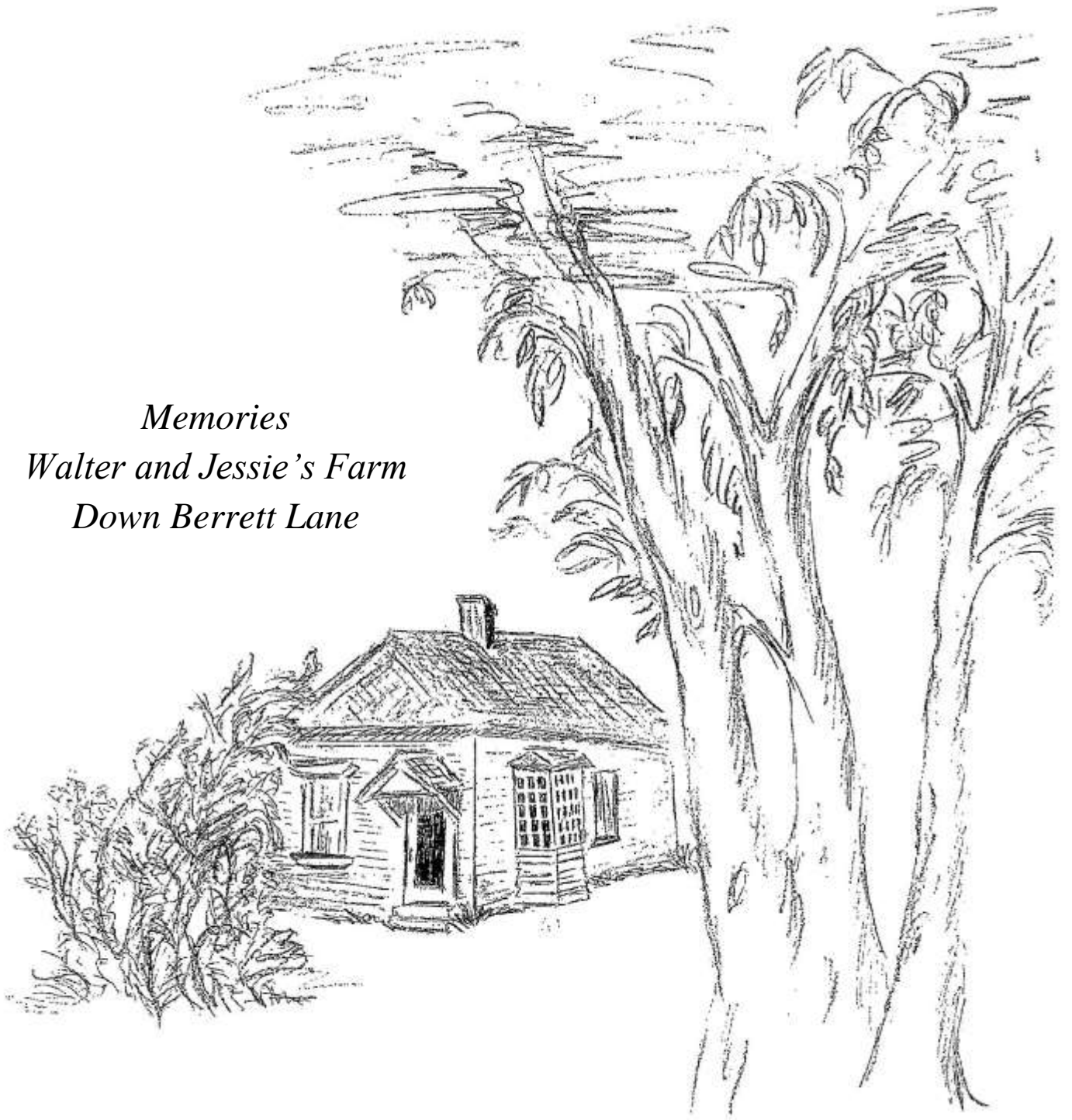


*Memories
Walter and Jessie's Farm
Down Berrett Lane*



*Prepared by
Annette Slade*

MEMORIES — WALTER AND JESSIE'S FARM DOWN BERRETT LANE

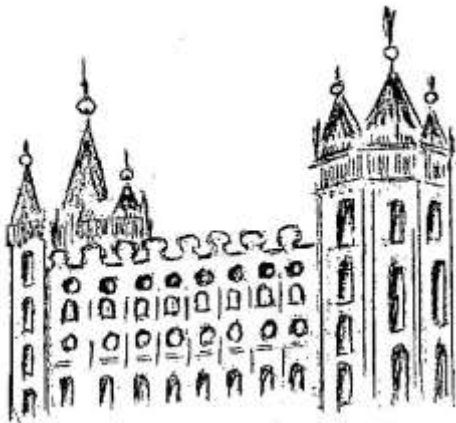
Berrett Cousins Reunion — Saturday, August 1, 1998

LOIS (EVANS) TURNER — There were so many things good to remember about the farm, I don't know where to start. I know all of us remember the cans of flowers that we picked up on the hill, and we brought them back to Grandma, and she always had a can or bottle or some container that we could fill with water. And we would line them all up on the north side of her bedroom. And of course she was always just "thrilled to death" with every bouquet that we brought down to her.



