



**FERN BERTHA**  
**WHITMER MUNN JONES**  
*July 7, 1925 - August 6, 2008*





To my Loving Husband

# FERN BERTHA WHITMER MUNN JONES

*July 7, 1925 - August 6, 2008*



## LIFE HISTORY

Fern Bertha Whitmer was born in Alpine, Arizona, July 7, 1925. She was the fifteenth child, a twin, born to Angus and Jennie Whitmer. The twins were delivered by Sister Swapp, a midwife from Luna, New Mexico. Fern was baptized by her brother, Harold Whitmer. She lived in Alpine, Arizona until fourteen years of age when she moved to Silver City, New Mexico to live with her sister, Ethel. Fern worked at Shaw's Drug, after which she moved to Lamar, Trinidad and Pueblo where her father worked for the relocation of the Japanese. She was usually working in drug stores and Five & Dime stores.

When Fern was eighteen or nineteen, she moved to Parker, Arizona, where her father guarded warehouses for the government. She cashiered in grocery stores for two years. It was here she met Jim Munn and went with him as she felt he was the only nice boy in that area. He was two years younger than Fern. Jim had a brother, Melvin, in the Marines. He came home on leave from the hospital as he had been burned quite badly and had been in Navy hospitals for six months.

It was on a Sunday and one of the few times Fern had attended a Protestant church. Fern and her girlfriend

were coming home from church and passed Melvin in his car. She made a \$5 bet with her friend that she could get a date with him. She said Fern couldn't do it because he was too popular. Fern honked her horn and he stopped. They made a date and were married three months later in Salome, Arizona by the Justice of the Peace.

While Melvin was undergoing more plastic surgery, Fern moved to Phoenix, Arizona, and worked as a long distance operator. Later, she moved to Corona, California, to be near Melvin where he was in the hospital for plastic surgery. Here Fern worked in "Ship Service" at the hospital.

Melvin and Fern moved around for the next couple of years. After he was discharged from the Marines, they settled in Morenci, Arizona, where he worked for Phelps Dodge. They went on strike and after two years, the couple moved to Arvin, California, where Melvin worked packing grapes and fruit at DeGiorgio Farms. At the same time he went to school through the government to be a mechanic. He got a job in Bakersfield with an auto company. This is where their first child, Melvin Harold, was born.



*Fern & Melvin*

Their next move took them to Bakersfield, California where Dad was recuperating from his burn. This is where they bought their first home. Melvin joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints just as they moved from Arvin. The missionaries taught him in Arvin. He became very active in the Church and so did Fern. Life was good to them and they were happier than they had ever been. Cheryl Jane, Ethelyn Marie and Gary Wayne were born in this home.

Church activity was the highlight of their lives. Melvin served as Elder's Quorum President, Seventies President, Counselor in the Bishopric twice, once for eight years, High Council, counselor to the Mission President, and Stake Mission President. He served as High Priest Group leader until two months before his death. His great love was missionary work and he often received rewards for the most referrals and baptisms. Fern served as teacher for Old and

New Testament, Primary teacher, Counselor in the Primary, Counselor to Stake Primary President, Stake Primary President of the Santa Maria Stake, MIA, and Sunday School Coordinator and again as a teacher in the Sunday School.

Dear friends of theirs, the Christensens, moved to Pismo Beach, and said he knew Melvin could get work as a mechanic at Vandenberg A.F.B. for Civil Service near Lompoc. This was an exciting time as they sold their home in Bakersfield and the family moved to Lompoc. There they bought a new home and lived in it for 24 years.

In 1971, Mel had a massive heart attack that destroyed vital muscles in his heart. He was given six months to one year to live. By this time Fern had gone back to work in a drug store to support Harold on a mission



*L-R: Back: Melvin & Fern  
Front: Harold, Ethel, Gary, & Cheryl*

and the children in college. Her boss, Karl Braun, gave her a trip to Hawaii for eleven days on three islands following Melvin's heart attack. When he was sufficiently recovered, they left for the dream trip of a lifetime to see all the islands. They had a wonderful time seeing many sights.

In 1980 Melvin and Fern were called to serve an eighteen month mission to the St. Louis Mission. This proved to be a choice experience with lasting memories. Melvin was instrumental in acquiring land for the branch building to be built on. Many members were activated and eleven souls were baptized into the Church. Fern still corresponds with friends made during this time.



*Melvin & Fern - 1980 St Louis Mission*

Eight months after their return to Lompoc, Melvin was called on another mission, a more permanent one. He died on April 19, 1982. Ten days before this, he

told Fern he was going to have to leave soon as he had genealogy and missionary work to do. This was a very sad time for the family as they lost a choice husband and father who had always been kind and loving to all.

Fern went to work immediately in the Los Angeles Temple as an ordinance worker. She would drive the three hours alone to Los Angeles and serve the third week of every month. She continued in this calling for two years staying in the temple apartments during the week she worked there. Fern loved serving Heavenly Father in this calling.

The children worried about their mother living so far away from them and insisted she sell her home and move to Utah to be near them. In October 1984, she made the move to West Jordan, Utah, close to the Jordan River Temple. She transferred her temple calling to the Jordan River Temple and didn't need the Stake President or Bishop to okay the call. She loved her work in the temple and made many friends. She was privileged to work with Sister Kimball and Sister Benson in the temple.

By this time Fern had been called to work with the Stake Single Adults and enjoyed this very much. When she had served in the temple for two and a half years, her life took on new meaning. In January of 1987, she met Robert "Bob" F. Jones, while they were getting their cars serviced at Sears. His wife had died two years before and Melvin had been gone for five years.

This chance meeting resulted in their marriage in the Jordan River Temple for "time" on March 3, 1987. The Lord truly blessed Fern. "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say." (D&C 82:10) She was able to sell her home even though the market was very depressed. She and Bob have been married for ten years and are very happy as they enjoy many of the same things.

Commander Jones, as Bob is known in the Navy, was born in Kamas, Utah. He has two sons. He served on the USS Mississippi and the USS Nevada in World War



*Fern & Bob*

II. His naval career took him to many exciting ports. Other ships he served on included: the USS Coral Sea, the USS North Hampton, and finally the USS Enterprise, the nuclear powered carrier, as weapons officer.

Fern's life and happiness has been serving in the Church for the Lord. "I have a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know God lives. That Jesus is the Christ. That Joseph Smith was a prophet and did restore the true Gospel once again to the earth. That we have a living prophet today to lead and give us revelation. My joy has been the Church and raising my family. Harold and Teresa have eight children, Cheryl has six children, Ethelyn has four children, and Gary has one child. Truly, the Lord has blessed me."



*Fern & Daughters | L-R: Cheryl, Fern, and Ethel*

# FERN BERTHA WHITMER

## *My Autobiography*



### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My parents are Angus Van Meter Whitmer and Sarah Jane Judd Whitmer, known by all as 'Jennie.' The Whitmers came from Switzerland. The Judds immigrated from Canada. They lived in Connecticut in the early 1600s having immigrated from England.

#### Meals and Home Life

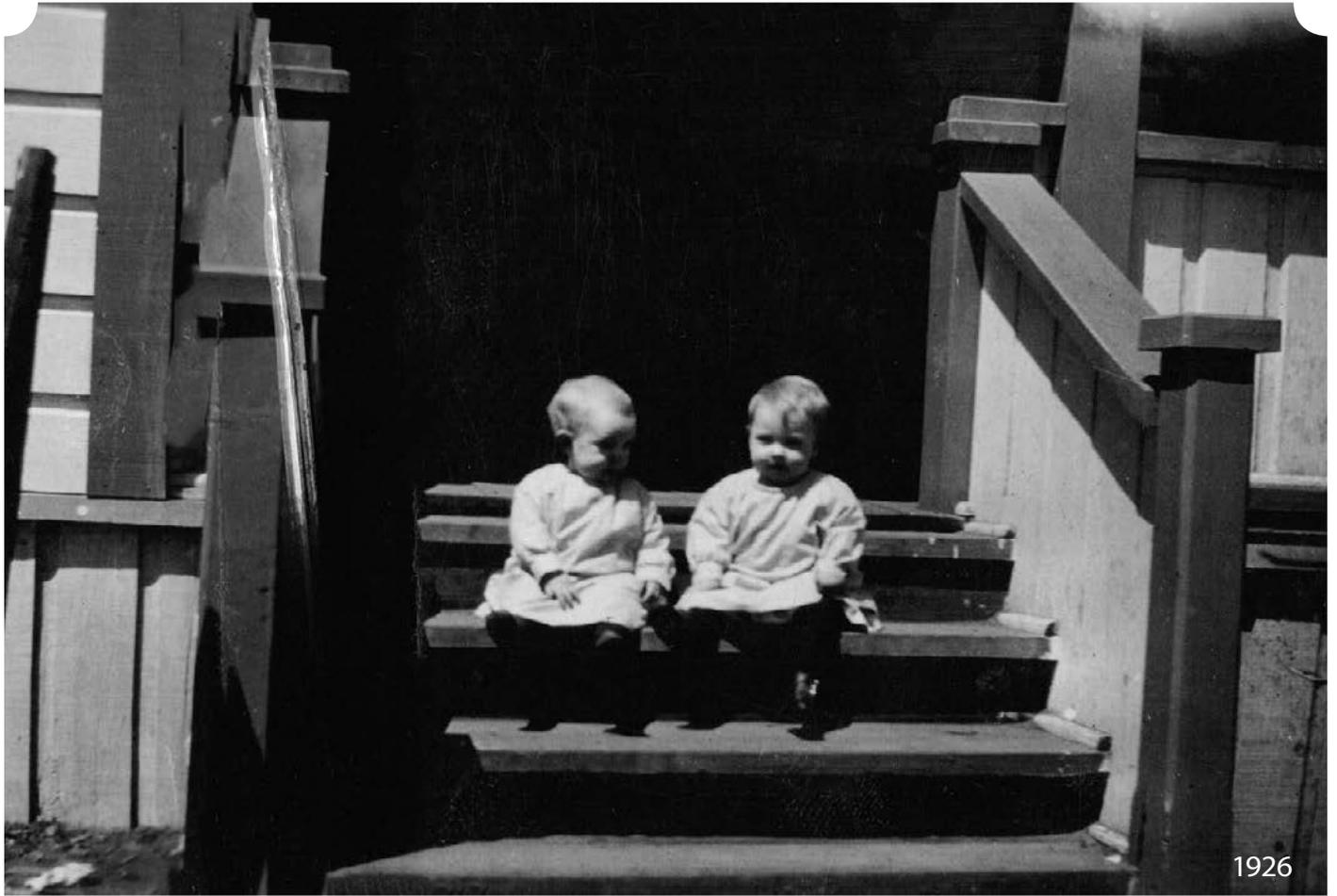
My earliest memory of my mother was her canning all summer long with our help. Canned 100 quarts of peas, beans, corn, fruit, chili sauce, chow chow. Big dinners—also called lunch. Breakfasts consisted of wheat cereal, two large pans of biscuits, eggs, pork chops, steak, you name it. Supper was bread and milk and garden vegetables. I remember Mother sang as she worked and whistled tunes. I remember kneeling at her knee for my evening prayers. She was an excellent cook and was known for her chocolate cakes. Mother was a Number One mother and homemaker. She sewed for us and when she got behind Dad would hire Sister Jepson to sew for her. Dad paid her with grain, potatoes, fruit and eggs. Mother baked nine loaves of bread every other day.

#### The Day I was Born

The day I was born was somewhat unusual. The family had gone to Luna, New Mexico to get Sister Swapp, Aunt Virgie's mother, to deliver us. It was horse and buggy. Mother washed all day on a washboard. We were delivered at home. They thought Aunt Faye was the only baby. I think it was 30 minutes later that I was born. What a surprise!

