



Tingley Times

DESCENDANTS OF
EDITH GERTRUDE GAGE
AND
NELSON EUGENE
TINGLEY

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Remembering

Can I Have Baby Ruth?

by Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)



A long, long time ago, my brother (Glenn) and his sons lived with Jim, Lori, Jaden, and me for a spell. We had some pets, one of which was my Baby Ruth. She was a 6 or 7 pound mix of Poodle and Corgi. She looked fluffy with her blond hair. She was adorable, and a fraidey cat, make that fraidey dog. She was loveable. I loved Baby Ruth very, very much. That can happen to you when you nurse a very small puppy through recovery from a large abscess on the head, which I did a long time before this incident.

My nephew Lance (Glenn's son) loved Baby Ruth also. Lance was probably in fourth grade at the time. Baby Ruth was fun. She could back flip; she was a wannabe circus dog, she could sing; and she could snap socks. One day Baby Ruth was sitting on a large, soft chair alongside Lance. Very, very seriously and pleadingly, Lance (while stroking Baby Ruth) looked at me so earnestly and said, "Can I have Baby Ruth"?

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Am I a Winner?

by James Elton Turner Jr (husband of Florene Turner, daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage)



Florene, Lori, Jesse Rojas, and I went to Disneyland during its 25th anniversary. We didn't know that it was the 25th anniversary. We were caught up in being together and going to Disneyland!

As soon as we bought the tickets, we went through the turnstile. As Lori went through the turnstile, big noises went off. We wondered if something was wrong, but instead found that something was very right. Disneyland people came to Lori immediately and handed her some things including a ribbon that they put on her.

They kept saying that she was 100-1000th (or whatever it was) person in Disneyland! It was all very exciting and celebrative.

Jesse was young enough to be in a stroller and he thought that he was the winner and kept asking, "Am I a winner? Am I a winner?"

Lori bent over to him taking her ribbon off of herself and put it on him and said, "Yes, Honey, you *are* a winner!"

POLICY

Tingley Times is for the contributions, reading, and possessing of all descendants and spouses of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley. Send your contributions at any time; they will go in the next edition.

Send your contributions to <tingleytimes@hotmail.com> or mail to

FLORENE TURNER
4493 PEACEFUL RIVER
ST GEORGE UT 84790

Be sure to print a copy of **Tingley Times** for your close relatives who do not have internet service.



Goodbye?

by Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)

When Jesse was about four, he lived in California, and I lived in Washington state. We would talk on the phone at length periodically because we loved each other. One time he unexpectedly said, "I'm done talking to you now."



Jesse Rojas

Hairpoo and Footybare

by Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)

The first time that I remember Lori responding to my statement or question about shampooing her hair with "Hairpoo?" was when she was about four. It continued for a year or two.

She was about the same age when she would ask, "Can I go footybare?"



Lori Helen
Turner Rojas



Olds

Story of a Rolling Pin

By Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley

In 1880 AD, Chas. R. Gage and Ida L. Harley were wed. Fred Frost, Ida's cousin carved me out of a stick of maple stove wood for Ida. In 1882, Edith G. was born. In 1885, Meda was born. I rolled out many pies, cookies, and biscuits for this little family, and served in every way I could. In 1900, Nelson Eugene Tingley married Edith, and Ida gave me to Edith. Then the babies began to come: Glenn V., Harold N., Opal L., Pauline E., Wilson E., Helen M., and Wendell D. Then they adopted Billy E. Then I was very busy rolling cookies, pies, and biscuits, and many other duties I had to perform, but never was used as a club. In 1956, Eugene passed away; the children were all married so Edith and I had to go it alone, but still I was in use and handled with loving care. Now – in the year 1967, both Edith and I are retiring. I trust I will fall into hands that will want me and appreciate me for my many years of hard labor and faithfulness to this family since the year 1880. Thank you, A Maplewood Rolling Pin (written by Edith Gertrude

