

# Tingley Times

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Descendants of Edith Gertrude Sage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley

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**Editor's Note:** I am doing a fairly simple edition as my semi-final edition because I'm truly hoping to encourage someone to become editor. The thing to remember is that fancy is nice, but not the important thing. What is the important thing? It's communication. Love, *Florene*

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## Letter from one "Angry Woman"

I don't know who wrote it, but she should have signed it. Some powerful words! This woman should run for president. Written by a housewife from New Jersey! This is one ticked off lady.

"Are we fighting a war on terror or aren't we? Was it or was it not started by Islamic people who brought it to our shores on September 11, 2001?

"Were people from all over the world, mostly Americans, not brutally murdered that day, in downtown Manhattan, across the Potomac from our nation's capitol and in a field in Pennsylvania?

"Did nearly 3,000 men, women, and

children die a horrible, burning or crushing death that day, or didn't they?

"And I'm supposed to care that a copy of the Koran was "desecrated" when an overworked American soldier kicked it or got it wet? Well, I don't. I don't care at all.

"I'll start caring when Osama bin Laden turns himself in and repents for incinerating all those innocent people on 9/11.

"I'll care about the Koran when the fanatics in the Middle East start caring about the Holy Bible, the mere possession of which is a crime in Saudi Arabia

"I'll care when these thugs tell the world they are sorry for hacking off Nick Berg's head while

Berg screamed through his gurgling slashed throat.

"I'll care when the cowardly so-called "insurgents" in Iraq come out and fight like men instead of disrespecting their own religion by hiding in mosques.

"I'll care when the mindless zealots who blow themselves up in search of nirvana care about the innocent children within range of their suicide bombs.

"I'll care when the American media stops pretending that their First Amendment liberties are somehow derived from international law instead of The United States Constitution's Bill of

Rights.

"In the meantime, when I hear a story about a brave Marine roughing up an Iraqi terrorist to obtain information, know this: I don't care.

"When I see a fuzzy photo of a pile of naked Iraqi prisoners who have been humiliated in what amounts to a college-hazing incident, rest assured: I don't care.

"When I see a wounded terrorist get shot in the head when he is told not to move because he might be booby-trapped, you can take it to the bank: I don't care.

"When I hear that a prisoner, who was issued a Koran and a prayer mat and fed "special" food that is paid for by my tax dollars, is complaining that his holy book is being "mishandled," you can absolutely believe in your heart of hearts: I don't care.

"And oh, by the way, I've noticed that sometimes it's spelled "Koran" and other times

"Quran." Well, Jim my Crack Corn and - you guessed it - I don't care!

"If you agree with this viewpoint, pass this on to all your E-mail friends. Sooner or later, it'll get to the people responsible for this ridiculous behavior!

"If you don't agree, then by all means hit the delete button. Should you choose the latter, then please don't complain when more atrocities committed by radical Muslims happen here in our great country!

"And may I add:

'Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world. But, the Marines don't have that problem.' -

Ronald Reagan

"I have another quote that I would like to add AND.....I hope you forward all this.

'If we ever forget that we're One Nation under God, then we will be a

nation gone under.' -  
Also by Ronald Reagan

"One last thought for the day: In case we find ourselves starting to believe all the anti-American sentiment and negativity, we should remember England's Prime Minister Tony Blair's words during a recent interview. When asked by one of his Parliament members why he believes so much in America, he said: 'A simple way to take measure of a country is to look at how many want in - and how many want out.'

"Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you:

1. Jesus Christ
2. American G. I.

"One died for your soul, the other, for your freedom.

"You might want to pass this on, as many seem to forget both of them. Amen!"

Editor's Note: I don't remember who offered this, but I'm glad it came.

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Florene, will miss you as editor. I have really enjoyed all the editions you have done and really appreciate all your hard work. Blessings and love, *Liz Sawyer*

Thank you, Liz. It has been a pleasure indeed, and I have delighted in our emailsations (conversations by email?). Love, *Florene*

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**From Rosemary Kleiser** (*daughter of Richard Eugene Tingley [Sr.], son of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*)

I am not sure when you are putting out the next edition, but my daughter, Erin Nowak, is expecting her baby by the end of the month. It would be nice to put in an announcement. Her husband, Christopher, is still deployed in the Navy and is expected home March 26. I hope he makes it home in time for the birth. Erin is expecting a girl this time. The name they have chosen is Payton Rose. Erin also has two sons, Gavin, (age 3) and Logan (age 1-1/2). Yes, they are all close together and she will have her hands full.

My son, Curtis, just started baseball. He is on the Major Padres. The season just started so we will see how they do. Everyone else is doing great and all in good health.