And I remember the times of going out in the garden with Grandpa and watching him pluck melons. He grew the best watermelons in the whole world. That good spring water straight from the mountains, clean and pure, running down into his sandy soil made the best watermelons. And of course he was the best gardener. No one who ever drove into his yard for any reason, relative or friend, left without something sneaked into the back seat of the car—some of his apples, or some grapes or freshly picked vegetables. Grandpa always gave something from his gardens to people who came to visit.

Do you first cousins remember the "slip-gut" grapes? And the ones that tasted the best grew right next to the old toilet (out house)—and they were also the slippyest.



I wonder how many of you know that Grandma Berrett sang in the choir at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple (April 1893). At that time she was working for Brother Penrose, and he talked her into going down and signing up with the choir and singing. The reason I know this is that one time when we were practicing the Anthem, she said, "You know, I sang that with the choir when the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated." Also, another event that occurred while she was living with Brother Penrose's family—he was the one who talked her into getting baptized, telling her it was time. She was almost 18. As you know, her mother, Great Grandma Ottley (Thirza Timbers Ottley, b. July 1851) never did join the Church while she was living because she promised her mother before she left England that she wouldn't. Of course

her work has been done, and she is very happy I know. So it took Grandma (Jessie) a little longer to get baptized. But I'll be forever grateful to Brother Penrose for his convincing her that this was the right thing to do.

Mother (Melva) always talked about her little Grandma Berrett (Eliza Hookway Berrett, b. November 1836). She used to go over and stay with her, and she would tell her stories. Mom said (and like all of us say), "We wish we'd written them down." She was a little thing, this Great-Grandmother of ours, just a short little woman, who gave up so much to come to the Salt Lake Valley. And it's because of her and Great-Grandfather John Watts Berrett (b. July 1831) that we are here, born as members of the Church and members to this day. I am so grateful for faithful grandparents and great-grandparents and for our faithful parents who made it possible for us all to enjoy the blessings the Gospel brings to us and will yet bring to us.

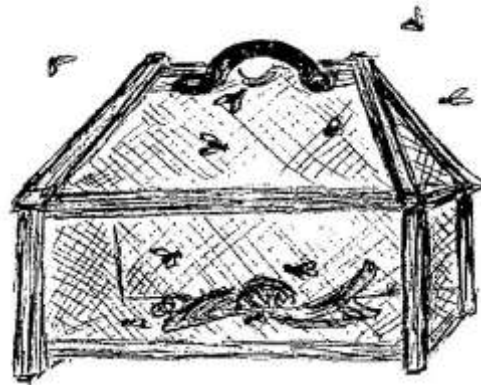
I know there are many more stories, but all of you have something to share also. Just know that I love my Grandpa and Grandma Berrett, and I'm very grateful for all they have given to us.

BOB (ROBERT C.) BRADY — I worked with LaMar Berrett for five years helping him put the book together (*Down Berrett Lane*, Vol I and II, 1980). He did about ninety-five percent of it, only did about five percent, but it was a wonderful accomplishment by LaMar. They are great books.

How many of you know where the big round cement water cistern system is? It's right across the street from where the old Berrett farm used to be. I'd like to get the name of that street changed to Berrett Lane, but haven't done it yet. If any of you would like to help me, let me know.

I really had a great time as a boy on Granddad's farm. He used to take us over to the little store and service station in Union for an ice cream cone. How many remember that? Have you seen that neighborhood lately? Union even has high rises now. It's hard to believe that Grandpa used to take us over in his buggy for ice cream at that little store where they had a pump and people pumped their own gasoline. It was a wonderful time back then.

WALLY (WALLACE B.) BROWN — Most of my generation will remember the famous fly catcher that Grandpa made that was always out on the back door stoop. I still don't quite understand how he made it, but he used screen and wood to make a frame. It was fashioned in a way that the bottom could be removed, and he kept melon rinds or other such scraps inside. It also had a leather strap on top so it could be easily moved around. The scraps of food attracted the flies, and when they crawled into the hole in the top they couldn't find their way out. There were always many flies humming around this clever contraption on the back porch during the summer time. Anyway, that was Grandpa's "famous" fly catcher.