Gage Tingley)
Florene Turner's Addition

Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss used this maple wood rolling pin until she gave it to Florene Turner about 1976. Sure enough, Florene appreciated and wanted it. She had it attached to a wood hanging that also contained the following: (1) a photograph of Charles, Almeda (Meda), Ida, and Edith Gage, (2) a photo of Edith Gage, (3) part of an envelope on which Edith had written, "Rolling Pin Story By Edith G. Tingley," and (4) Edith's hand-written, "Story of a Rolling Pin" (above). It has been hanging in Florene's kitchens or dining rooms ever since. Florene typed this history because the hand-written story was getting difficult to read, and she was afraid that it would become illegible. That's what that white streak above the rolling pin is in the picture. FT 2008





Excerpt from "The Escapades of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley"

From "Memoirs" and Memoirs #2" by Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley

Diphtheria (11/37-40.A)



Pauline Tingley
about 16

The older children were attending our church school at Hermon, California. Diphtheria broke out there. In fact, it was Pauline's roommate who came down with it first. Several of the students caught it. They were quickly moved to a house they called the Pest House. The school was not quarantined.

Our children came home Friday nights and went back Monday mornings. We watched them very carefully for any sign of diphtheria.

Everyone at the school got better, and Pauline's roommate came back to the room. Pauline came home as usual on Friday night and seemed fine.

Sunday morning we all went to Sunday School and church. Before church was out, I noticed Pauline was not in the church. I went out to the car, and she was in the back seat. I asked why she wasn't in church. She said she was sick and had a sore throat. We hurried

home, put her in a room by herself, and tried to get Dr. Hubbard. He was out of town. I doctored for sore throat as best I could.

Monday morning we got the doctor. He told me to stay upstairs with her, and he would send a nurse to help me, but I must not go downstairs, and no one should go upstairs. He came over several times Monday and Tuesday.

On Wednesday he came over with another doctor, whom I knew to be the health doctor, so I thought he had come to quarantine us. They both examined her and went away. I found out later that Dr. Hubbard had sent the other doctor to Los Angeles, California, to get some tubes to put in Pauline's neck, so that if she choked, she could still get her breath. I called to Glenn to bring some ice cubes to the head of the stairs, and I went out to get them.

The nurse called me and said Pauline wanted me. I rushed back in, and Pauline was on her hands and knees, choking and getting blacker in the face every minute. I told her to spit it out! I pounded her on the back, but couldn't stop it, so I ran out in the hall again and called for Glenn to get Dr. Hubbard quickly!

Just then Dr. Hubbard came running in, pulling off his coat as he came. He tried every way to help her, but she never breathed again.

I nearly went wild. I couldn't go down

where the other family members were. Daddy was at work and had gone for lunch. No one knew where.

When they found him, he came home in a hurry, but the undertaker had already been there and taken Pauline's body away. I couldn't go where Daddy was, and he couldn't come to me.

We didn't know where Opal was and couldn't find her for a couple of days. It was terrible! The nurse went home and left me all alone upstairs.

The next day I took a bath, changed clothes, and after they took culture tests of all of us, I went downstairs with the other family members. They never did quarantine us! The culture tests came back negative.

They allowed us to have the funeral in the church. The school came in a body. We laid her body to rest in Inglewood Park Cemetery in Inglewood, California.

I was very happy when some of the young people from the school told me that Pauline was praying around the altar Thursday night. I feel she is one of my children who made it through and is now with the Lord.

The others are not all Christians now, but I am praying they will all find the Lord before they are called to go.



Brown Paper and String

by Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)



Back in the olden days before the United States Postal Department became mechanized, packages needed to be wrapped in brown paper and tied with string. I do not have any idea why the brown paper wrapping, but perhaps the string was for ease of handling the boxes.

It was such a surprise when I took my carefully brown-paper-wrapped and string-tied boxes to the Post Office to be told to remove the string and paper. No explanation was given to me, just remove them.



Reunion

After the Message

by Ray Kellar (husband of Linda Kellar, daughter of Betty Crowell, daughter of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage)

In an unfortunate turn of events, Forest Gump had passed away. Knowing how Forest was, he was perfectly okay with his passing and looked forward to meeting St. Peter.

Upon approaching the Pearly Gates, Forest noticed that they were closed. St. Peter was sitting atop the gates in a golden chair. He greeted Forest cheerfully. Forest inquired about entering, and St. Peter said that Forest would need to answer three questions first. Forest agreed and waited patiently for the questions.