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**From Glenn Vincent Tingley, Jr.** (*son of Glenn Vincent Tingley [Sr.], son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*)

Some years ago I went with my daughter, Elizabeth, to Kings Island, the large amusement park in south central Ohio. We stood in line to ride "The Beast." After some time we were near the boarding point. We watched as the coaster was loaded and left, but in only a few minutes it returned - ride over! Liz said that that wasn't much of a ride, that she had seen smaller coasters with longer rides.

I wanted to encourage her and "fabricated" a story line that the ride was really good, that it went out into the woods, up and down hills, and more. Well wouldn't you know it, that is just what it did, and more! It dove down into a couple of holes, through tunnels, and in the woods we even saw some wild deer!

By the way, there were two coasters on that ride; we saw one leave and the other return.

It was a good ride.

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**From Jett Turner** (*son of Jaden Turner, daughter of Florene Turner, daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

My first production was through a movie producer who worked at Language Weaver with my mom back in July 2009. He asked if I would like to help with a movie called *The Devil of Appalachia*, a movie about two couples hiking in the Appalachian Mountains. They ignore previous warnings from a scout expert. They find themselves being chased in the woods by a psychotic hunter.

I was a general Production Assistant on this set doing everything including arranging headsets for the crew, constructing sets, bringing props to the set, and little things such as setting up catering and getting fuel for the Make-up Department RV. Our locations

included a movie studio and Topanga Canyon. This was essentially shot as a trailer for the whole script with the full scenes shot that were included in the trailer. I worked on this movie from mid-November till the beginning of December 2009. The idea was pitched at the People's Choice award and won 2nd place for Best Pitch. Trailer is near total editing completion.



I am third from the left.

My second production was found through a site called <andy.com> (where I found most of my gigs) in the beginning of January through mid-to-late January 2010. It is titled *I Want Him Dead*. It's about a woman who discovers her model boyfriend has cheated on her. It is a dark comedy about her plotting to hurt him in a looney-tunes-esque fashion, including a bicycle crossbow, a swinging mallet, and a giant billboard of him falling on himself. In the end she realizes she does not want to injure him and moves on with her life with a new man. On this set I was a Production Assistant for the Art Department, an apprentice to a man named John Marshall who has built his own studio (which apparently hasn't been done by anyone in the last 30 years). It is called Common Wealth Studios and even has its own website. He has worked on movies such as *Rush Hour*, *Batman and Robin*, and, I believe, *Master and Commander*. He is one of the smartest men I've ever met in the movie business, and he has taught me invaluable things to be successful in any aspect of the movie business. I helped construct the mallet contraption through a pulley system and designed sets such as a cafe, bar, apartment, and even a model studio at Lacy Studios in California. The man in the right of the picture with the beanie on is the actor who portrayed the cheating model boyfriend and the man to the left with gray hair is John Marshall. All locations were at Lacy Studios



I am on the left.

My third production was for the American Film Institute's thesis film that each student

has to shoot during their two year master's program. I applied for this through the same website and was taken on as an Art Department Production Assistant. The film was named *Thule*, pronounced Too-Lee. It's about a group of soldiers snowed-in in the city of Thule, which is located in Greenland. The setting is the 1960s and tension is running high when a soldier is brought back frozen after trying to escape from their base in the middle of nowhere. We had such stars as Scott Eastwood (Clint Eastwood's son, white gangster in *Gran Torino*) and Justin Chatwin (*Dragonball* and *War of the Worlds*) along with an actor from *Law and Order*. I was more of a set construction Production Assistant in this production, building four barrack buildings and snow mound structures. I also painted the floors with a white paste that would allow the snow to stick on the ground (see above picture) and put props on set. The pictures included show additional jobs. We were located at an empty studio in Hawthorne, California. I worked on it from the end of January till mid-February 2010.



I am on the ladder, wearing the mask.

The fourth production was called *Jeremy*, another student thesis film, this time for Chapman University. It was about a boy whose father is in jail for drug abuse. Jeremy tries to escape his harassing brothers and apathetic mother by going to church. He struggles being the misfit in his youth class with his torn clothes, unkempt appearance, and his only hobby (his destroyed skateboard). Trying to find a purpose in life, his only support for his church attendance is his stepfather, Bill, who is rarely sober but truly cares for Jeremy. This was my first job as Boom Operator for the Sound Department, consisting of the sound

mixer and myself. It is a very tough task to keep the boom up for minutes at a time during takes. It requires stillness but alertness for any movement from the actors. I learned all the techniques of a boom operator such as facing the mic end at the actor's mouth and finding ways to keep the boom out of the frame. It was a draining job by the end of the day, and I have found it is something that I am not interested in for a career. We shot this production at an abandoned trailer park in Palmdale, California, that was raided by the police for the owners being drug dealers. It was very surreal walking through a

house that had all of its possessions and pictures of the family that lived there, and using this as a setting for our

film. The duration of the shoot was from mid-February to the beginning of March 2010.



