June 2002 Cook Family Newsletter

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President's Message

NEED FOR NEW PARTICIPANTS IN ORGANIZATION

Many of those participating in the Cook Family Organization as officers, directors, specialists and family representatives have been involved for a fair number of years and are moving up in age. They are all doing a very good job; however, as with all organizations, there needs to be an infusion of younger persons periodically to help perpetuate the organization. It requires a period of one, two or more years for a person in one of the positions defined in the above paragraph to become reasonably proficient in the position. Presently, the greatest need is for persons to function as "directors" and "family representatives". The Organization by-laws require that there be two directors for each of the four wives' families (total - eight). The representatives are to represent the branches of the Howland Family. Because of the large number of descendants (over 11,000) it was not possible for two people to be acquainted and properly represent that many members. Therefore, the Howland Family established a sub-organization consisting of two representatives for each of the seven children who had descendants. These representatives are to report to the directors for the Howland

Family. The time needed to participate is not excessive. There are 2-4 Saturday morning meetings in Salt Lake City each year. There are also occasional projects, such as the gathering of updated information for the soon to be released updated descending pedigree chart; and keeping the family organization informed of happenings in your family group for general information to be released in the newsletter. Please evaluate your time availability, consider volunteering to serve in the family organization and contact one of the present officers/directors. We need you younger family members.

INCREASE IN ANNUAL DUES

There was a discussion of the Organization's finances at a meeting in March 2002. Simply put, there is never enough money to accomplish more than a minimum number of activities and projects. Mailing the biannual newsletter takes most of the accumulation of money from dues. Most of the officers, directors and family representatives regularly spend their own money to enable various activities and projects to go forward (e.g. gathering data for the soon to be distributed updated descending pedigree chart). Since no one in the organization receives compensations for services rendered, we feel that is only fair that we should be able to compensate them for postage, photocopying and approved telephone calling. There was in-put from several persons attending the March 2002 meeting about dues charged by other family organizations. The annual amounts ranged from around $25 to $50. There has not been an increase in the annual dues of $10 since our family organization was set up in 1968. There was agreement at the March 2002 meeting to increase the annual dues to $20 effective with the issuance of this biannual newsletter. We believe the increase is very reasonable, and it will enable the organization to function above the "poverty line" and be able to do a better job of running the organization for the benefit of you family members. We encourage you to support the dues increase and for more of the family members to regularly send in their annual dues. We are also restructuring the prices on the items available for sale. Because the initial cost of researching and producing these items come from membership dues, it is only fair that those who do not pay dues share in those initial costs. Therefore, the prices are being set to recover some of those initial costs. A 20% discount will then be given to those who are paying their dues. Remember, the Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization's purpose is to help all family members stay in touch with other family members. This has been done by issuing the biannual newsletter, provide genealogy and family

research in our line and periodically updating the descending pedigree chart, all of which are beneficial to the family members and should be of interest to each of you. We are presently working on a web site to provide more timely information.

DESCENDING PEDIGREE CHART

We are excited to announce the completion of the updated Descending Pedigree Chart (DPC) book. This is the first time since 1969 that a complete list of the descendants of Phineas Wolcott COOK and his four wives has been available.

The book consists of 183 pages, 13,745 names and 3,845 marriages. This is what is included for three of the four families.

We regret that, although the Amanda Polly Savage Family has completed the update of their portion of the DPC, they have chosen not to let the Phineas Wolcott COOK Family Org. include their family information in this DPC book. However, they will make it available to anyone who desires to purchase it from their organization. E-Mail: Brent.Ruth.Hale@Juno.com

The DPC book will be organized in five sections as follows:
Section I - Introduction Pictures of Phineas and his four wives Preface A brief history of Phineas Wolcott COOK Acknowledgements Organization Roster