"Question one: How many days of the week begin with the letter 'T'?" Forest thought for a minute and then answered, "2. Today and tomorrow." St. Peter, looking astonished, replied, "2. That wasn't exactly what I had in mind – however, correct. Question 2: How many seconds in a year?" He told Forest to think carefully as this question was a little more difficult and required some thought. Forest scratched his brow and pondered the question for quite a few minutes. "I've got it!" he said. "12." "12," said St. Peter. "How do you figure that?" "Well," said Forest, "The 2nd of January, the 2nd of February . . ." St. Peter couldn't believe what he was hearing, but said, "Forest, I surely didn't expect that an-



swer, but I will give it to you." He then asked Forest the toughest question of all, "What is God's first name?" Well Forest didn't even have to think about this one. "That's easy!" Forest declared. "Andy." St. Peter, astonished, replied, "Andy! How in the world did you come up with that?" "Well," said Forest, "I just remembered the song Mama would sing to me, "Andy walks with me. Andy talks with me. Andy tells me I am His own!"

St. Peter then opened the gates and allowed Forest inside. "I certainly can't argue with that!" he replied.

musician and Richard Eugene Tingley (Sr.)



Photo by Trina Stead



friend and Stephanie Crowell

Photo by Trina Stead



friend, Stephanie, Tyler, and Richard Crowell

Photo by Trina Stead



Gary Plata, Dorothy Stead, Richard Tingley, Jr., Betty Crowell, and Richard Tingley (Sr.)
Photo by Trina Stead



Amy and Kelly Crowell
Photo by Trina Stead



dog and Amy Crowell

Photo by Trina Stead



Betty and Bob Crowell
Photo by Trina Stead



Betty Crowell



Betty Crowell and Dorothy Stead
Photo by Trina Stead



Betty Crowell, Bob Crowell, and Richard Tingley, Jr.



Bob and Kelly Crowell
Photo by Trina Stead



Betty Crowell and Linda Kellar
Photo by Trina Stead



Bob Crowell



Bob, Amy, Kelly Crowell and dog

Photo by Trina Stead



Campsite at Idyllwild County Park

Photo by Trina Stead



Dick Tingley (Sr.)

Photo by Trina Stead



Dorothy Stead and June Siner

Photo by Trina Stead



Dorothy and Ron Stead and Richard Crowell

Photo by Trina Stead



Dorothy Stead, Betty Crowell, Bob Crowell, and Amy Crowell

Photo by Trina Stead



Dorothy Stead, Richard Tingley, Jr., Betty Crowell, and Dick Tingley (Sr.)

Photo by Trina Stead



Florene Turner

Photo by Trina Stead



Florene Turner giving message at Sunday Service

Photo by Trina Stead



Florene Turner, waitress, and Wayne Siner at Saturday Supper

Photo by Trina Stead



Stephanie Crowell at Friday Fire

Photo by Trina Stead



Ronny Stead, Betty Crowell, Dorothy Stead, Ron Stead, Ray Kellar, Richard Crowell, Linda Kellar, and Chuck Kleiser at Sunday Service

Photo by Trina Stead



Gary Plata

Photo by Trina Stead



Please e-mail
<tingleytimes@hotmail.com>
with this charmer's name.

Photo by Trina Stead



E-mail <tingleytimes@hotmail.com>
with the names of these three
body builders from left to right,
please.

Photo by Trina Stead



What's your name? Please e-mail it to <tingleytimes@hotmail.com>

Photo by Trina Stead



What's your name, sweetie? Please e-mail it to <tingleytimes@hotmail.com>. Photo by Trina Stead

Jim and Florene Turner at Saturday Sunrise



Photo by Trina Stead



Jim and Florene Turner and Ray Kellar at Sunday Service
Photo by Trina Stead



Kelly Crowell
Photo by Trina Stead



Jim Turner, Bob Crowell, Rick Tingley, and Rick's girlfriend (Chris) at Saturday Sunrise
Photo by Trina Stead