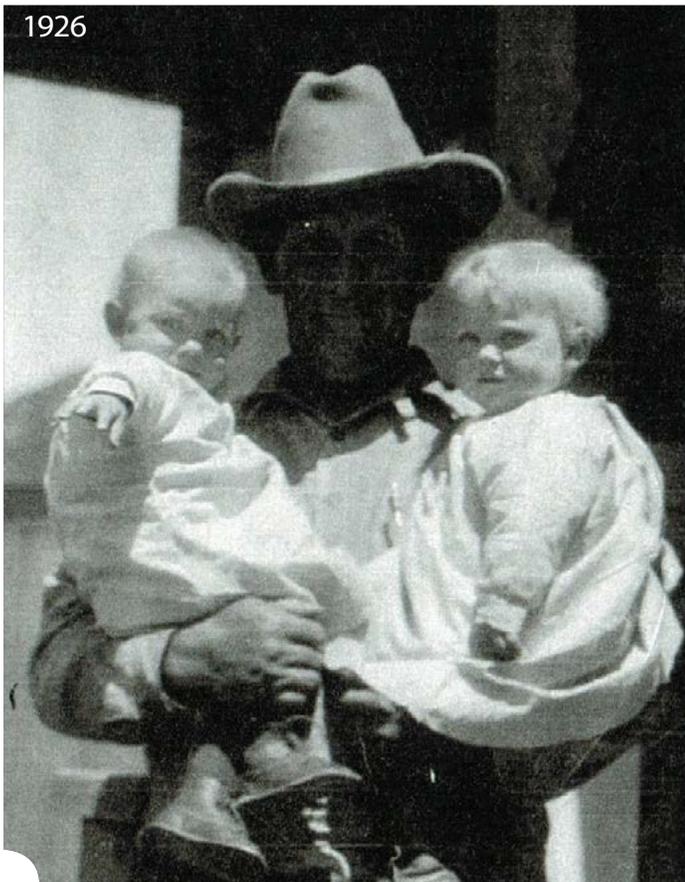
#### How I Got My Name

As for my name, the last set of twins, born after us, were also named Bertha and Blanche. I'm not really sure how Mother and Dad came up with Faye and Fern. My twin used to call me squirt because I was shorter than her, and I was sometimes called Chubby. When I was older, I wrote to the Arizona State Capitol and changed my name from Bertha Fern to Fern Bertha. Faye is still Blanche Faye.



1926

Fern and Faye - Alpine, Arizona



1926



## Poor Self-Esteem

I slept in a three-quarter bed in Mother and Dad's bedroom. Faye slept with Mary in her bedroom. I look back now and realize I was kicked around a lot. I didn't notice or pay attention. I was considered the ugly duckling so I was happy and thankful for the Lord's help. I was a better cook and housekeeper than Faye.

## Who I Looked Like

I guess you could say I look most like my mother. In this large family I was closest to my father and sister, Ethel.

## My Siblings

There were seventeen children. I was number fifteen. These are their names in order:

Angus Don	Genevieve	Vaughn B.
Ralph Judd	Ethel	Blanche Faye
Leland Claude	Ray V.	Fern Bertha
Cecil Paul	Afton Verl	Bertha
Harold H.	Lawrence F.	Blanche
Rex R.	Mary	

## My Life as a Child

As a child I was a tomboy. I rode Dad's horse and he drove the plow to cultivate corn and potatoes. We had a summer garden on the Blue River but it was always called 'the Blue.' We grew a garden, and cattle were brought here in the winter. I would go with Dad and ride the horse. Aunt Ethel took me from birth and cared for me. I was her baby. Aunt Genevieve took Faye. I went to live with Aunt Ethel when I was 14 years-old in the summer.

## Vacations

We never took vacations but we did take trips a few of us at a time, to Silver City, New Mexico. We would visit and stay with Ethel and Genevieve. We had a truck growing up but Dad didn't drive so the boys had to drive us.

## Memories of My Dad

I remember my father farming in the spring and summer. He peddled fruit in the winter. He loved a good water fight even taking it inside the house at times. He always wanted another grocery store after he lost his during The Depression in Globe, Arizona. We sold groceries in our home where he had built shelving on the walls. Working on the farm my parents were always busy. Lots of cattle, pigs, chickens. Dad planted grains and a huge garden.

## Christmas

At Christmas my dad would celebrate by bringing home a big box of chocolates about 18 x 24 inches. They don't make them that big anymore. I would find the box and slip a few pieces of chocolate without anyone knowing until Christmas Day came, and everyone knew I had been in the chocolates again. When my family was growing up, I would make fudge or divinity on Sunday evenings.

## Church Activity

We attended The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Church and religion was our whole life. We all got up and went to Church. I don't know if I learned a lot. My parents were so busy I wasn't given much time. Church and Sunday School on Sunday, Relief Society and Mutual on Tuesdays, Primary Wednesdays. Dances on the weekends. Family prayer sometimes around my parents' bed.

## What Money Meant Growing Up

We had very little money growing up. If I got a penny I was rich. I'd take an egg and buy me three or four pieces of candy. We really didn't know we were poor because there were so many of us and we were always busy working. Money was of no worry to us children. Our Christmases were small and other children always came to show us all they got. It didn't seem

to worry me because they got more. We always had plenty of food and clothes we needed. Sometimes they were made over from other clothes. When I was ten years-old I wanted a cowboy hat. All the girls were wearing them but we didn't have enough money.

## Worst Memories

One of the worst times came when my brother, Von, was driving truck for Dad, and he picked up a gal hitchhiking. After meeting her several times, they ran away and got married. My parents had it annulled. I often thought it was the wrong thing to do as he loved her. Another bad time was when my twin sister was taking a beauty course in Phoenix, Arizona. Ethel and my parents supported her and then she ran away at 16, one month before she graduated from beauty school and married a man ten years older. I was in Silver City with Ethel when I got the news. I was crushed. I wanted that beauty school course and never got it.

## Best Times

If I had to think of some of the best times in our home, I just don't think there were too many really happy times. I guess the Friday or Saturday dances when I was 17 were fun. I loved to dance and was a better dancer than Faye. It seemed I always had to prove myself. So much competition with Faye.

## My First Memory

My first memory as a child is Grandma Judd walking through the front gate to our house when I was three years old. I also remember my brother, Don, returning from his mission and a girlfriend (later married to him) came to visit him, Aunt Conda, from Montana. We had curtains separating the dining and living rooms. I remember twisting myself around in the curtain and they had to unwind me to see me. I was very shy.

## Describing my Home

I always loved our home in Alpine. Lived there until I was twelve years old. It wasn't fancy, mix and match furniture but it was real homey. We mopped our floors in milk to give them a shine. We had lots of Indian rugs we put all over the living room floor. We had to shake them every morning before we went to school. The dining room was long with a glass cupboard between the dining room and kitchen. We had a large pantry where I made bread, cakes, cookies and pies. We had four bedrooms, a back porch with a spring well at one end. Large front porch. The fireplace was nice in winters. We roasted potatoes and onions in hot coals. Used a wire popcorn popper.

## Pets

Growing up we had lots of pets including a little fawn the boys brought home. We wrote to the state and they forbade us to keep it. It had horns when we let it go. We had two or three dogs and always several cats. They were all ours, except Uncle Lawrence felt they were his. We'd catch chipmunks and birds and play with them until they died. Then we'd have funerals and a match box for a coffin. Animals were more for the boys.

## Working Farm and Illnesses

In our family we mostly worked, didn't play much. I never owned a game. Aunt Conda made Faye and I a table and two chairs. We had dolls that wet their pants and doctor sets. We also had little buckets. The boys would let us strip the cows after they milked and we would strain the milk into our little buckets and use the cream and make our own butter. Many times I was really sick. We didn't have medicines like today or doctors. Mother scraped fat from the bacon and put mustard for a plaster on our chest so we could breathe better. Used sheep dip to swab our throats. Had pneumonia when a baby, and several times later. I had scarlet fever and was not allowed to leave the house.

## School Life

Our school was a two room school first through fourth, and fifth through eighth grades. Uncle Alton taught me in the eighth grade. Our school was across the road and on a little hill in front of our house. We walked. In winter the boys hitched horses to a big sleigh and drove us to school and made paths for us. I loved to read mystery books.

Unfortunately, I only went to school until eleventh grade because I had to quit and take care of a school teacher's children. Aunt Faye got to take a beauty course. I didn't. My best class in school was spelling. This isn't now! I was in a contest and did very well. History and dates were so unimportant to me though it was my dad's favorite. I read every mystery book I could find, especially Nancy Drew books. Enjoyed sports. Played volleyball, baseball, basketball and loved to run.

## My Dream

I used to dream of living in California. I remember standing on our porch in Alpine and saying "I wanted to live in California and marry and have a family there. Just be a good wife and mother." No one really helped me set goals.

## Cost of Things

In those days things didn't cost much: stamps 3 cents, movies 15 cents, gas 10 cents a gallon.

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# My Teenage Years

## Always Working

Growing up I had lots of household chores, not much time for play. I cleaned the house, cooked, that was my job, to bake and cook. Lots of dishes. Helped with the garden, fed the chickens, washed clothes

on a washboard, ironed 15 shirts in one day. Maybe we might be paid one penny for helping. During this time I got along well with my parents but they were so busy I sometimes wondered if they knew we were around. My older brothers always picked on me and put me down.

## Pastime

All my pastime was spent working, cooking, canning, and cleaning. Faye and I didn't seem to do much together. I was a tomboy and enjoyed the outside like tying frogs together and making them pull little logs! I had friends but no time to make active, close friends.

## Baptism

I was baptized in Alpine by my brother, Harold. I was baptized in the Jepson's swimming pool. Faye got scared and the way I remember she wasn't baptized that same day. I believe my father blessed me.

## Highlight in School

A highlight for me was playing the lead part in the musical operetta, "*TomBoy Jo*." I was TomBoy Jo. It was a two hour play. I did very well. I was called TomBoy Jo in our town by many until I left Alpine. I was also voted to play "What's the Matter with Sallie?" but some of the mothers complained, feeling their daughters needed the experience. So I didn't get it. Never did receive any awards for anything!

## Fun Times in School

I did have fun being in the Pep Club in high school. We put on drills at the ball games. We were twillers in high school. It was one of the big things. We twilled ropes and wore cowboy hats. Some had boots. It was fun.

## Singing, Long Underwear and Dresses

Also enjoyed singing songs. I knew so many songs



*Mary & Jennie*

*Faye & Fern*

*Jennie, Genevieve, & Billy Raye Fitzhugh*

both western and popular, mostly western because our dances were by western bands. It was cowboy country. When we were young we wore cottons to school. In the winter mother made us wear long underwear because it was so cold. Never did wear slacks to school. We had one nice rayon dress for church and it was worn all summer and winter. Faye and I wore dresses alike.

## Encouragement

I really can't remember anyone encouraging or influencing me when I was growing up. All I knew was work and wanted to get on my own so I could have money. I've done many things on my own and found I could do anything I tackled.

## Life at Fifteen years-old

When I was 15 years-old I moved to Silver City, New Mexico and lived with my sister, Ethel. Faye got to go before that and they used to buy me off so she could stay and I'd stay in Alpine. But she went off to Beauty



*Fern, 17 years old*

School and some of my problems were over. You see, she was always the favorite. We all moved from Alpine and Uncle Don bought the old home. I worked in Shaw's Drug and worked behind a fountain. Bought my own clothes and paid \$5 a week for rent!