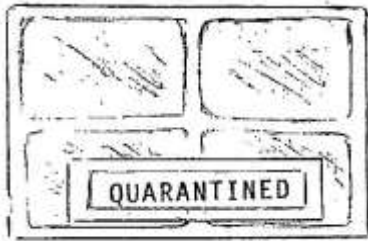


Also, there was a beautiful little stream that ran right through the yard. It was only about three or four feet wide . . . clear, cold water. I remember Toni (Annette) and I would lay on our bellies watching the water skeeters race down that little stream. Toni was my girl friend.

VERNON BRADY — While looking at this nice radio system, I thought: years ago there were home recorders which were the predecessors to tape recorders. Uncle Erin and Aunt Verdis had a home recorder. And because Uncle Floyd and his family lived up in the Northwest, they decided to make a recording and send to them. So my mother (Eva) and Aunt Melva, Aunt Verdis and Aunt Thirza decided to make a recording, which they did. But mother took it upon herself to tell a joke, and it was long and detailed (I don't remember the joke, and as it turned out, she didn't either). She went on for three or four minutes telling the joke and using up most of the recording space, and as she lost her way, she ended up by saying, "I can't tell jokes on the radio!" So Uncle Floyd called after he had received the recording, and he said the best part of the whole recording was Eva telling the joke, and her comment about not being able to tell a joke on the radio.

When we were little kids we used to stay out at Grandma and Grandpa's house (overnight or for a few days), as many of you probably did also. One morning during one of these stays Grandpa Berrett had been out doing the chores. He came in after breakfast, and Grandma was in the process of rinsing the dishes in the dishpan. Grandpa came in and was fussing about something, and it became obvious that she was becoming irritated. As Grandma finished rinsing the dishes, she wiped her hands off with a dish towel, picked up the little dishpan full of rinse water (which she normally threw outside), turned around and tossed the water in his face. He merely stood there sputtering, with water running down his face and onto his shoulders. Instead of getting angry he just laughed, then they both had a good laugh.

REATHA (EVANS) ROESTENBURG — All of this reminiscing brought back a few memories of Grandma and Grandpa. Do you remember the step between the living room and the old kitchen? It was just the right height for a toddler to sit on. Grandma said all her grandchildren learned to walk from that step, because they would be sitting there, and then would just stand up and take off.



Another memory—when my family was quarantined in with Scarlet Fever (in those days they put up a horrible orange sign with black lettering in the window which people could see for miles away). I had to be shifted out of the house because I was the only one who didn't catch it at that time. My Dad lived in the basement and waved to Mother as he came up the stairs on his way to work in the mornings. But I stayed with Grandma during this time of quarantine, and it was the most delightful experience, I think, in my life.

Our Mother made all of our clothes, of course, in those days, which was nice. But while I was staying there with Grandma, she made me a dress. And that dress was the same color and style and everything just as it appeared on the pattern envelope (I can still see it in my mind as it was pictured on the envelope). Now my Mother had made dresses from patterns before, but never just like the picture on the envelope. This little dress was a pretty shade of blue with a white collar and cuffs and a little red bow tie at the neck. I thought it was the sweetest dress because it matched exactly the picture on the pattern envelope. She sewed it on the old treadle sewing machine—I can still picture her little legs moving up and down on that machine treadle.



And let's not forget all the beautiful quilts that Grandmother made for us, and embroidered pillow cases with crocheted edgings and the crocheted booties, hot pads, and many other items she fashioned. I just gave one of her quilts to Cheryl, and as I looked at it, noticed it was all done by hand. There wasn't one single machine stitch in that quilt—it was all hand made. We don't do things like that anymore. It's a treasure.

There was a slight hill from the driveway down into the yard. We used to push the old buckboard wagon up the hill, then we'd all hop onto it, then let it go. Bob and Kelly were usually the ones who guided it down the hill.