I am on the far right, holding the boom mic.



I am on the left, holding the boom mic.



Here I am.



I am on the right.

I am currently working on my fifth and final production for now. It is titled *Paracusia* (pronounced Pair-a-cue-sha). I started on March 4, 2010, and will finish March 15, along with some help in late-February with some early construction. It is another American Film Institute student thesis film in the exact same location as last time. The story is about four astronauts on a base on Mars when a noise begins to inflict paranoia and anxiety, however, a few years later they learn they are on a simulation base of Mars, on Earth, and they find they are locked in, essentially, the studio we are shooting in and return to live in their base.



See the chalk board?? I am left of it in the middle.



I am in the very back row, third from the right

After I am done with this one, I will be looking for a paying job even if it isn't in film. In the summer I may move back to University of Washington to do drama, and then after I finish, move back to California for film.

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**From Doug Siner** (*son of June Siner, daughter of Opal Loretta Tingley, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

Florene, I enjoy reading *Tingley Times*, and I haven't yet sent an article in. Well, at least until now. I'm also sorry to see you pass it on; you've done such a great job. So here goes.

Doug, thanks for the good words. Good words are always so "good" to read. I loved doing it and am blessed that I did, but the time has come to pass it on. How about you being editor? Love, *Florene*

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**From Doug Siner** (*son of June Siner, daughter of Opal Loretta Tingley, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

Some of my earliest memories are spending a part of each summer with Grandma Opal and Pop Burlie (aka Tingley). They loved to take drives, and when I was young, Pop could still drive their 1966 Ford Fairlane 500 to Salton

Sea (California) to visit my Uncle Jack and Aunt Rose. Sometimes we would just take drives to feel the breeze in the summer time. Grandma used to tell us about a somewhat horrifying story that happened to her and Pop on one

such drive to Salton Sea. They were passed by a low flying, extremely fast, bizarre flying craft of some sort, and the car immediately died. All electrical power was lost to the car. She was sure it was an extraterrestrial space

craft that almost killed them.

Pop told me once that if I would collect the rocks on the road in the mountains, "they" would trade for a watch. This was confirmed by a sign that read "WATCH FOR ROCKS." Funny guys! On another ride by some cattle ranches, Grandma Opal showed me the very unusual habit that some ranchers had. She told me they were setting up tables for the cows to eat at. "See, look at all of the hay bales lying in the field." Okay, Grandma got me again.

One of the best riding buddies they ever had (besides me) was Freddie, the wire-haired terrier dog. They were driving a Ford Bronco at this time, due to living in the cabin at San Dimas Canyon (California). Pop set up a spot for Freddie to sit in between them, and he would intently

watch the traffic ahead. When he saw that Pop needed to apply the brakes, he would brace himself even before Pop touched the brake pedal. When we would go to the Foster Freeze to get a burger or ice cream cone, Grandma would always get Freddie one too. Just like a kid he would be happily watching for us to return with his treat.

Some of you might know about the time Freddie actually saved Pop's life in the cabin. The neighbor's pair of vicious Great Danes had broken out of their pen and came right through Pop's and Grandma's cabin screen door. Only Pop was home at the time and they came at Pop in attack mode when Freddie burst into the room, and even though the Danes were ten times his size, he was

determined to defend Pop. Pop was able to get a shovel or something to help Freddie drive them out of the cabin, but not before Freddie was hurt. He suffered a punctured lung, but recovered with the help of the local vet and continued to be the local hero to them for several years.

I'm encouraging my mother (June) to write stories from her life so they can be treasured by generations to come. I would encourage all of you in one way or another to write, type, or encrypt the tales of your life.

Editor's Note:  
Well done, Doug.  
You should have been contributing regularly. You write interestingly.  
Please contribute every time now. FT

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**From Rosemary Kleiser** (*daughter of Richard Eugene Tingley [Sr.], son of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*)

My daughter, Erin, gave birth to her baby girl April 6, 2010. She and her husband named her Payton Rose Nowak. She is 7 lbs. 4 oz. and 18 inches tall. She was born with a small heart murmur, but nothing serious. They say it is very common in newborns. Mom and baby are home and doing well. Her husband, Christopher just came home one week ago from his deployment with the Navy. The last week has been very exciting.



You can go to Face Book to see all her photos. Look for Erin Michelle Nowak. She has photos of the baby and her husband's ship coming home.

All our love

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**From Erin Nowak** (*daughter of Rosemary Kleiser, daughter of Richard Eugene Tingley, son of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*)

My mom, Rosemary Kleiser, wanted me to send a picture of our daughter who was born April 6, 2010. She was 7lbs. 4oz. and 18 in. tall. She was born at 6:47 a.m.