*Teenaged Fern and friend*

## Our Family Traditions and Celebrations

We really didn't celebrate any special family holidays. Nothing special. My 7th birthday we had a party and my mother made a mistake and used salt instead of sugar in my cake. Christmas was always a tree as tall as the ceiling. Candles on the tree. Mother made the cakes three weeks early and kept seasoning the cake with cloths dipped in cider. New Years was as big as Christmas dinner. Dad's birthday was on St. Patrick's Day and we celebrated it once. Cakes were always baked. Also the 4th and 24th of July were fun rodeos and eating all day.

## My Birthdays, Christmas, and Gifts

I only remember one birthday party for me. I always had a cake. No gifts, nothing special. Some of the best gifts I ever received were a doll who wet its pants, a coat for Christmas when I was 11 years-old. Ethel gave me a pretty graduation dress-dusty rose. She also gave me other nice clothes. Once I gave my mother a purse in Colorado. I also gave her a diamond ring a boy gave me. I also gave Aunt Ethel a diamond ring a boy gave me.

## Mom's Cooking on Holidays

My mother was an excellent cook.

**Christmas** — She baked a Raisin Chocolate Christmas Cake. Her turkey dressing was made with beef heart and oysters. Homemade mincemeat pie and fruit cake. Mother made it a month ahead. Pumpkin pie and lots of vegetables. She made apple pie with no sugar (applesauce) for Dad's diabetes. These traditions were the most meaningful to me. At my home I would bake fruit cakes, carrot cake, pumpkin pie, and dressing made with pork sausage for Christmas programs.

**New Year's Day** — Much like Christmas dinner

**St. Patrick's Day** — Dad's birthday. Everything was green and white.

**Easter** — This was a special time. We children would run home from school at noon and evening to gather the eggs. We were allowed to hide what we found (1 week before Easter). I'd have as many as 75-100 hidden. We'd gather, give mother what she needed. Boil and color eggs. We had a big chicken dinner.

**July 4th and 24th** — We celebrated these with a big rodeo with cowboy hats and jeans. Big dinner at the park with everyone in Alpine. Ethel Genevieve and family came. Watermelons and Kool Aid which was a great treat. Ice cold water drawn from the well. I still remember how good it was. Big dance in the evening. Lots of firecrackers.

**Memorial Day** — We went to the cemetery and decorated the graves. The scouts decorated Jacob Hamblin's (friend of Indians) grave.

**Thanksgiving Day** — We again had a huge 30 pound or so turkey. Big dinner. Special. I'll always remember.

**Birthdays** — Always had a lovely cake. Not always gifts but it didn't seem important. We had fun.



## When I Got Married

### Dad's Parents

I met Dad's parents, Grandpa and Grandma Munn, when they used to come into the grocery store where I worked and cash his check. The first time I met Grandma was when Dad took me down to their house. They were in bed asleep. Dad woke them up. Grandma had one leg out of the blanket. He announced to them we were getting married. I was 19 years old.

### Describe Dad

Dad was handsome. Tall with dark wavy hair, and handsome. All the girls in town wanted to go with him. I was at a dance with another boy and Dad asked me to dance with him. Jimmy said no. That night they had a bloody fight. Dad used his Marine belt. I made a \$5 bet with my friend that I could get a date with Dad. All I had to do was honk my horn at him and he turned around and made me stop. Made a date. Three months later we married. I also went with Uncle Jim, his brother. My first date with Dad I was so nervous I changed dresses twice. Mother was afraid she was going to lose her last baby and would sic her dog on Dad just as he was about to kiss me goodnight.

## Our Courtship

Our courtship was hectic. There were fights with boyfriends and girls fighting over Dad. Dad was drinking and I'd get upset and tell him to take me home. He was a great lover and very nice to me. He proposed to me after I walked in heels at night on a steel plank over a dam. He said I had to say yes. It didn't frighten me then but looking back it scares me. Dad went to my parents while I was working and asked for my hand. Mother had a fit and called him a drunkard. Dad said, "Sure, you can marry my daughter." Melvin asked Dad if he could drive him to town. Mother said, "You mean you would ride with him after taking our daughter?!!!"



*Fern and Melvin*

## Wedding

We married December 14, 1944 at Salome, Arizona—"Salome Where She Danced", a very popular song at the time. Aunt Ethel sent me a dress and it didn't fit so she sent this black one with pink flowers on the skirt. "Wow!" Jerry and Imogene were witnesses along with Aunt Catherine and Elmer. Aunt Catherine was drunk and giving odd advice. All had a drink after our marriage but me. Mother was upset and never gave her consent. She and Dad didn't come. Dad had gotten a motel earlier in the day. We went to our motel and all went home. Went to work cashiering the next day in a grocery store. No honeymoon.



*Fern and Melvin, 1946*

## Married Life

There were adjustments when we married. We came from different backgrounds. We hardly knew each other. We had to get acquainted. He was having plastic surgery at the hospital in Corona, California. I only saw him on weekends. His little finger was cut off and his hand was sewed to his stomach to graft skin. It was that way when we got married. The first weekend he came home from Corona, he was so drunk that I pushed him back and I wouldn't let him come into the house and let Mother see him. Yet, he always showed so much love and consideration for me. I always felt and knew he loved me even though I kinda had to grow to love.

### Don't Mess with my Mother

A funny thing happened with Grandpa and Grandma Munn. After two months I went to Phoenix, Arizona, to get a job and divorce Dad because of his drinking. I reported him stepping out. Grandma Munn heard I'd left and the reason. She went up to my Mother and wanted everything Dad had given me. My mother wouldn't give her anything. I guess you could say that today I have a car, clothes and money that I didn't have then. Before I married I had confidence. I felt I could do anything and had the courage to try. I also had my Mother and Dad and their love.

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## Big Events In My Life

### Proudest Moment

I would say the proudest moment in my life was when my first child was born, Harold.

### Embarrassing Moment

An embarrassing moment in my life came when we were driving home from a dance in Bakersfield with Wilson Hannah, Dad's brother-in-law. Several were with us. We

were in a Model A Ford. Dad threw his empty liquor bottle out the window. A cop pulled us over as he did this. That cop looked and looked for the bottle and never found it. Had he found it, Dad would have gone to jail. After the cop left, we looked and the bottle was under his car, not ours.

## Saddest Time

The saddest time in my life was when our youngest son got on dope and drinking. Too many nightmares.

## We Moved A Lot

- Alpine, Arizona
- Silver City, New Mexico
- Japanese Camps where Dad worked:
  - Lamar, Colorado
  - Tinedad, Colorado
  - Pueblo, Colorado
- Corona, California
- Morenci, Arizona
- Bakersfield, California
- Lompoc, California
- West Jordan, Utah
- Murray, Utah
- Salt Lake City, Utah
- Orem, Utah
- Springville, Utah
- Spanish Fork, Utah

## How our Lives Changed When we Moved to Bakersfield

This is where our lives took a great change. Mel joined the Church and our lives completely changed. It was a happy and important time. After Mel joined the Church we devoted and dedicated our time and lives to the Church. I found I could do many things I never dreamed possible. I joined the choir. As a child I always enjoyed singing. I have lost my voice now but still enjoy music.

## Adventures

We took a couple of big trips. One to Hawaii with Melvin. Karl Braun, my boss at the pharmacy where I worked, gave me a Christmas trip with a car and we went to three islands for eleven days. A very happy time. After our 18 month mission we received special permission to travel one month to all the church sites. Also to Indiana to H.B.'s to get Mother and Dad's picture. This is a family heirloom. We went to New York, Canada and many states.

## Callings in the Church and Volunteer Work

- Red Cross for two years
- Primary — teacher, counselor and Stake Primary President
- MIA — teacher, counselor, stake counselor
- ERA magazine director
- Stake Sunday School — Jr. Sunday School Coordinator for Ward and Stake, Sunday School teacher
- Mission to Missouri



**Red Cross**

HONORED by Lompoc Chapter American Red Cross last week for outstanding services in various capacities were from left: Denise (Mrs. Raymond) Clifford Jr., outstanding unit chairman; Carola (Mrs. Raymond) Clifford, serving

Lompoc Hospital; Fern (Mrs. Melvin) Munn and Freda (Mrs. Owen) Benedict, serving at Convalescent Care Center; Lillian (Mrs. John) McQuade, serving at Lompoc Hospital.

6 — LOMPOC RECORD (Lompoc, Calif.) — Thursday, October 7, 1976

## First Job

My first full-time job was for Shaw's Drug in Silver City, New Mexico for 75 cents an hour. I have worked for drug and dime stores, a long distance operator, ship service for a hospital in Corona, cashier at grocery stores and Kammiers gift shop (Kammiers)..

## Hobbies and Times That Made me Happy

Growing up some of my hobbies were horseback riding, dancing, singing and crafts. Crafts are what I enjoy now. I was hospitalized for my tonsils and hysterectomy. When I look back on my life there are some times I especially enjoyed. I enjoyed my time alone with Mother and Dad while we lived in Colorado. I remember our years in Bakersfield and Lompoc as happy years. I remember our mission for eighteen months when I was alone with Dad. He loved that he could have me all to himself. So many happy times working and serving together.

## My View and Feelings

### Some of my favorite sayings:

Like your friends for what they are and not what you'd like them to be.

It's not where we serve but how we serve.

I most value honesty in a friend. In times of trouble my faith in Heavenly Father and prayer have pulled me through.

World War II and earthquakes in Bakersfield affected me a lot.

## My best advice for my grandchildren:

Stay true to the principles of the Church.

Be a leader not a follower.

Teach others by example.

## ABOUT MY CHILDREN

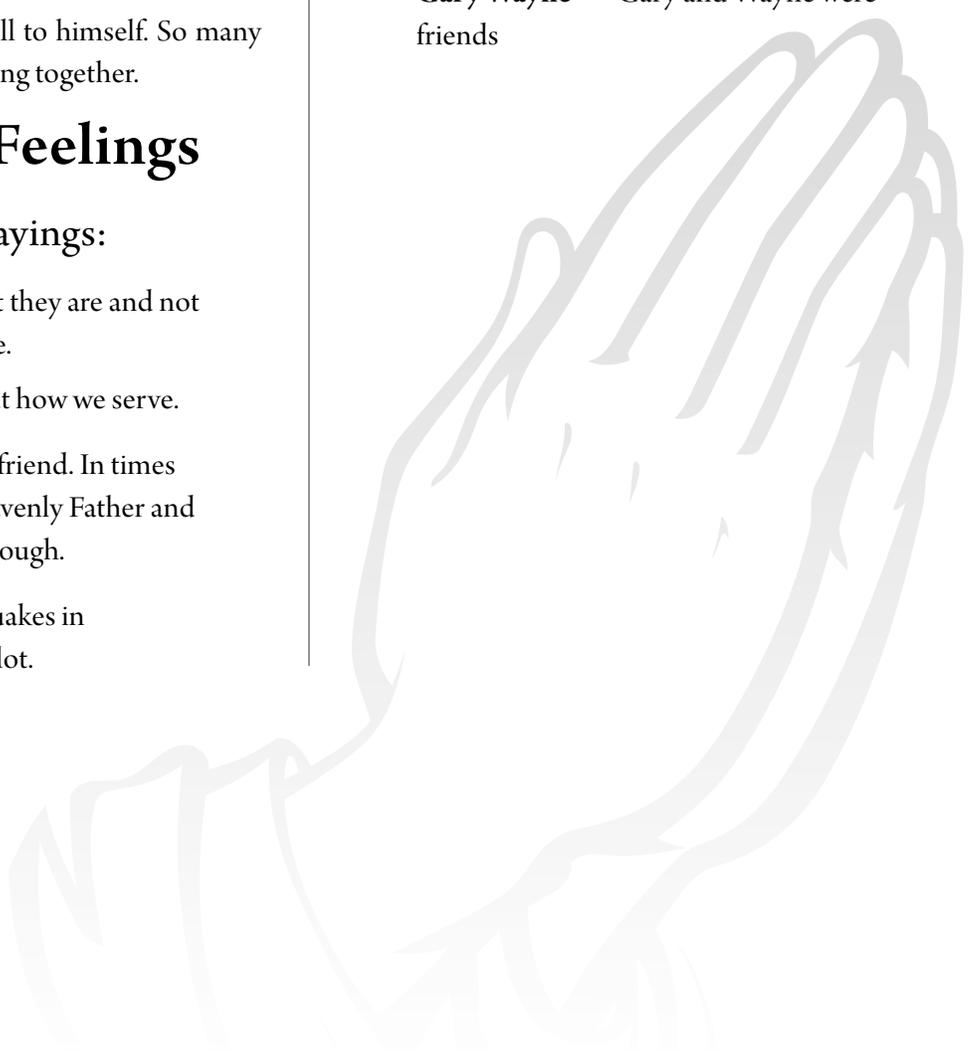
### How I chose my children's names:

