as  
he goes.  
He is the gay Pied Piper of the  
flowers.  
Calling our hearts to come  
with him, away  
To spots where sun dials count  
the sunny hours . . .  
He is the memory of a summer  
day.  
Out of the wistful windows of  
the town  
We watch until at last he dis-  
appears.  
Taking our hearts away with his  
bright flowers.  
Fresh-watered by a million un-  
seen tears!



So much to do with these lovely warm days and every corner of my garden is filled with lawn grass—I wish there was some magic potion to keep grass where it belongs!

With flowering trees and lilacs in bloom right here in my own yard it's hard to think of any place more lovely than Holladay, and there isn't! But last month I promised to write more about the international flower show at the Grand Central Palace in New York.

Every day there were flower arrangement demonstrations by members of the federation who were known for their outstanding work in this line. They would use the color of flowers that would correspond with one or more colors found in the container. Also, every morning there was a demonstration of table

settings for special occasions such as every homemaker enjoys creating. Suitable plant material and accessories were used in harmony with the theme for the day. For instance, if it were British—Antique porcelain was used; if Swedish, it was a fine collection of Scandinavian glass, and if Mexican, the heavy highly colored pottery and with it heavy textured flowers. Nearly every country was represented, from the Far East and Africa to the Latin countries.

What interested me most was the fourth floor. There were the Saint Paulas, or African violets. Hundreds of them! I think I could have just about gone to sleep among them, I was so entranced. This has become America's No. One house plant, and the way the people were raving over them and buying them you could see why. There are about 105 different varieties and it is hard to choose which is the more lovely, especially while seeing so many all at once.

I wrote home and told the folks about these violets and incidentally hinting as to how my own were surviving—the answer I got was to hurry home and see for myself, as all thirty of mine were blooming their heads off and that I had a flower show of my own. You see, I had my husband trained to test the soil with his finger every day so they



wouldn't dry out. I even threatened the family, if they let them die while I was gone—but bless their hearts, I think they tended them better than I do, as not even one looked sick.

Getting back to the flower show right in the heart of New York City with skyscrapers as a backdrop, up about the noise and confusion of city life were pent houses and terrace gardens that were truly a sanctuary of peace that was hard to realize.

Even though a flower show like this is only open to the public for a week, it takes a whole year of planning and a great deal of effort by many people to stage it.

If the public came away from it as I did, with my arms full of garden literature and my head full of dreams, it was worth it.

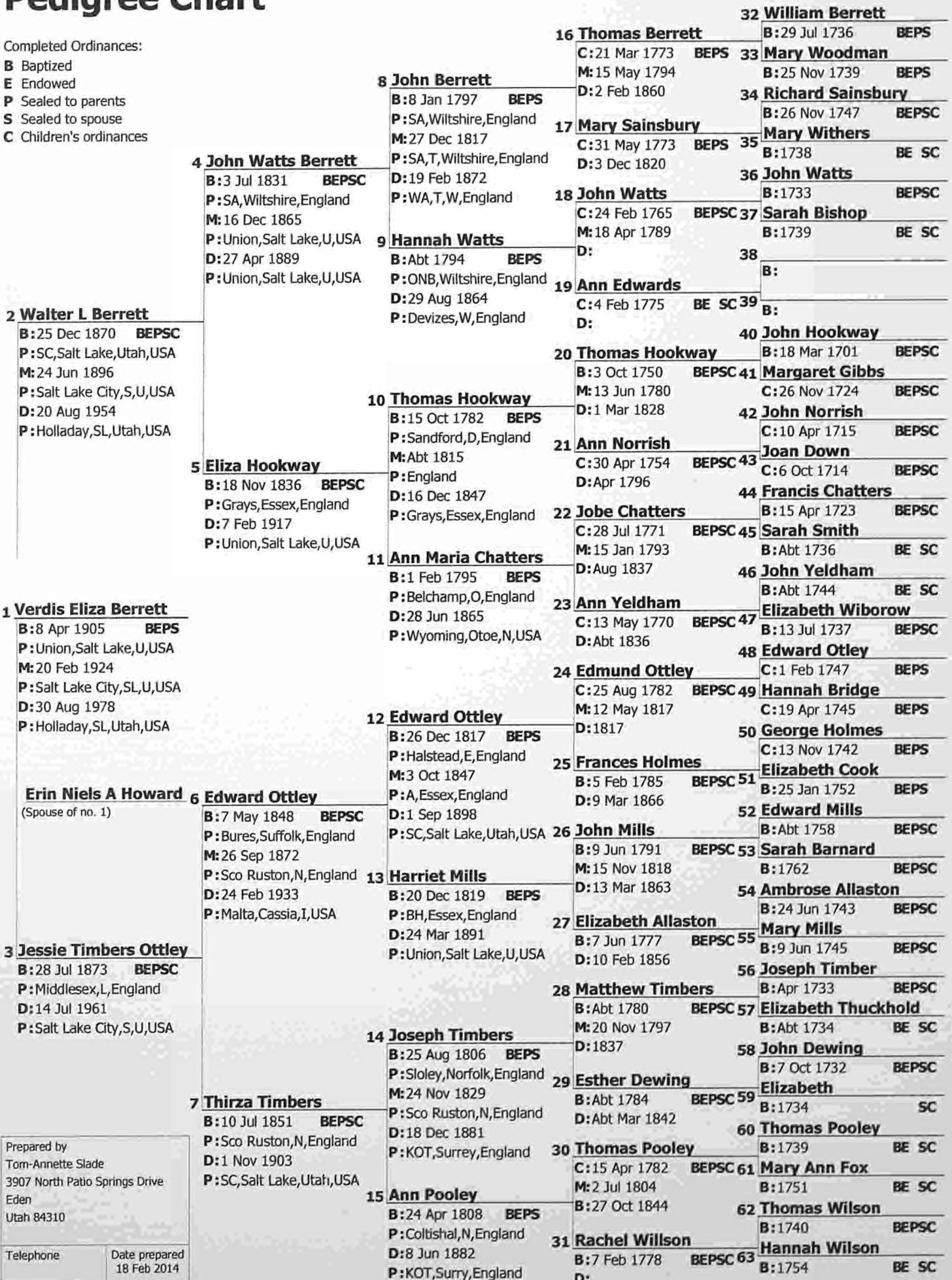
V.B.H.



# Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B** Baptized
- E** Endowed
- P** Sealed to parents
- S** Sealed to spouse
- C** Children's ordinances



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