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

This is a really good letter.

Orange County  
(California) Newspaper-  
New Immigrants

This is a very good letter  
to the editor. This  
woman made some  
good points. For some  
reason, people have

difficulty structuring their  
arguments when  
arguing against  
supporting the currently  
proposed immigration  
revisions. This lady  
made the argument  
pretty simple. NOT

printed in the Orange  
County paper.  
Newspapers simply  
won't publish letters to  
the editor which they  
either deem politically  
incorrect (read below) or  
which do not agree with

the philosophy they're pushing on the public. This woman wrote a great letter to the editor that should have been published; but with your help it will get published via cyberspace!

From David LaBonte

My wife, Rosemary, wrote a wonderful letter to the editor of the Orange County Register which, of course, was not printed. So I decided to "print" it myself by sending it out on the internet. Pass it along if you feel so inclined. Written in response to a series of letters to the editor in the Orange County Register:

Dear Editor:

So many letter writers have based their arguments on how this land is made up of immigrants. Ernie Lujan, for one, suggests we should tear down the Statue of Liberty because the people now in question aren't being treated the same as those who passed through Ellis Island and other ports of entry.

Maybe we should turn to our history books and point out to people like Mr. Lujan why today's American is not willing to accept this

new kind of immigrant any longer. Back in 1900 when there was a rush from all areas of Europe to come to the United States, people had to get off a ship and stand in a long line in New York and be documented. Some would even get down on their hands and knees and kiss the ground. They made a pledge to uphold the laws and support their new country in good and bad times. They made learning English a primary rule in their new American households and some even changed their names to blend in with their new home. They had waved good bye to their birth place to give their children a new life and did everything in their power to help their children assimilate into one culture. Nothing was handed to them. No free lunch, no welfare, no labor law to protect them. All they had were the skills and craftsmanship they had brought with them to trade for a future of prosperity. Most of their children came of age when World War II broke out. My father fought alongside men whose parents had

come straight over from Germany, Italy, France, and Japan. None of these first generation Americans ever gave any thought about what country their parents had come from. They were Americans fighting Hitler, Mussolini, and the Emperor of Japan. They were defending The United States of America as one people. When we liberated France, no one in those villages was looking for the French-American or the German-American or the Irish-American. The people of France saw only Americans. We carried one flag that represented one country. Not one of those immigrant sons would have thought about picking up another country's flag and waving it to represent who they were. It would have been a disgrace to their parents who had sacrificed so much to be here. These immigrants truly knew what it meant to be an American. They stirred the melting pot into one red, white, and blue bowl. And here we are with a new kind of immigrant who wants the same rights and

privileges. Only they want to achieve it by playing with a different set of rules, one that includes the entitlement card and a guarantee of being faithful to their mother country. I'm sorry, that's not what being an American is about. I believe that the immigrants who landed on Ellis Island in the early 1900s deserve better than that for all the toil, hard work, and sacrifice in raising

future generations to create a land that has become a beacon for those legally searching for a better life. I think they would be appalled that they are being used as an example by those waving foreign country flags. And for that suggestion about taking down the Statue of Liberty, it happens to mean a lot to the citizens who are voting on the immigration bill. I wouldn't start talking

about dismantling the United States just yet.

(S) *Rosemary LaBonte*

Keep this letter moving. For the wrong things to prevail, the rightful majority needs to remain complacent and quiet! Let this never happen! I sincerely hope this letter gets read by millions of people all across the nation.

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**From Adam Ulrich** (*son of Glenn Wendell Ulrich, son of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

Aunt Florene, I truly wish I had the time to be editor, but my plate is just overflowing with work, home, and church responsibilities at this time, and so I couldn't do it the way I'd want to.

Adam, I appreciate the wish, and still remember the fabulous job you did as

editor in the past, and your wish at that time to take over for your father, my brother (Glenn). Love, *Florene*

Editor's Note: Glenn is an editor imprimis, along with Betty Crowell.

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**From Edith Rider** (*daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

We bought a house, and we wanted to get rid of it. We had to put much money into it to get it ready to sell, which financially drained us. So we put it on the market and we asked the Lord God to please help us sell it fast, and we asked for a quick escrow, like 2-3 weeks. Not really expecting it, but I thought I'd ask.

Anyway, it sold for full price, and the buyers asked for a three week escrow!

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**From Bob Ulrich** (*son of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley*)

Joshua and Kimberly (my grandson and granddaughter) were born again January 31, 2010! There was much rejoicing in Heaven because these two gave their hearts to the Lord God. Two more names were added to the Lamb's Book of Life on January 31, 2010. It's all because of the cross. If Jesus hadn't died, these salvations would not have been possible.

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## Tingley Times

4493 Peaceful River Drive  
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