**Harold** — He carries his father's name because he was the oldest

**Cheryl Jane** — Named after Grandma Whitmer whose name was Sarah Jane

**Ethelyn Marie** — Named after Aunt Ethel and Marie is for Grandma Munn

**Gary Wayne** — Gary and Wayne were friends





*Melvin and Fern*



*Melvin and Fern*

*Bob and Fern*



*Fern in Pioneer Dress made by Cheryl*



Happy 75<sup>th</sup> Birthday

Fern B. Jones

July 7, 2000



HAPPY 75<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY  
FERN BERTHA WHITMER MUNN JONES  
*July 7, 2000*

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TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHER

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. “Is the way long?” she asked. And her guide said, “Yes, and the way is hard. You will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning.”

But the young mother was happy and would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed them in clean streams, and the sun shone on them and life was good and the young mother cried, “Nothing will ever be lovelier than this.”

Then came night, and storm and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, “Oh Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near and no harm can come,” And the mother said, “This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage. Today I have given them strength.”

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war, hate, and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the mother said, “Look up. Lift your eyes to the light.”

And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night, the mother said, “This is the best day, for I have shown my children God.”

And days went on, the weeks, the months and the years, and the mother grew old, little and bent. But her children were strong and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather, and at last they came to a hill, and beyond this hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the mother said, “I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone.”

And the children said, “You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates.”

And they stood and watched her as she went on along, and the gates closed after her. And they said, “We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence.”

## LIFE STORY

Some seventy-five years ago in a sublime valley known as Alpine, Arizona was born a baby girl, no two baby girls. This was when our mother and grandmother, Fern Bertha Whitmer, made her grand entrance into the world. The date was July 7, 1925. The first twin born was Faye Blanche then Mom followed thirty minutes later, unexpectedly. Sarah Jane "Jennie" and Angus Van Meter Whitmer were now parents of fifteen children, ten boys and five girls. Another set of stillborn twins followed.

Life was never dull on the family farm. With such a large family Grandma Whitmer assigned the two older daughters, Genevieve and Ethel, to care for the newborn twins. Ethel was assigned to Fern. The Whitmer family lived in a home on a beautiful farm in this breathtaking mountain top community. Today it is a resort much like Park City but much more scenic with beautiful pine trees and ponds everywhere for fishing and hunting.

Mom often stayed with her older sister, Ethel, while she was a teenager. Ethel owned a beauty salon in Silver City, New Mexico, and this is where Mom learned a few tips about hair cutting. The war was on and her family was living in Parker, Arizona, where she worked in a grocery store. Who should come into town recuperating from a bum accident other than one tall, handsome Marine named Melvin Munn! Mom took a dare and accepted a date on a \$5 bet from her girlfriends that she couldn't get a date from him. It really wasn't hard because he already had his eye on her.

Three months after they first met Mom and Dad became man and wife. They eloped to Salome, Arizona, or as Dad always said, "Salome .Where She Danced" It was a popular song. They were married on December 14, 1944. Dad had to go back to Corona Hospital for more surgery on his right little finger that had to be amputated because of a burn while serving in

the Marine Corps. Mom stayed in Arizona. That didn't last long. Soon they were both in Corona, California where Mom worked in Ship Service so that they could be together.

Melvin Harold was born June 25, 1946. Mom experienced very difficult deliveries due to a deformed pelvis. Their first baby girl, Cheryl Jane, arrived eighteen months later on February 18, 1948. By now the little family was in Arvin, California, later moving to Bakersfield. Three sets of missionaries taught Dad before he was finally baptized. It was the lady missionaries who threw his cigarettes in the toilet. They gave Dad enough gum to last for a while and set his baptism date for that very night.

Two more children joined our family, Ethelyn Marie, later known as Ethie on December 31, 1950, and Gary Wayne born November 28, 1951. The family of six was now complete. Once in Oildale, a suburb of Bakersfield, we helped build the new chapel. Dancing was popular in that era. Dad wasn't much of a dancer so he ended up taking Arthur Murray dance lessons. He became a great dancer. How Ethie and Cheryl remember waltzing with our Dad, and being swirled around the dance floor during church dances! Mom loved to sing and kept a book of songs from her era.. Many evenings passed with Mom singing out of her songbook. We'd even cry to such songs as Old Shep and "Two Little Children."

Mom was a great cook. A couple of years ago Jennie Monteith Campbell asked me if I was as good a cook as Mom. I was flattered but unable to own that great compliment. She loved to cook, especially baked goods like pies, cookies, cakes and breads. She canned every summer. Her cooking drew many friends to our home. Our family enjoyed tasty fudge or divinity that Mom would whip up at a moment's notice especially on Sunday nights. Let's not forget she also enjoys good Mexican food and real butter. By 1960 the Munn family had taken up residence in the coastal city of Lompoc

where Dad worked at Vandenberg Air Force Base. Lompoc was a pleasant change from Bakersfield, an arid desert. Once in Lompoc it didn't take long to enjoy all the beach had to offer. Many enjoyable times were spent camping, church parties, or just any reason to go to Gaviota or Refugio Beach near Santa Barbara.

Our family had a love affair with the High Sierras. Mom wanted to take the family camping even though Dad opted out the first time. Our first camping trip was made alone without Dad in about 1958. He wasn't too keen on the idea of camping. So Mom packed up the family and took off for Camp Nelson, near Porterville, California. Ultimately, this became the family camping spot for many years to come. Armed with Harold's 22 rifle we had a great time fishing and playing. On that trip we didn't have fishing rods so we used willow rods with string and managed to catch a few fish anyway. Absence did make the heart grow fonder and before long Dad joined us. We camped every summer for two weeks. Mom was a really good fisher- woman and loved it with Dad at her side. Occasionally, we were joined by ward members like the Van Camps. This called for the game called Grandpa's Dirty Britches played around the fire at night with our friends.

Something must be said about Mom and Dad's relationship. It was special. They really loved each other and all of us children knew it. Dad was always hugging and kissing Mom and telling her he loved her. They couldn't just watch television. Often Dad and Mom were laying right next to each other spoon-style on the sofa. After Dad's heart attack he tended to Mom's every need, treating her like the queen she is. He always respected her and taught us to do the same.

Our family was always active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We were taught the value of having Jesus Christ in our lives. We learned by our parents' example of compassionate service to others in times of need. Mom and Dad traveled to the Los Angeles Temple once a month, a three hour trip each

way. We made family trips to tour both the Los Angeles and Oakland temples before they were dedicated. We'll never forget the family trip to San Francisco to see the Oakland Temple. We had regular Family Home Evenings. My parents were so faithful. We had family prayers daily. All of us had piano lessons. We played sports. We didn't lack for love and support. We had a wonderful childhood thanks to our parents.

The Fifties were a golden time to grow up. We watched Ozzie and Harriet, Bonanza, The Mickey Mouse Club, and Sunday Night at the Movies. Life was much simpler then. We had less bathrooms, one phone, one television, and no remotes!! Our family didn't have much in the way of worldly things. It didn't matter. We had a lot of things money couldn't buy. We had each other. We didn't even know what we had until many years later!!!

After Dad died, Mom served in the Los Angeles Temple for two years commuting every other week. She would stay in the Temple apartments while in Los Angeles. Mom loved her temple work and continued to serve after moving to Utah at the Jordan River Temple for six and a half years. She quit when she married Robert F. Jones "for time only" on March 3, 1986 in the Jordan River Temple.

Mom worked at Olson and Braun Drug stores in Lompoc. She started working to help Harold on his mission, and continued working when he returned. Karl Braun, owner of Braun Pharmacy, sent Mom and Dad on a trip to Hawaii in 1972. It was the highlight of their lives. Mom and Dad served a mission to the St. Louis Mission from 1980-81 spending all eighteen months in Sikeston, Missouri. Dad was Branch President. It was his responsibility to identify the lot to build the first church in Sikeston. He died April 19, 1982, eight months after their return to Lompoc, of a heart condition.

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*Above: Wedding day, Fern and Bob Jones were married in the Jordan River Temple on March 3, 1987.  
Below: July 7, 2000 - Fern's 75th Birthday*



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She first met Robert one snowy day in January 1986 while waiting for her car to get fixed at Sears. The next day the man called her whom she had met the day before. Five weeks later Robert F. Jones and Mom were married for time on March 3, 1986 in the Jordan River Temple.

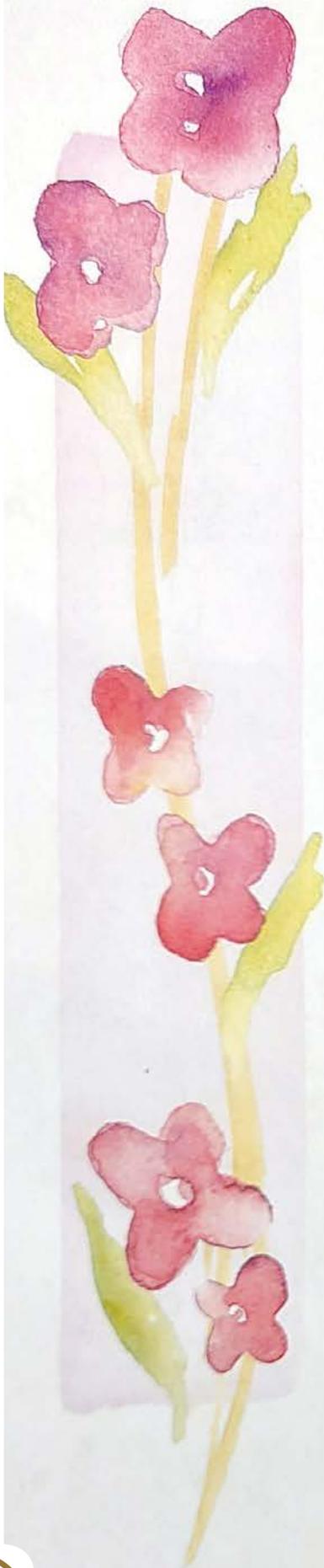
Bob gave Mom a very comfortable life. She inherited a beautiful home which she got right to work on decorating. She turned it into a lovely place for the family to gather. She loved yard work and spent many hours weeding and planting. Later, she paid a price for all this hard work when one knee was replaced twice. The other knee is also in need of an operation. Mom spent eight and a half years nursing Bob through many health problems caring for his every need in their home and later in nursing homes. He died May 31, 1998 at the VA Hospital. Mom is a great caregiver. If you are sick, Mom is the person you would want around. She will make sure your every need is attended to, a gift she shared with both Dad and Bob.