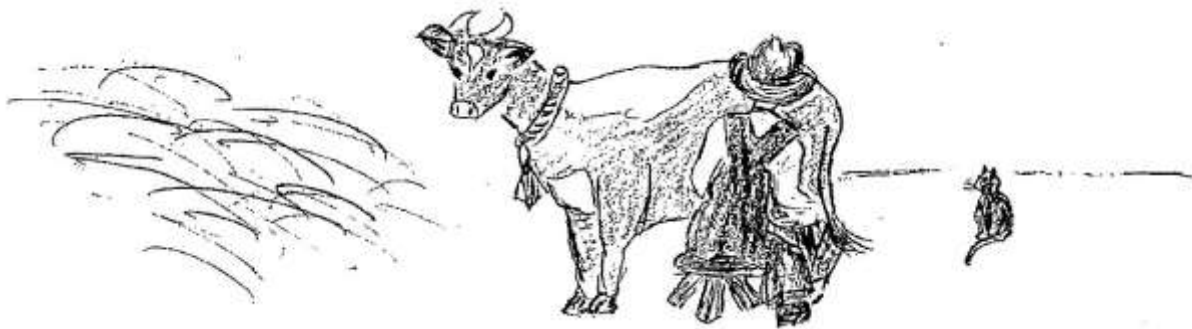
There are no memories quite like those of being at Grandma and Grandpa's farm.

KELLY (KELVIN E.) EVANS — How many of you (of my generation) remember putting out fires up on the old hill above the canal? Every Fourth of July our Dad bought a bucket or basket full of fireworks. We lined them all up against the south fence along Grandma's and Grandpa's front yard and set them off. Invariably they set the June Grass on fire up on the old hill. So we had to go up there with gunny sacks that had been soaked up with canal water and put the fires out by beating them with the gunny sacks.



LOIS — I remember one Fourth of July when my Mother didn't come back with Uncle Floyd and the others who had been up there fighting the fires. And I asked my Uncle Floyd where Mother was, and he said, "She broke her leg and we shot her and left her up there." It broke my heart . . . I believed my Uncle!

How many of us remember “Old Jack” . . . Grandpa’s old horse? One time we were sitting up on him, and he sat down, and we all slid off. I was on the bottom. Also, when Grandpa went out to the barn to milk the cow, the cat sat next to him. And he used to turn and squirt the milk right into the cat’s mouth straight from the udder.



KELLY — Have any of you ever thought of Grandpa Berrett smoking a cigar? Well, he used to work up at Alta (or Brighton) hauling ore down the Canyon (I think it was the Cardiff Mine). There was someone who worked on the same shift up there whose wife had just had a baby, and he was passing out cigars. Grandpa knew that Grandma liked cigars to soak in water, and then pour it around her roses as a disinfectant. So he took one. And that day when he came driving his wagon into the driveway he had that cigar in the corner of his mouth. I thought Grandma was going to have a fit. She took a broom after him and chased him right off that wagon.

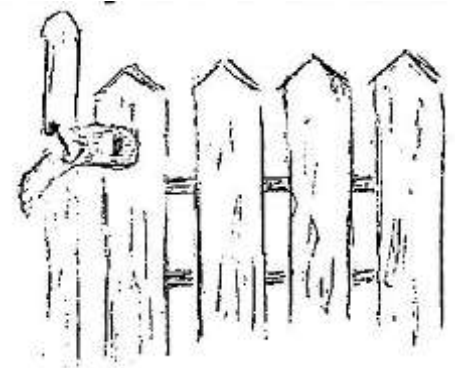
TED (W. EDWARD) BRADY — There are a couple things I remember. The grape arbor is one. Sometimes now when I have some Welch’s white grape juice, it tastes just like that grape arbor used to smell. It brings back all those memories, every time I drink some.



Another fun thing, was climbing up into that buggy and running down the lane, giving it a push and rolling down . . . that was just a lot of fun.

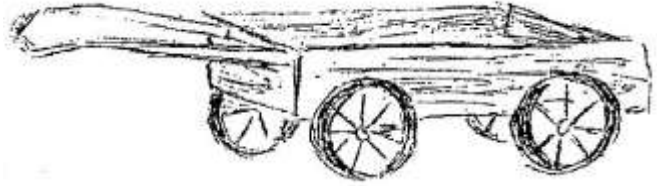
Also, those wonderful cookies that Grandma Berrett always had in the cookie jar (whole wheat oatmeal raisin)—they were always fun to eat. Those are some of the things that come to my mind . . . it was always a wonderful pace for a grandchild to go.

KATHLEEN (HOWARD) KRISTENSEN — During the Tabernacle Choir tour while we were visiting some of the wonderful old cathedrals in Europe (some of which are embellished with gold and other riches of the world), I thought to myself, “What am I doing here?” I came from very poor circumstances. In my mind I compared some of the gold and brass latches and knobs with Grandpa Berrett’s little hand-made latches on his doors with which he hooked his gates shut, using strips of leather. I used to think it was so neat and clever the way these leather straps wrapped around and hooked onto nails. Really, we all came from very humble parentage. And yet our family enjoys such great blessings.



Do you remember the sweat that Grandpa scraped off the horses after they had been working? I asked him one time, “What are you going to do with all that white foam?” He said, “I’m going to take it in the house and Grandma’s going to make soap with it.” I still think about that when I use soap.