Linda, Tiffany, and Ray Kellar
Photo by Trina Stead



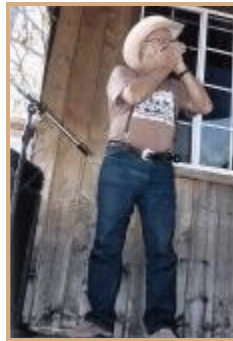
Ray Kellar "After the Message" at Sunday Service
Photo by Trina Stead



Linda Kellar



Ray Kellar, Rosemary Kleiser, Eric Eugene Juillerat, and Dick Tingley (Sr.) at Sunday Service
Photo by Trina Stead



Dick Tingley (Sr.)
Photo by Trina Stead



Richard Crowell and
Chuck Kleiser

Photo by Trina Stead



Dick Tingley (Sr.), Chuck Kleiser, Eric Juillerat, Rosemary Kleiser, waitress, and Florene Turner at Saturday Supper
Photo by Trina Stead



Dick Tingley (Sr.), Eric Juillerat, Curtis Charles Kleiser, Rosemary Kleiser, and Chuck Kleiser

Photo by Trina Stead



Richard Tingley, Jr.
Photo by Florene Turner



Rick Tingley
Photo by Florene Turner



Trina Stead



Rick Tingley, Rick's girlfriend (Chris), Betty Crowell, and Dorothy Stead at Saturday Sunrise

Photo by Trina Stead



Rick's girlfriend (Chris) and Rick Tingley
Photo by Trina Stead



Rick's girlfriend (Chris), Rick Tingley, Wayne and June Siner, and Jim and Florene Turner at Sunday Service (After the Message)
Photo by Trina Stead



Ronny Stead
Photo by Trina Stead



Rosemary Kleiser
Photo by Florene Turner



Rosemary Kleiser and Wayne Siner

Photo by Trina Stead



Ronny Stead, Dorothy Stead, Ron Stead, and Chuck Kleiser

Photo by Trina Stead



dog, Rosemary Kleiser, Eric Juillerat, and Dick Tingley (Sr.)

Photo by Trina Stead



Rosemary Kleiser, Florene Turner, Wayne and June Siner, Jim Turner, Rick Tingley, and Rick's girlfriend (Chris)

Photo by Trina Stead



Stars and Stripes



SCOTT FERGUSON

by Madison Taylor (daughter of Billy Eugene Tingley, son of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)



Scott is my younger son. Previously he was with the 82nd Airborne, and he was going to be a ranger. However, during the last phase of it, he changed his mind. He was at Fort Bragg, driving brass around in a Humvee before his re-enlistment. Then he opted for Hawaii.

and I had to tell them that I wasn't pleased with this newest assignment. One of his buddies told me, "Yeah, I know. I'm not thrilled either. I have a baby and a wife, but someone has to do it."

They are trained well, but it's really hard for me. I adore Scott and am extremely proud of him. He is an amazing human. I actually think he enjoys the United States Army. He is a definite team player and is excellent in leadership. He is never one to use his higher position in whatever he is doing as leverage. He would only use it for the betterment of whatever endeavor he has signed up for. He has very high moral fiber and actually represents his country well, as do all our men serving this country.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Volume XVII, Issue 4, November 16, 2007, Scott's last name was written as Tingley instead of Ferguson. I am so sorry. FT

Now he is in his second enlistment, and he is a communications expert. At present he is a sergeant and is the commander of a Stryker, the newest military tank, a five million dollar machine that moves in packs. I'm not sure of the wording. He is responsible for every minute thing on that



war machine. He knows it inside and outside. He signed up for this assignment.

I have spoken to a few of his Stryker Commander buddies,



Greetings:

by Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley.)



A patriotic edition of Tingley Times is planned for July. After all, July is American independence month! So, please send military information about (1) your ancestors going back to Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley, (2) yourself, (3) and your descendants.

Ideas for information are, full name, relationship to you, highest rank, years of service, i.e., 1961-1963, locations of duty, experiences, military picture, et cetera. Send the information to <tingleyTimes@hotmail.com> or FLORENE TURNER, 4493 PEACEFUL RIVER, ST GEORGE UT 84790.



Tingley Times

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Two Things to Do:

- 1. E-mail incorrect or missing names of the pictures to the editor. It would be helpful if you e-mailed the page number also.**
- 2. Send military information of Tingleys for the July edition. Send them at any time between now and July.**