A year later Mom moved into her condo in Murray. She has fixed up this home to make it her own. Beautiful flowers decorate her yard. Her treasures fill her home including a doll collection. She finished her basement so that her children would always feel comfortable visiting her. Children and grandchildren visit and call her daily.

Mom has had a good life. Two wonderful husbands. Four beautiful children. Nineteen grandchildren. Eleven great-grandchildren. She has been blessed with many of the comforts of life. She has been a faithful member of the Church her entire life. Mom endured to the end. Although she has arthritis, heart problems, experienced a number of mini-strokes, and other health concerns, she continues to be active. She doesn't look or act 75 years old. That we could all look that good at 75!

We love you, Mom. You have been a great example of love, generosity, your great love for the Gospel, a great homemaker, friend and grandma. What more could we have asked!

Happy 75th Birthday!!



Happy Birthday

80th

Grandma Fern Jones

Fern Bertha Whitmer Munn Jones

Born July 7, 1925 Alpine, Arizona

Birthday Party August 5, 2005

*A book of remembrances of your  
children and grandchildren during  
your lifetime.*

# HAPPY 80<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY

## FERN BERTHA WHITMER MUNN JONES

*July 7, 2005*

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*We had this birthday in our backyard. Everyone was laughing while we reminisced as we shared our memories.*

*Here are some of our memories of Mom.*

### Cheryl Jane Munn

Mom ... where do I begin? She was our wild and crazy mom. All of our friends loved to come to our house because Mom made it fun with her great food and fun times. Life in the 50's was a family time. No divorces. A time of healing from World War II.

**The Big One** ... *earthquake that happened in 1958.* The day it happened I was in the hospital with encephalitis 'the sleeping sickness.' I was only four years old. I had been in the hospital for a month when Mom decided to check me out of the hospital against doctor's orders based on one of her famous 'premonitions.' It could be called the Holy Ghost.

That night **The Big One** hit. It is the biggest earthquake to ever hit Bakersfield. It was 7.7 on the Richter scale and lasted 90 seconds. The first thing I remember is that all of us were on Mom and Dad's bed in the middle of the night and her screaming, "The world is coming to an end! The world is coming to an end!" The next thing I remember is being in the living



Fern, 80 years old

room with Dad and Harold. Dad opened the front door and we saw the road literally rolling. The door slammed shut. That's all I can remember. It was very frightening for the whole family. If Mom had not checked me out of the hospital, it would have been much worse for both Mom and Dad.

**Memorable Trip ...** Tubing down the Kern River in Bakersfield and picnics. This was no small river. We would pack a picnic lunch and play along the river and then tube down. Mom played with the rest of us. Just before we moved to Lompoc she was in bed from sunstroke she'd gotten that day on the river. She became so sick that I had to take over packing so we could move to Lompoc.

I can still remember the time we lived in the Veterans Project when the four of us were very young. The units had white picket fences. Mom made it fun even though we were a handful while Dad was often at his church meetings. It seemed like they re-surfaced Barnett Street in Oildale too often. Mom always took such care of our home so trying to keep tar off our nice carpet was a fulltime job for Mom. I don't know how Mom did it.

Mom helped out financially when it was needed. The first job I remember was her cashiering at Green Frog grocery store while I was in grade school for a while. One of the most memorable jobs she had was when she took over being custodian at our ward house when Dad was laid off at Lockheed for a year. All of us children have memories of Mom teaching us how to clean and polish the pews and drinking fountains. We took turns riding the buffer in the 'gym' to shine up the wood floors. Thanks to Mom all of us knew how to clean by the time we stopped that job.

Mom is one of the best cooks. There's no doubt about it, she's the best. While growing up in the large family Mom's duties were in the kitchen.

Mom baked a lot and I remember loving to come home and see what she had baked when we got home from school ... pies, cookies, bread. To this day, I'm not

interested in candy. I like baked things. On Sunday nights Mom would make fudge. She would just go in there and stir it up, no recipe or anything. We looked forward to that. And she made great German Chocolate Cakes. Those were the days we always made our cakes from scratch. She even made a Sponge Cake that Dad's Grandma Andrews used to make. We ate a lot of tuna sandwiches and chili beans when we couldn't afford anything else. But Mom and Dad always paid their tithing ... many faith-promoting stories about that. Friends always wanted to come home from school for lunch, tuna sandwiches or not. And we rarely had chips. Mom felt guilty about that but we didn't know the difference.

Since Mom had to quit high school early to babysit the teacher's children, she made education very important for all of us. It was a great loss to her and she insisted that her children study hard and seek a college education. With Mom's encouragement and support I was able to finish my college degree from BYU. I went back to finish college when I was 38 years old so Mom graciously tended Christie to make that possible. It took a year and a half to finish school. Christie learned many things from Grandma like gardening and cooking and housekeeping.

Thanks to Mom, all of us took piano lessons. She could play piano by ear. It was always fun to hear her play. Mother was always very active in the church. She enjoyed her Primary work very much although she feels she doesn't do enough. Mom and Dad always had Family Home Evening, family prayer, attended our church meetings and activities, bore their testimonies often. Qualities that stand out are: her excellent disposition, love and sacrifice, willingness to work and the zeal she has. She was full of energy. She was Stake Primary President, Junior Sunday School President, and loved working with the children. Mom was an excellent teacher. I can remember her teaching my Sunday School Old Testament class when I was about ten years old. Every Saturday she would lock herself up in her room as she prepared her lesson. She was very diligent which inspired me to be a better teacher.

When I was very, very young all of us children had our tonsils out at the same time. I was four years old. I can remember Mom trying to take care of all of us while we were rolling off the bed onto the floor from the anesthetic. She was a saint to care for us. Mom is the supreme caretaker. If you are sick, you would want Mom to take care of you. She made it really special when we were sick and she did the same thing for Dad and Bob.

Mom always made things special. Our Sunday dinners in Lompoc were always roasts. I have many fond memories sitting around the table in our small kitchen talking and laughing. Ethie telling one of her many jokes. Mom referring to Dad as the Swill Barrel, since he had to eat all the leftovers. (A term from the farm when the pigs ate all the leftovers in the Swill Barrel.)

Mom's sacroiliac (back) going out many times. One time she was reaching to put away linens and she stayed in that position, reaching, until someone could come take her to the chiropractor.

Wanting nice things and never having the means to buy them. One time she put fustoria dishes on layaway and paid \$1.00 a week until she could get them out. I have them now.

We learned to love and dread Mom's premonitions. She was always right. Dang ... she always seemed to have inspiration at the times we hated. She just knew when we were about to get in trouble or knew to come find us when we were in trouble.

Summertime trips to Arizona to visit mother's family, Grandma Whitmer and Aunt Mary's family. We would pile in the Black '53 Ford, all six of us, no air conditioning, and we would travel at night while it was cooler. Mom packed food and we always had baloney sandwiches whenever we traveled. We always had an ice chest because we never ate out. Couldn't afford to. Dad was always yelling "See the rabbit. See the rabbit," to keep our attention diverted when we got fussy or tired. They had signs along the way with rabbits on

them! We always had cantaloupe and watermelon when we got there in the middle of the night. The smells of her house. Billy, the blue parakeet, chirping away. The guest house behind Grandma's house is where Mom and Dad stayed alone. It was a small house and extremely hot but how Dad liked to have Mom to himself regardless of the heat. These were fun memories.

**Trip to Arkansas in 1962.** Mom didn't want to go at first but afterwards she expressed how grateful she was that we went. There were lightning bugs flying around and lightning during the summer storms. Watermelons for lunch. Camping along the highway, anywhere we could find, even by a gas station one night. Baloney sandwiches. Vegetable dinner at Aunt Lily's. Mom loving all of it. The blind black man who came to see us there. "We have an old friend here for you to meet" to him. He said, "Just have him say something and I'll know who it is." Dad said something and he said, "That is Junior." Dad. Dad had a love for the black people even though he liked to tell nigger jokes.

Mom was in charge of the Whitmer Family Reunions in 1978 in Alpine, Arizona. She made it really fun with straw hats, little models of the old family home in Alpine and a memory specific to her sibling, singing old songs, all the families dancing in the old church, children and all. I remember that Kim and Jennie were part of the talent show singing "I Have a Dolly." That is the only time I have seen children and adults dancing together and it was so fun. We stayed in cabins. Old aunts and uncles visited. All of us knew it was near the end of the old era of Mom's siblings. She organized the whole reunion and felt her parents had inspired her to do it.

**Mom was a go-getter.** When she wanted something done she just did it. She wanted to camp but our dad wasn't very interested. So we went without Dad. He came up later that year. Some of our best memories

were going to Camp Nelson. Mom and Dad loved to fish together off by themselves. After breakfast Dad would take Mom upstream so they could be alone and we were on our own!

Oh how Mom liked her flower beds and vegetable gardens. They were her joy. She spent many hours tending her flowers or vegetables bending over and weeding for hours at a time. It doesn't seem right that she doesn't have a flower bed to tend now that she is in The Seville Retirement Community Center in Orem, Utah.

All of us children have fond memories of Mom singing songs like Two Little Children which I always cried through because it was about two children who lost their parents. Other songs included Old Shep, I Have a Dolly and many many more. She had such a beautiful lyrical voice. These evenings made me feel so secure.

**Our Beautiful Mother...** Through the years Ethie and I have come to appreciate how Mom has taken care of herself, always using creams, putting on her makeup everyday, wearing a girdle every day to this day, making sure her hair was colored auburn and perfectly in place and she always noticed when we put on a few pounds and let us know we had better lose some. If we had something abnormal on our faces, etc. she would always say something. And Ethie and I would hate it, because she was always right. Even though it might make us feel bad, we knew she was right and we usually corrected the problem. She is a beautiful woman and it has only been the last few years that the wrinkles have come. She has great skin.

Mom was always supportive of my efforts with genealogy. Whenever Harold and I had parties at the house which happened frequently, she and Dad did everything they could to make it fun for everyone. She was the best grandma to my grandchildren. It gave me great joy seeing her sing to them, read to them and

teach them about Jesus Christ. Mom never had much until she married Bob. I'm glad he provided her with a good life and company.

### Here are some of Mom's sayings:

You're like a goose. You wake up in a new world every day. (to Dad)

Melvin, get out the belt.

Can't never could do anything.

If you don't take care of yourself, who will?

Things that you do, do with your might. Things done by halves are never done right.

Twinkle twinkle star, what you say is what you are.

(I often tell this to people who say during these difficult times they are scared. If you say you're scared, you'll be scared!)

Love you so much, Mom.

Happy 80th Birthday Mom



## Ethelyn Marie Munn (Ethie)

My mother is a very unique lady. She always took good care of herself, nice clothes, the best skin products, permed, and cut her own hair, always presentable and beautiful. I thought she was a very pretty lady and I was proud of that.

She knew every nursery rhyme by heart. She taught us kids and the grandkids the rhymes also. Grandma loved to sing and I always thought she had a pretty singing voice. It was so amazing all the fun songs she would sing. Our summer vacations would be trips to Arizona to visit Grandma and Grandpa Whitmer. The back seat would be fixed up just right with food and blankets so we could put our feet up and play games. Grandma would sing the songs: Old Shep,

Two Little Children, Three Little Fishies, Up Up in the Sky. Of course I would ask her to sing Old Shep, over and over again. If we asked Dad to stop because we had to go potty he would say, "go in your pants," and then laugh. I think he liked the reaction on our faces because he always stopped.