LAMAR (F.) EVANS — I remember Grandpa Berrett as being quite a great innovator. When Kathleen talked about the leather latches, it reminded me of the fact that he also made hinges out of leather strips for all the doors on his storage cabinets. He didn't have the money to buy anything, so he just made things when he needed them. One of the last things I remember his making (when he was still able to get around) was a little wagon. It only stood about a foot off the ground. The four wheels were some old iron wheelbarrow wheels. He hitched this homemade wagon to his horse and drove that thing from his house three miles down to our house to show us, then gave all of us a ride on it. That was a fun experience. It is one of the last things I can remember his creating from things around the yard.



I still have in my possession a box that was Grandpa's that has a bunch of old pipe fittings in it. He made it, a little long box with compartments in it and a carrying handle on top. That's something I treasure.

Another memory-filled event took place during our visits in the Fall of each year. Grandpa took us out to the old chicken coop. There he had all the apples that he had harvested separated as to the different varieties on the floor with blankets and straw on each pile. He had sacks there for us. Then he peeled back each blanket for us to choose the apples we wanted to take home with us. Those were some of the best apples I've ever eaten, maybe because of all the love that went with them . . . but they were so good. (KELLY — I have some of those apple trees in my back yard, White Niagaras, etc. And like Lois said, they always tasted better if they were located right around the old privy.)



ANNETTE (HOWARD) SLADE — I remember sneaking out to the pea patch to pick and eat peas, Wally and I. And if we saw Grandpa coming in our direction, we quickly lay down on our tummies so he couldn't see us. (How naive we were to think he didn't know we were there.) We loved raiding the strawberry patch, too.

Also, I remember walking into the side door of the chicken coop where there were large barrels of wheat. We cupped our hands, scooped up the grain and stuffed our mouths full. Then we chewed and chewed it into wheat gum.

When LaMar mentioned Grandpa's being so innovative, it reminded me of the fact that Grandma was also very creative. She could prepare a dinner from seemingly nothing. Her cupboards were empty, but she walked down to the root cellar, brought up food, and prepared a delicious dinner in a very short time.

I recall riding out to the farm in the car so my Mother could get together with her sisters and her Mother. They sat at the table and chatted while they drank their "cuppas."

I shall be eternally grateful to my Grandma for teaching me how to embroider and to crochet. I especially loved to crochet, and made literally dozens of doilies throughout my early teen years. She also taught me many different games of solitaire. I think my love of listening to the radio must have stemmed from the many hours of watching her sit in her rocking chair, listening to the radio while crocheting or hand sewing.

These skills stay with us all of our lives. In fact, Shirley is sitting there at the picnic table embroidering as we speak.

SHIRLEY (BROWN) JENSEN — Grandma started me embroidering when I was twelve years old. My first project was a table cover for a card table. And I've been embroidering ever since. I'm doing some dish towels right now for "the boys," some friends who live near us who help out by taking me places.

I remember taking egg nog in a pitcher and some paper cups down to Grandpa who was out working in the field.

Also, Grandpa gave me the job of gathering eggs. I carried the bucket out to the chicken coop. I used to argue with the hens when they wouldn't get up off their nests and let me have the eggs. This caused quite a ruckus.