My earliest memory of my mother would be when I had polio. Admitted in Kern General Hospital now called Kern Medical Center, Mom thought I might have polio. Dad didn't think it was. I was throwing up. Mom took me to the hospital and yes, I was diagnosed with polio. Mom would bring toys to me but I wasn't allowed to see her because I was quarantined. Dad and the bishopric came to give me a blessing and because no one could visit me, the nurses ran them out of the hospital. I wanted to keep all the toys Mom had brought me but because I was quarantined, we weren't supposed to keep them. So I threw toys out the window to Mom. Only trouble is, Dr. Whitt found out about it and almost kept the toys. Instead, he scolded her and let her keep them.

I think God actually planned for Gary and I to be twins. But God looked down one day and said to himself, "Fern will not be able to handle twins." So, He sent me first and Gary eleven months later. Growing up Gary and I often told people we were twins. We were always close and took care of each other.

Mother was always a saint. She had a strong testimony of the Church and taught us children many lessons and how to pray. I remember she said, "You have to kneel when you say your prayer or God doesn't hear it." We always had family prayer at the dinner table. We each knelt at our chair and Dad would ask one of us to say the prayer before we could eat. Grandma and Grandpa could say really long ..... prayers. That taught us patience. We had Family Home Evenings regularly and if a friend came to visit at that time they were invited to stay. Dad liked to give the guys' friends a lesson on morality! One they never forgot.

If my dad needed to run errands after work I would ask him where he was going and he would always say, "I'm going to see a man about a dog." I would get excited and want to go also. (I didn't know it had a different meaning in the Southern States). This was our routine and I thought one day we would go see a man and maybe I would get another dog.

My friends enjoyed coming to our house on the day of the week Mother had off work because they knew she would be cooking something really good. Cinnamon rolls, bread, cookies, pies, and they loved it when she cooked a big pot of beans with bread. My favorite foods were roast and gravy dinner, apple pie, and cinnamon rolls. Mom could be so much fun and be silly. Like the time Jan from next door and Mom were running through the house with a box of Sees candy. Jan ran into Gary's forehead and broke off her two front teeth. The time Mom was taking a group of kids from church home and she had too many kids. She put Harold and two of the boys in the trunk of our 59 Chevy. A policeman stopped Mom and they were standing by the back of the car. All of a sudden the car started rocking with loud laughter. The policeman asked Mom if she had anyone in the trunk. She said, "no." Then he asked her to open the trunk. The boys were so surprised to see the law officer. Mom had a gift of ALWAYS talking her way out of tickets. She turned on the charm, a little flirting and she was free.

My mother was a very strict woman. She was the law and everyone had to heed her rules. We tried hard to obey but some of us kids had a little bit of a rebellious side growing up. I don't know who we got that from: the MUNN's or the WHITMER'S or both. Dad was easy going, never uptight, with buckets of unconditional LOVE for everyone.

I remember the time Cheryl and Fred went on a date and she had not come home. Dad was on the phone calling Fred's parents. Wow...Cheryl was in trouble

when she came home. Mom told Dad to spank her and he used a hairbrush. Jan next door heard the crying. Mom was the authoritarian but she had Dad give the spankings. Hands down Gary got the most spankings. Gary would get his spankings in the garage with a belt. If he was getting a spanking in the garage, you knew it was going to hurt a lot. Sometimes Gary would pad his butt. A spanking was with a belt, maybe a hanger, whatever they could get their hands on. Even a green tree stem. The green stems would flex and sting more. Sometimes we had to pick the stem for our own spanking.

Mom was a fanatic about having a clean house. Even the neighbors knew when it was cleaning day. Shirley Kern lived next door and she said she could hear mom. We drew straws to decide on the jobs we each would have. But all of us kids couldn't do anything that day until all the housework was finished. She had a saying she always repeated when we cleaned, "Things that you do, do with your might. Things done by halves are never done right." If she found our drawers untidy, she would give us a time limit for them to be cleaned. If they were not clean, clothes neatly folded, I would come home and find all the clothes in the drawers emptied in the middle of my bedroom floor. That was an ugly sight and usually a shocker. She had no mercy.

Mother was a wonderful grandmother. She tried to be the kind of grandmother she wished she would have had growing up. Dad loved mom a lot and she loved him. They always kissed and she would lay next to him on the floor watching TV on Friday and Saturday nights. We didn't have much money growing up but mom and Dad did the best they could for our family. We always went on a vacation each summer, a nice clean house, new clothes for school, Christmas was with lots of presents and many decorations.

## The Things My Mother Taught Me: (Little Sayings)

- Things that you do, do with your might. Things done by halves are never done right.
- Beauty is only skin deep.
- Your father will spank you when he gets home.
- Melvin stop! You're going to kill them.
- This room looks like a tornado hit it. If this room isn't cleaned, I will empty all the drawers from the dresser in the middle of your room. And she did.
- God doesn't hear your prayer unless you kneel.
- When you have your own home, you can have all the animals you want and they can live in the house too. But when I come to visit I won't stay in your house if the animals are there.
- Mother was a worry-wart. She worried more than anyone you'll ever know.
- If we sat in our boyfriends' cars too long after a date, she would flip the front porch light on and off. That was so embarrassing. The boys couldn't imagine why the light flickered, but we knew!!!

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## Gary Wayne Munn

Well. .. let's see. Ok, I recall the time at Hart Park. I placed the palm of my hand on the exhaust of the motor boat. Burned the heck out of the palm of my hand. Another of those painful moments of my life when only a mom could fix, kiss and soothe the pain.

## Camping up at Camp Nelson

This was a place to go and run off into the mountains. Lots of fishing, hiking and playing, and ...

**Food poisoning!** I got sick with food poisoning. Guess what I wanted? River water! I wanted river water. "I need river water. Give me river water." ...*delusional*... "But, give me river water!" "Melvin, we had better take him down the mountain to the hospital." We drove down and came back. No hospital. No river water. Great.

**Bill Van Camp** and Camp Nelson. "Bombs away." Grandpa ... and his dirty old britches.

Mom worked at the Green Frog store. We had many kid shopping sprees with coupons "5 lbs of sugar, 24 pack tuna, 24 of this and that, bags of this and that, 10 hamburgers for a dollar." We were the kids that shopped till we dropped.

Dad having a heart attack up in the mountains by the Little Kern River. Harold ran to the rangers for help. They came back on tote goats. I stayed with dad for several hours. I was maybe about nine years old.

Lola's Mexican food. Chinese food. Dad would scare us saying, they kill the dogs and the cats in the alleys. More hamburgers. Turkey eggs, some kind of big eggs Mom would cook with. Sunday morning learning how to cook roast. More roast every Sunday with potatoes and gravy and homemade this and that.

Waking up in the evening and still not sure if this is a dream. "Where are my mommy and daddy?" I called Grandma and Grandpa Munn's out on Rosedale Hwy. "I am all by myself. Where is everyone at?" "We'll be home in a minute."

My mom and dad could do anything! They were the best mom and dad.

Mom would go on the weekend trips with my school class, beach and others.

Routson Park, Shell Beach, Pirates Cove, Morro Bay, and where is Lompoc??? The Christiansen's, our adventurous friends with VW's, bus and bug. Oilfield's, Oildale.

**Summers of fun.** We weren't too wealthy by any means, but I didn't know. We had more fun than any family. Mom would read me stories "just one more story." I can still remember looking out of my crib and scanning the bedroom. Going to the window sill and the bed, chewing on the "lead" paint on the wall.

**Our dogs** ..... Where's Prince? And Tippy?? When we lived in Bakersfield, Mom dropped off our dogs in the middle of nowhere when we were done with them.

Mom and I would send Grandma Whitmer letters and there would always be a surprise in the letter like a stick of gum, picture, charm ....

Mom and I practiced with flash cards because I had a stutter. The kids made fun of me in school and I would cry.

I liked to go to Arizona with mom. Stay in Grandma's house. I can still smell it, hear Billy, her blue parakeet, the shadows, go to Aunt Mary's, almost kill Uncle Alton as he tried to teach me at 7 or 8 to drive a stick shift pickup. Uncle Alton would say "You're gonna kill me. You're gonna kill me" when I would pop the clutch during our driving lessons. He would throw bales of hay off the trailer to the cows, then see a calf being born breech and went into Mary's house screaming in tears "the cow is turning inside out."

I remember sitting at the bus station with Mom on a trip to Safford. I felt safe that Mom could do anything that any adult could do. My mom could do anything!!!

**Trips to Arizona, flash floods.** The water from the flash floods would come so fast I can remember running water in the dips where we were driving. One time the car stalled when Uncle Lawrence was with us. Then ... desert hot, car broke down, Indians. Going through Arizona, Mom and Dad told us kids that if we weren't good, they would give us away to the Indians. Going to El Paso and Juarez, Mom and Dad

dealing with the local shops and leather purses and goods “let’s go and Jew them down.”

Trip to Arkansas and what was acceptable language and slurs. Going to Arkansas and Dad pointing out a “Freedom Riders” bus commenting “things will never be the same.” Going into the courthouse with Mom and Dad in Prescott and seeing the signs above the drinking fountains and bathrooms “coloreds - white.”

Mom pointed out in the TIME magazine our cousin Van (I stayed at their home in Morenci) with about a dozen pictures of the boys’ high school football team, they all joined the army, went to Vietnam and all but one of them killed in action (KIA). I can still see and wonder about him, his buddies and all of their families’ pain and grief.

We’d go across the Kern River to Nigger town. Buried parakeets in the backyard graveyard.

We dug tunnels in the back yard in Bakersfield growing up.

Cotton Pickers. Church welfare farm. Hand picking cotton by the Kern River.

Switches off the fruit trees. No wonder I don’t like fruit. Mom broke her big toe. We all cried. I tried The Great Escape on my tricycle, not as fast as Dad. Mom always singing and playing the piano. She played the piano by ear. She never had a lesson. Some of her songs: I dreamed I was there in Hillbilly Heaven, many country westerns. Melvin get him. Padding on the bum. Washcloths in my pants so the beatings wouldn’t hurt so bad. Whoopens in the garage. Black and white TV. Why not have two TV’s going. Hey, Roller Derby, and Wrestling. I still want to know about the “Blackboard.” Mom and Dad would go out and go dancing at the “Blackboard” where Buck Owens sang. Stories of dancing and playing.

Cub Scouts and the Pinewood Derby.

Driving to Camp Nelson singing songs, and getting sick from the windy road.

Dad coming home from Lompoc and seeing us.

Church Welfare, missionary, budget church dinners. And, more church dinners every Friday night.

Little league. Mom the queen of cheerleaders at the games. So popular, I made mom her own personal birthday card with her own picture or her in the stands yelling “Go Gary, go Gary.” Babe Ruth team. Peanut butter sandwiches. Punt/Pass/Kick. Bring home the awards and the jacket. “Where did you steal this?” Mom and I went to the “Optimist Club” luncheon to receive my other awards.

Let’s go have fun and pick walnuts.

Mom, Jan Linde and I ran in the house and played around. Jan and I ran into each other, broke her front teeth off and the scar for years on my forehead.

Homemade cookies. Trading homemades for the commercial stuff like Oreo’s, potato chips. Astronaut lunch box.

Mom working 6 days a week for the extras. Then major house cleaning one day a week.

Going to the store and mom without asking giving me a 10 or 20. Dad working at the men’s clothing store. Avon, drug store. Always having the perks.

Mom saving up her money to buy the surfboard from Greg Collier that I had to have.

Mom telling Bill Williams “to back off, I’ll get your job and your money. Get it.”

Football, baseball, wrestling. “You can’t play football. Your brother broke his ankle.” I had a summer job. Bought my football shoes and played.

**New Years.** “Hey Gary, who’s that lady following us?” “Uh, I don’t know.” (Mom would follow me all over the town late at night trying to catch me and bring me home because she was worried about what I was doing.) Sped off being chased in the alleys and streets.

**Moist boots.** A lesson from Dad about not drinking and smoking.

**Harold totaled my VW.** Joe and Mary Mangino’s Condo at the pool.

RC (briefcase), Rod Martinson, Mark Daniel and the rest of the crew. **Crazy days.**

Mom not giving up on her son. **Not a quitter.**

**Brightway, support, Paul Garcia.** (The rehab program I went through in St. George.) Dixie College, cottage, bike.

SUU, CA, SLC, Bob, Cheryl and Ethie.



## Kimberly Ann Cox Lang

I want you to know how much I love you and Happy 80th Birthday. I have many fond memories of you and Grandpa in Lompoc. I loved jumping in bed with you both on cold Lompoc mornings and snuggling to get warm. I can see in my mind all the baths we had in the bathroom with the fish towering above our heads while you sang the song about them.

You were always singing songs to us, my favorite, Playmate. I loved laying on your floor in Lompoc watching the Lava lamp and giggling with the cousins. I loved being at your house in Lompoc and always looked forward to staying in the cute yellow house. You always had yummy goodies and had special treats to share. I loved your chocolate chip cookies that Grandpa would hide so he could have them to himself.

I remember when you and Grandpa came to watch us while my mom and dad went on a trip. We stayed up late and watched Miss America together and had lots of fun. Many of my memories of you are attached with Grandpa and I feel lucky that I was able to experience what a wonderful couple you were together.

I love you Grandma and could write a lot more. Thank you for being a big influence in my life and providing me support along the way. You are a beautiful woman with much grace and love around you.



## Jennifer Michelle Cox Pickett

I have so many wonderful memories of Grandma Fern. When I was much younger, I remember being at her house in Lompoc and playing with the porcelain baby dolls. She and I would tie bandana handkerchiefs into special “blankets” and I would carry the babies around all day long. I still have one to this day. I remember being in her kitchen and watching her cook and eating meals at her dining room table with our family. I loved playing in the backyard and taking walks with her. I looked forward to playing with the marble machine. I loved to watch her put on her makeup in her lighted mirror in the pink bathroom and explore all her lotions and powders. I loved being tucked into bed in her extra bedroom and feeling like I lived in a palace. Her house was magical and exciting and I couldn’t wait until our next visit.

Grandma always sang to me. She taught me several special family songs, some of which I sing to my own children. I loved to sing “I Have a Dolly”, “Oh Say Say Playmate”, “I See the Moon”, “Two Little Children” and “Three Little Fishes” with her. She helped me to learn to love singing at an early age. To this day I have a tape Grandma made of me and Kim when I was only three of her singing many songs with us. It is sweet to hear Grandma nurturing her little granddaughters and teaching us so patiently.

One of my favorite memories was going to Alpine, Arizona to attend Grandma's family reunion. It was great to meet her family and see the home she grew up in. It was hard to believe she was the 15th of 17 children and I remember meeting some of her brothers and sisters and learning about their childhood. It always made me grateful for what I had as they had very little materially as children. Grandma would always tell stories about her sisters and her mother and her life in general. I found it all very interesting and her history has helped spark an interest in genealogy.

When I was about eleven or twelve, I went by myself to stay with Grandma alone in Lompoc. Grandpa had passed away and she was alone. We had fun eating dinners on TV trays in her living room, and going shopping. I loved watching her red lava lamp for hours. On that trip I got very, very sick for some reason. I remember crying in her bed because my ear hurt really bad and Grandma taking some castor oil and pouring it in my eardrum. I think it worked because I got better, and it was Grandma who took on the role of nursing me back to health. Grandma has always been an excellent caregiver. She knew how to wait on people and take care of their needs and make them feel pampered.

Grandma was a great teacher in my younger years. She taught me how to change sheets and make a bed with precision. She taught me how to make Cream of Wheat, and taught me how to do yard work. She taught me how to fold blankets and how to do many other life skills that were helpful to me later on.

Grandma was always a big part of my life. I remember when she and Grandpa Munn went on their mission, and feeling so sad because I wouldn't see her for so long. I remember always writing her letters and feeling very connected to her and Grandpa even when they were living far away. I looked forward to their visits when they lived in California and we lived in Utah and knew that when she came to see us, we would have a wonderful time.

When Grandma moved to West Jordan, I remember being able to see her more often. It was there that we met Pepper, a little dog that would bring a lot of love into our family. We would go to Grandma's and there she would be cooking a hamburger or scrambled eggs for Pepper. Eventually she couldn't care for him, and she decided to give him to us. We were ecstatic to have our own dog and he was truly one of the gifts that helped us get through some very difficult years in our own family. Thank you, Grandma, for giving Pepper to us.

Grandma has always been there for me and for all her grandchildren. She never forgot a birthday and we would be delighted to get Valentine's, Halloween, and even Happy Thanksgiving cards from her in the mail. She would always try to include a few dollars which we found very exciting. Grandma has attended many events in my life to show her support of me. She was at my mission farewell, my wedding, my college graduation, and welcomed each of my own children into our family. I have seen Grandma cry tears of sorrow over her grandchildren as well as tears of joy in our successes and triumphs. She is always curious as to how my husband and children are, as well as how each of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are doing.

Grandma is such a beautiful woman inside and out. She has always expressed to me her love of the Savior and her testimony of the gospel. I used to love hearing about her mission and her service in the LA temple. Grandma was so excited to be there with me the day I took out my endowment in the Jordan River Temple. It has always remained my favorite temple. It was Grandma Fern who bought me my temple clothing and taught me about the sacredness of the ordinances. I feel it was she who planted a desire in my heart to go to the temple often.

Grandma taught me a lot about service as she cared for her second husband, Bob. She was very dedicated

to him and helped make his last years as comfortable as possible. It was always nice to go to their home and sit around their kitchen table and visit with them. Grandma was always trying to feed us and find out about all the latest happenings in our lives.

Grandma has always taken very good care of herself. She has beautiful skin and I would love to watch her rub moisturizer on her face at night. I loved to watch her roll her hair in rollers and pencil her eyebrows. Grandma always loves to look nice and has always tried to wear stylish clothing and look her best. She has always looked much younger than she is and seems to have a twinkle in her eye that makes her seem young at heart, as well. Grandma has always been a very fun woman, and I have always loved her spunk.

I just want Grandma Fem to know how grateful I am to be her granddaughter. She has had a profound influence in my life as well as the lives of many others. Grandma, thank you for taking the time to make me feel like the most loved, most special child in the world. I always knew you would be a soft place to fall and knew that you would love me no matter what. Thank you for supporting my mom during hard times and for always being there for our family. You are a wonderful, elect lady and I know that you have lived a good life. Thank you very much. I love you.



## **Christina Cheryl Cox (Christie)**

I remember Grandma being the most fun. She always made sure that we all got plenty of frosted cookies during Christmastime. All of us would stay there and help her frost them. They were always so good. Grandma loved cooking and baking. No one can ever beat her chocolate chip cookies. They were simply the best.

I remember the games we'd play and the songs she would have me sing when I was a little girl. She would always play this game where we shouted "Run Sheepy Run." It was so much fun. I lived with Grandma some of the time when Mom went back to college. So she was always reading to me and teaching me these beautiful fun songs. I knew she loved it when I helped her clean and cook, so I became an early learner.

I remember this one New Year's Eve, I wanted to go out with my cousins so bad. I think I was about 10. I guess I was too young to go so they sent me to Grandma's. Well, I am telling you, they are the ones who missed out on all the fun. We watched movies and ate junk food. She even let me bang pots and pans at midnight. We stayed up very late and I liked that.

I remember how well she took care of Grandpa and herself. She would wake up very early and clean and wash clothes and change all the sheets. Did she ever have energy! She even had a beautiful garden with the most beautiful flowers in town. I helped her plant a lot of the flowers and I liked to watch the vegetable garden grow. I thought it was so cool to watch the pumpkins, and tomatoes grow so big.

I remember when she gave us her dog, Pepper. Pepper was one of the family. He hung out with me so much. When I brought him back over to see Grandma, she would take both of us to drive through at McDonald's and get me and Pepper a happy meal. It was so funny watching him eat his hamburger by himself. He ate it in one swallow. Over all these years, I am grateful for your help with raising me. I know I haven't been the easiest. I love you with all my heart. You are so sweet and caring. You are so special to me and I will always treasure the time we have spent together. I love you, Grandma.

## Sarah Jane Pickett

I may be only eight years old, but Grandma Fern has always made me feel special. One thing I really like is that I am named after her mother, Sarah Jane Whitmer. One of my favorite memories of her is just talking to her about her life and hearing her funny stories. She always smells good and has fun treats—I especially liked eating Cheetos at her house because she let me eat all I wanted! I really love Grandma Fern and think it is so neat that she is always interested in me and asks lots of questions about how I am doing. I wish I lived closer to her so I could see her all the time. It is great to have a Great-Grandma that is so fun and loving. Thank you Grandma Fern for all you have done for me. I love you very much.



## Rachel Ilene Dahl Fowler

Grandma Fern was a teacher. Whenever I visited her or she visited us, she taught me something about cooking, house work or gardening. She had a way of always making it fun, and memorable. I remember her teaching me :

1. To fold a pillowcase
2. To set a proper dining table
3. To make a bed the proper way (top sheet, bottom sheet, folding the corners of the top sheet)

The meals she made were always fabulous with delicious desserts that were always accompanied by hot chocolate or a special beverage. She is the only person I know who can make perfect divinity. I remember how she loves sweets. I have memories of riding in the back seat of a car with her on a long trip and singing songs and playing games, of which she always won.

I remember her sleeping on the floor with me and everything she said and did was memorable. She taught me about “See’s Candy.” Her favorite is butterscotch. But she had her own special name for the candy. She would walk in to “See’s” and ask for “Brown Sugar Candy” and they knew what she wanted.

Grandma always got what she wanted ... ..... no matter what it was.

Grandma, I love you dearly and like I always tell my children, “BUTTER IS BETTER,” and “TO TRY IS TO LIE.”

Love, Rachel



## Fern Dahl Ivins

What I remember about Grandma Fern... I remember helping her in her Garden at her West Jordan House and at Bob’s house. She would show me what were weeds and I picked the weeds. It was best when we got to pick the vegetables. One time at the West Jordan house she took a picture of the rainbow that landed on the temple. She showed me the picture and talked about how beautiful it was to see that rainbow and the temple at the end. She taught me about the importance of the temple, and I just remember that she worked in the West Jordan Temple for some time. She enjoyed it! Gotta love her! And don’t forget that I am one of her namesakes, she always reminded us of that!

## Leah Marie Dahl Hamstreet

Grandma Fern was a great influence in my life. I have many great memories with her. She is always silly and having fun. I remember all the summers when I would fly to Utah by myself to visit Grandma. She made the trips fun and I couldn't wait for next summer when I could spend it with her.

The first thing that comes to my mind when I think of Grandma is her teaching me how to fold hankies to make items like a piece of candy or a "cradle to rock the baby in." I always loved her hankies because they were so delicate and pretty. Grandma always sang songs that her mother taught her. One that I really liked was "Playmate." She also showed Christie and I how to have great, sophisticated tea parties. We got to use the good china. And of course who could forget about Grandma's huge and wonderful garden.