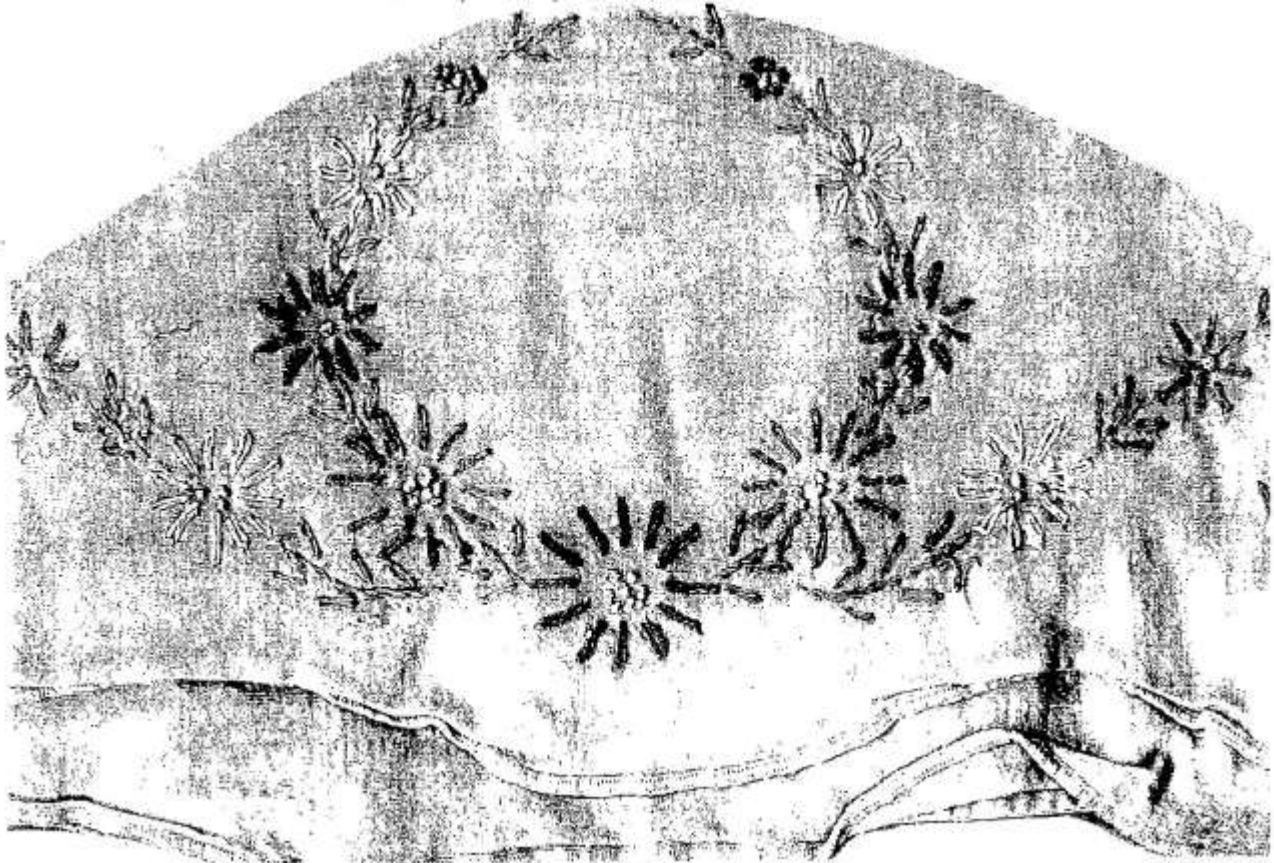


At Christmas time I remember Grandpa taking us around on a hayride caroling, a bunch of us cousins, all bundled up. Then we came back to the house and drank apple cider and ate donuts.

At one time when I was young we lived in the little white house by Grandma and Grandpa. I used to get up and eat breakfast, then go out and cross over the creek, run to Grandma's, pull up a chair and eat breakfast with her. Then at lunch time I ate lunch, then went over to Grandma's and ate lunch with her, and on and on.

Also, I remember sitting under the big tree on the lawn shelling peas, and eating them as I shelled. Grandma slapped my hand and said, "Don't eat the peas or we won't have any for dinner."

I used to help with the refreshments when Grandma had a quilting bee at her house. I remember having to crawl under the quilting frames to get to the kitchen.



FRANK BERRETT — Now I want to find out about something . . . my memory's slipped a bit. There's another man in this group here today who participated in an event one time while our family was visiting the farm. It was either Ted, or Wally (no, he was too nice), it might have been Vernon, or it might have been Kelly. Do you remember when Grandpa Berrett had those chickens that laid eggs? And we had to be very quiet in the chicken coop or they'd get scared and wouldn't lay eggs. When we went in that chicken coop we couldn't say a word. One of you, with me, locked Grandpa in the chicken coop. And he spent half the day in there because he couldn't shout . . . he couldn't disturb the hens. Who was that? It was one of you who led me astray. (In the background, "not I, not I, must have been Bonnie.")

BONNIE (BERRETT) DALTON — I have very few memories of my grandparents (because of living out of state), and I hope each of you young children will take advantage of being close to your grandparents and get to know them. I knew Grandma Berrett somewhat. We used to come down from Seattle for a week to visit our relatives in Logan and Salt Lake. I can remember sitting on the bridge dangling my feet above the little stream. I've been trying to retrieve more memories, but I was just too young.

WALLY — Last year I asked if there were any volunteers who would go help me trim the junipers away from our Grandparents' headstone in the Murray Cemetery. There were three or four of you who said you would, but I never did get anything organized; and so I did it myself, and it was no big deal. You know those twin junipers that were planted on either side of the headstone just completely grew over it. I just cut it all out in sort of an arch. So it can be seen now and we can go put flowers there. Uncle Ted and Aunt Josie and the twins are all right next to it. Also, although I should have known this before (and probably most of you do), I found John Watts Berrett's grave. It's only about 100 yards from where Grandma and Grandpa are buried. It's northeast, quite tall, a monument of white sandstone.



LOIS — I can attest to the fact that the cemetery plot looks a lot better now, because last year for the Sesquicentennial Elmo and I bought plaques for all the grandparents. When we went over to the grave sites, I had to crawl on my stomach to get under those trees in order to put that little plaque on the grave. Then this last year we went to put flowers on the graves and it looked beautiful, Wally. It was very well done. We really appreciate it. The grave site is much more becoming to Grandma and Grandpa now.

REATHA — This memory probably just has to do with Frank and Bonnie's family. From the time that I was almost eighteen, and was working, I spent my summers visiting them in Seattle. One time a group of young people came by in a car and wanted me to go with them for a ride and I hesitated. So they all went into the house and talked with Aunt Josie. One of the girls said "Well, my Mother's the P.T. A. President," so they let me go with them. We became good friends and all five of them have communicated with me over the years. Two weeks ago I received a letter from one of those girls. She was baptized into the Church in New Orleans; and she wrote, "I just want you to know that you had a great deal to do with this. You were the first Mormon person I had ever met in my life." I was so tickled I just cried.

— LATER SUBMISSIONS —

LYNNE (BROWN) EVANS — I remember the tea parties (especially with my cousins) under the big Cottonwood tree on the lawn. And by the way, the tree is still there.

There are many things I remember, such as the root cellar and the two-holer out back, and the pans of milk that used to be setting all around in the kitchen waiting for Grandma to skim off the cream.

I can recall my Mom telling me that it used to be a two-day trip into town, and when they went they stayed overnight somewhere.

DAVID (BERRETT) BROWN — My fondest memory of Grandpa Berrett was the time he helped me build a saddle to put on Old Nig, the work horse, so I could ride him. I liked horses a lot, and there just wasn't a saddle available, so he and I made one. We used old carpet pieces and 2x4 and 1x4 scrap lumber. It had stirrups made of old belts with wood for the feet. I wasn't able to ride in it for very long because it rubbed sores on Old Nig's back. That's something that has always stuck in my mind.

Also, Grandpa and I used to sit on the fence and talk with each other . . . it seemed like for hours.

DARLENE (HOWARD B.) FOLEY — I remember loving to go over to the farm to stay overnight. One time I especially wanted to stay and sleep with Grandma Berrett. I cried and carried on, but didn't get my way.

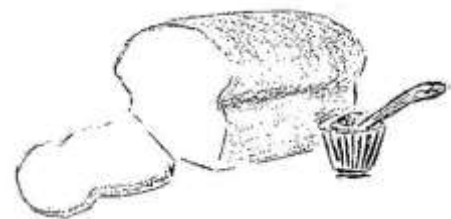
When I picture Grandma in my "mind's eye," I see a woman who always wore an apron over her quite large stature, who had beautiful white wavy hair and glasses covering her piercing brown eyes. She had an adorable infectious laugh and always smiled, even though arthritis kept her from walking without a limp.

During my sixteenth or seventeenth summer Grandma Berrett caught her arm in the wringer of her washer, breaking it. I received permission to ride my Indian Pinto pony from Holladay out to Union to help her. In the middle of the night, she awakened, maybe because she was in pain and she fainted. The loud thud of her fall awakened me, and somehow I was able to get her up off the floor and onto the couch.

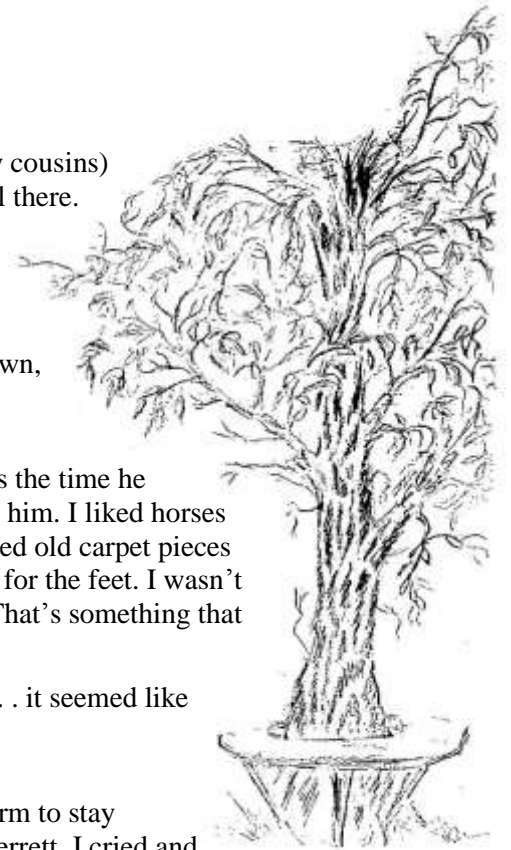
Also, I remember seeing Grandpa Berrett wearing a little stocking cap to bed and sleeping out on the screened porch. I worried that he would freeze out there.