I remember a summer when I was in Utah when Grandma and I had worked hard on two lemon meringue pies. They were sitting on the stovetop to cool and we were in her room watching tv and there was a loud boom. One of the stovetops got turned on. It got too hot for the glass and it shattered. Grandma just laughed about it, and I learned a valuable lesson about glass and heat. But Grandma knew I loved lemon meringue pie and she would make me feel great when she would make it for me. Grandma is very special to me because she was the one grandparent that I had a lot of contact with. Grandpa passed away five days after I was born and Grandma and Grandpa Dahl weren't around much. I feel so grateful to have such a wonderful grandma. Thank you for all the wonderful memories and Happy 80th Birthday.

# GRANDMA'S FAVORITE SONGS



## I Have a Dolly

I have a dolly, so have I.  
Mine has blue eyes.  
Mine can cry.  
Mine I call Bessie.  
Mine I call Lou ·  
See Bessie's feet look at her shoes.

See their feet. Ain't they sweet.  
Dollies we love you we love so true.

Betsy is growing. How do you tell?  
She gets so sleepy, well well well.  
I almost spanked her. Didn't you? Why?  
I just couldn't. I almost cried.

See their feet. Ain't they sweet.  
Dollies we love you we love you so true.

## Playmates

Oh say say Playmate, come out and play with me  
Come bring your dollies three  
Climb up my apple tree  
Climb up my rain barrel  
Slide down my cellar door  
And we'll be jolly friends  
Forever more

She couldn't come out and play for it was a rainy day  
With a tearful eye I breathed a sigh and I could hear  
her say  
Oh say say Playmate I cannot play with you. My dolly  
has the flu.

Boo hoo hoo hoo  
Ain't got no rain barrel  
Ain't got no cellar door  
But we'll be jolly friends  
Forever more.

## Two Little Children

Two little children a boy and a girl, sat by an old church door,  
The little girl's feet were as brown as the curls that fell upon the dress she wore.  
The boy's coat was ragged and hatless his head, A tear shone each little eye.  
'Why don't you go home to your mama' I asked and this was the maiden's reply.

"Mama's in Heaven. They took her away. Left Jim and I alone. We come here to play at the end of the day, cause we have no Mama or home. We can't earn our bread, we're too little," she said. "Jim's five and I'm only 7. There's no one to love us since Papa is dead And our darling Mama's in Heaven." She told us she'd call for her darlings some day. Perhaps she'll call for them tonight.

Papa was lost out at sea long ago, We waited all night on the shore. He was a life saving captain, you know, but he never came back any more. Then Mama got sick, angels took her away. She said to a home warm and bright. "They'll come for my darlings," she told us, "someday." Perhaps they are coming tonight. Maybe tonight they've no room there," she said, "Two little ones to keep."

Mama's in heaven. They took her away. She went to the land fair and bright. She told us she'd call for her darlings some day, Perhaps she'll call for them tonight. Then placing her arm under little Jim's head, She kissed and both fell asleep. The sexton came early to ring the church bell, He found them beneath the snow white. The angels made room for two orphans to dwell in Heaven with Mama that night. She called for her darlings that night.

## Two Little Girls (another version of Playmates)

Once there lived side by side  
Two little girls  
Used to dress just alike  
Hair down in curls.

Blue gingham pinafores  
Stockings of red  
Little Sunbonnets tied  
On each pretty head

One day a quarrel came  
Hot tears were shed  
"I don't want to play in your yard"  
And the other said:

Girl 1: I don't want to play in your yard  
Girl 2: I don't like you any more  
Girl 1: You'll be sorry when you see me  
Sliding down my cellar door.  
Girl 2: You can't holler down my rain barrel  
Girl 1: You can't climb my apple tree  
Together: I don't want to play in your yard  
If you won't be good to me.

## Tell Me a Story

Tell me a story tell me a story tell me a story remember what you said.

Tell me about the birds and bees, tell me about bumblebees.

Tell me a story remember what you said.

## Down in the Meadow in a Little Bitty Pool

Down in the meadow in a little bitty pool  
Swam three little fishies and a mama fishie too  
“Swim” said the mama fishie, “Swim if you can”  
And they swam and they swam all over the dam

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
And they swam and they swam all over the dam.

“Stop” said the mama fishie, “or you will get lost”  
The three little fishies didn’t wanna be bossed  
The three little fishies went off on a spree  
And they swam and they swam right out to the sea

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
And they swam and they swam all over the dam.

“Whee!” yelled the little fishies, “Here’s a lot of fun  
We’ll swim in the sea till the day is done”  
They swam and they swam, and it was a lark  
Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!  
Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
And they swam and they swam all over the dam

“Help!” cried the little fishies, “Gee! look at all  
the whales!”  
And quick as they could, they turned on their tails  
And back to the pool in the meadow they swam  
And they swam and they swam back over the dam

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!  
And they swam and they swam all over the dam.

## A Little Boys Walk

A little boy went walking  
One lovely summer’s day,  
He saw a little rabbit  
That quickly ran away.

He saw the shining river  
Go winding in and out,  
And little fishes in it  
Were swimming all about.

And slowly, slowly turning,  
The great wheel of the mill,  
And then the tall church steeple,  
The little church so still.

The bridge above the water  
And when he stopped to rest,  
He saw among the bushes  
A wee nest.

And as he watched the birdies  
Above the treetops fly,  
He saw the clouds a sailing  
Across the summer sky.

He saw the insects playing  
The flowers that summer brings,  
He said, I’ll go tell mamma  
I’ve seen so many things.

## Five Little Ducks

Five little ducks  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said  
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”  
But only four little ducks came back.

Four little ducks  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said  
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”  
But only three little ducks came back.

Three little ducks  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said  
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”  
But only two little ducks came back.

Two little ducks  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said  
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”  
But only one little duck came back.

One little duck  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
Mother duck said  
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”  
But none of the five little ducks came back.

Sad mother duck  
Went out one day  
Over the hill and far away  
The sad mother duck said

“Quack, quack, quack.”  
And all of the five little ducks came back.

## In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

That’s where Adam sat Eve on his knee  
In the light of the moon  
How did they spoon?  
In the shade of the old apple tree.

## Run Along Home

Now run along home and jump into bed  
Say your prayers don’t cover your head.  
Just one more thing before I go if  
You’ll dream of me then I’ll dream of you.

## I See the Moon

I see the moon, the moon sees me  
The moon sees the somebody I’d like to see  
God Bless the moon and God Bless me  
And God Bless the somebody I’d like to see.

It seems to me that God above  
Created you for me to love  
He picked you out from all the rest  
Because he knew I loved you best

## My Pigeon House

My pigeon house I open wide  
And set my pigeons free,  
They fly over house and mountains top  
And light on the tallest tree.

And when they return to their merry, merry nest  
I close my eyes and say goodnight,

Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo

## Old Shep

When I was a lad and old Shep was a pup  
O'er the hills and the meadows we'd stray.  
Just a boy and his dog, we were both  
Full of love.  
And we grew up together that way.

I remember the time at the old swimming pool  
When I would have drowned on down  
But old Shep was right there to the rescue he came.  
And he jumped in and helped pull me out.

The years sped along and at last he grew old,  
And his eyesight was fast at him and said,  
"I can't do no more for him, Jim."

With a hand that was trembling,  
I picked up my gun,  
And I aimed it at Shep's faithful head,  
But I just couldn't do it I wanted to run,  
And I wished that they'd shoot me instead.

I went to his side and I sat on the ground,  
And he laid his head on my knee.  
As close of a pal that a man ever found,  
And I cried till I scarcely could see.

Old Shepie knew, he was going to go  
For he reached out and licked at my hand,  
He looked at me just as much as to say  
"I hate to but you understand."

Now Old Shep gone where the good doggies go,  
And no more with old Shep will I roam,  
But if there's a heaven there is one thing I know,  
Old Shep has a wonderful home.

## Up Up in the Sky

Up up in the sky  
Where the little birdies fly.  
Down down in their nest  
The little birdies rest;  
With a wing on the right and  
A wing on the left,  
Now let the dear birdies sleep all  
The night long.

When the bright sun comes up  
And the dew floats away  
Our Heavenly Father  
We love to obey.  
How gay are the flowers  
How green are the hills  
Our Heavenly Father, we'll try to obey.

## I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad all the live-long day;  
I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time  
away.  
Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in  
the morn.  
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow  
your horn!"  
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow, Dinah  
won't you blow your horn?  
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow, Dinah  
won't you blow your horn?  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in  
the kitchen, I know.  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah strummin' on  
the old banjo.  
Fee fie fiddle-ee-i-o, Fee fie fiddle-ee-i-o,  
Fee fie fiddle-ee-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo

## I Dreamed Of A Hillbilly Heaven

(A song Grandma sang to us as children. Much of it is not sung but said)

*I dreamed I was there in hillbilly heaven oh what a beautiful sight,*

And I met all the stars in hillbilly heaven oh what a star spangled night,

Last night I dreamed I went to hillbilly heaven  
And just as I arrived the old curtain lifted  
And there on stage stood who else but Roy Acuff and Tex Ritter

They said well how you doing come on in here  
There are some folks you wanna see

Over there's our newest member your old friend Conway Twitty say Hello Darlin'

And there's gentlemen Jim Reeves singin' with heaven's choir

Roger Miller he just got here he's making everybody laugh

Course you know Roy Orbison can sing just as high as anybody here.

And Ernest Tubbs can sing as low

And Patsy Cline well bet she's the best singin' angel here

And Dottie West is probably the prettiest

There's the old pea-picker Ernie Ford

Jimmy Rodgers George Morgan Hank Williams

And the wandering boy Web Pierce

The old honky tonker himself Lefty Frizzell

My goodness what a group

Would you just listen to Mother Mabel

Over there pickin' the Wildwood Flower with the angel band

You know I personally think she's just about God's favorite

And Marty Robbins well he's still gettin' more encores than anybody else up here

Just like he used to down on earth

Yeah well there's Elvis they still call him the King

But we know they're not talking about the real king up here

*I dreamed I went to hillbilly heaven oh what a star studded night,*

Then I ask Roy and Tex I said well who do you think will be showin' up

Say within the next 40 50 60 years

They handed me a big tallybook and in it I saw names like Johnny Cash

George Jones Merle Haggard Don Gibson Mel Tillis Farren Young Kitty Wells

Some of the newer ones like Vince Gill and Garth Brooks

Course they talked about Minnie Pearl the Judds Tanya Tucker Reba McEntire Hank Jr

Oh of course Buck Owens Roy Rodgers Gene Autry Randy Travis and Willie Nelson

There's old Chet

I said well where's Porter Wagoner's name oh there it is

And then there was Loretta Lynn and Tammy Wynette and Dolly Parton

Oooh that's when I woke up

*I dreamed I was there in hillbilly heaven oh what a beautiful sight*

*And I met all the stars in hillbilly heaven oh what a star spangled night.*

## You are my Sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy  
If you will only say the same  
But if you leave me and love another  
You'll regret it all some day

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away

You told me once, dear, you really loved me  
And no one else could come between  
But now you've left me and love another  
You have shattered all of my dreams

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to leave me  
When I awake my poor heart pains  
So when you come back and make me happy  
I'll forgive you dear, I'll take all the blame

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are gray  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away.

## Detour (My dad sang this all the time-Melvin Harold Munn, Jr.)

When I got stuck in the mud all my hopes  
brought to a thud  
I guess my heart's dreams are made of wine  
I have no will power to get from this hole that I am in,  
Should have read that detour sign.

Detour, there's a muddy road ahead  
Detour, paid no mind to what it said  
Detour, oh I should have read that detour sign.

Travelin' down life's crooked road, lot of things  
I never knewed  
And cause of me not knowin' I now pine  
Trouble got in the trail, spent the next five years in jail  
Should have read that detour sign.

Detour, there's a muddy road ahead  
Detour, paid no mind to what it said  
Detour, oh, I should have read that detour sign.