There was always a good milk cow on the farm and what fun it was to go down into the cool cellar and help skim the thick clumps of cream from the pans. Sometimes our family was fortunate enough to receive a jar of this heaviest of all cream to make into homemade ice cream or to use as topping on puddings.

I have very fond memories of the wonderful homemade white bread and raspberry jam that Grandma made—how delicious it was.



LILA (EVANS) EMERY — I treasure the wonderful memories I have of Grandma's and Grandpa's house in Union. I loved to visit there. I still drive by today and look for the big tree that grew in their front yard and think of the summer Sunday afternoons with the aunts, uncles and cousins sitting on the lawn under that shade. Grandpa built a shelf or bench around the trunk of the big old tree. And she brought her house plants outside to grace the base, and also placed some plants on old tables. She grew them from small



“starts” in jelly glasses or tin cups, cans or in China pots and dishes, turning them into showstoppers. Some of my favorites were the Silver Dollar plant, the Shrimp plant, Lipstick plant and Fuchsias that I thought were mini pomegranates. I credit Grandma with my love for plants and growing flowers. I don’t have her successful green thumb, but I love all blooming plants. I loved her big bay window garden. She grew every variety imaginable in that window garden. I loved watching her water and talk to each one of her flowers



When my folks traveled, I was privileged to stay overnight with Grandma and Grandpa, sleeping out on the day bed in the old kitchen. It wasn’t too often, but there are benefits to being the youngest in the family! Grandma taught me how to make tea and play solitaire and crochet during the long evenings we spent together. I must confess I also inherited her love for good English tea. However, we had to convert to the herbal stuff (I don’t think Grandma ever did, though). There were benefits to being sick, because then my Mom would fix me some of Grandma’s tea. At the first sign of stomach upset I was begging for a cup of tea. As I reached my teen years and rebelled, tea was my weakness. Even now herbal tea just isn’t the same on “those days.”

When Uncle Floyd came to town we all tried to escape his terrible “dry shave” that he inflicted upon us. Kathy Howard, Lynne Brown and I were known as the “triplet cousins.” As we approached our teen years we slipped away and sat in Uncle Erin’s fancy car and told each other of our escapades. Of course there were the boy cousins to tease (they were “older and more sophisticated” than we were). And there was always lots of room to play No Bears Are Out Tonight when it got dark.

As Grandma got older her knees became so swollen with arthritis she spent many hours in her beloved rocker by the window and crocheted everything imaginable. To this day, even though I do know how to knit, I would much rather crochet. Her footstool was made of large juice cans tied together with a crocheted cover. She crocheted baby booties, doilies, mittens, slippers, etc. I also remember her sitting at the treadle sewing machine stitching fabric pieces together to make beautiful quilts for children and grandchildren. One of my greatest treasures is the quilt top she finished for me just before she died. My Mom quilted it for my wedding. I am always proud to display that beautiful quilt.



I inherited my love for horehound candy and those big pink mints we called “church mints” from Grandpa—he always had them in his pockets ready to share. He was a great farmer and loved the land. He used to look up at the “crow’s foot” in the east mountains and tell me that if there was snow in there on my birthday (Fourth of July), there would be water enough for the farmers that year. He grew the best watermelons anywhere and his vegetables were absolutely the greatest. There was nothing better than fresh-picked corn from Grandpa! One day he hitched his horse to his wagon and brought some produce down to our house on Third East and 7500 South. I looked out my window to see little old Grandpa in his wagon driving down our long lane. That sight will never leave my memory, it is a treasure. He was so precious and dear, loving to share everything he had with his family. It seemed the older he got, the smaller he got. I don’t ever remember Grandpa raising his voice; he was truly a “gentle” man. My brother LaMar inherited his sweet even temperament.

I loved the mystery of the root cellar. No way would I ever go inside that cool dark place. I was positive huge spiders lived there. I remember the uneven sidewalk that led to the back door, it reminded me of the Fun House at Lagoon.

I am so grateful for the beautiful treasure of remembrances, the beautiful white hair, Grandpa’s bent shoulders, sweet nature and all that lies hidden in my mists of memory. I am grateful for the heritage of the Gospel that brought those two wonderful people together to settle in Union and raise a family. Their examples will always glow in my heart. I knew they loved me!