Section II - The Posterity of Ann Eliza Howland and Phineas Wolcott Cook Pictures of Ann Eliza and Phineas Introduction and Comments Brief History of Ann Eliza Howland Map of current locations of posterity Six Generation Ascending Pedigree for Ann Eliza and Phineas Three Generation Modified Register with pictures and statistics of Ann Eliza and Phineas, their children and grandchildren Descending Pedigree Chart - nine generations Alphabetical Index with page numbers

Section III - The Posterity of Amanda Polly Savage and Phineas Wolcott Cook Sheets submitted by Brent Hale with information on how to purchase the Savage Family section of the DPC

Section IV - The Posterity of Catherine McCleve and Phjneas Wolcott Cook Same as Section II for the Catherine McCleve Family

Section V - The Posterity of Johanna Christina Poulson and Phjneas Wolcott Cook Same as Section II for the Johanna Christina Poulson Family
The cost of the DPC book will be $45.00. Those who have paid or are paying dues with the order will receive 20% discount on all items orded, including this book. This reduces the cost of the DPC book to dues-paying members to $36.00.

WARNING! Be kind to your neighbors, you may find from this book that they are related to you!

"POODLE COOK'S" RIDE

In the early days of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, with the practice of polygamy, the U.S. marshals kept busy looking for and hoping to catch any of the men they could find who were in unlawful cohabitation with their wives.

Phineas W. Cook from the Bear Lake area, had heard of the newly developing town of Clarkston, Cache, Utah. Peg-Leg (Samual) Whitney had found this fertile valley while a young man employed by the Church to herd the Church horses. While searching for stray horses he discovered a volcanic bowl-shaped rock well on the foothills filled with water. Then going on over the hill he saw the beautiful valley of what is now Clarkston. He forded back across the Bear River and reported his find to the church authorities, of which one was Apostle Ezra Tart Benson. They organized a few families of which Sam was one, to settle this new land.

Phineas W. Cook needed a place to hide out from the marshals as he was married to more than one wife. Going West of the town of Clarkston clear up to the foothills, he made a small hide-out cabin in a stand of Maple trees, Chokecherry trees, and willows. There are clear water springs in many places up there also. This is about 3-4 miles West of the town. When his family or someone he knew came to visit, they would mention of going to Logan or to Smithfield, so as to keep his whereabouts a secret from the Marshals.

It was the practice at this time to "dub" a nickname on anyone over the silliest reasons. It may be over a habit or incident that had caused the recipient to receive such. Because Phineas had a curly head of hair and a curly beard, along with the fact that he was a short, small man, he was given the handle of "Poodle Cook".

When he needed supplies from the town he would harness up the horses to the wagon and head down through the sagebrush, over the rocks, and through the willows on the poor wagon track he had begun to follow. One day while coming to town for supplies or to meet someone, something spooked the horses, perhaps a snake in the path or birds flying from a bush, or some other distraction that caused the horses to run away from Phineas. He had no control over the horses and being bounced all over the wagon, he let go of the reins and climbed in the wagon bed and lay down, praying for "dear life" for his safety. The horses finished the journey into town, turned in the town square, and stopped in front of the town store, headed in the direction they would go for the return trip home. The men watching the event said, "Mr. Cook climbed shakily out of the wagon, laid his head against the wheel and said, 'That's a heck of a place for a chariot ride.'"

Harold Buttars was dating a girl in Trenton just six miles East of Clarkston, who had moved from Garden City to Trenton. When asked if he was related to the old gentleman hiding in the foothills, he said he didn' t believe so. When he married Sara Dickson, he was to find out later that Phineas W. Cook was her great, great grandfather, through WIlliam Cook and Sarah Bryson Cook, Sara's Great grandparents.

I visited the grove last week, and was not able to get as close as I liked to get pictures, because the road was still blocked with snow and run-off. It is now farmed and the cabin is totally gone, but it is still a very beautiful, calm and peaceful place. The place is still called "Poodle Cook's Orchard", by the town folks in the valley.

I love these old stories. I wish more were written down.

Venna Spackman Buttars

THE TEAM

THE TEAM

Phin was even now more certain that he must go with the Saints than he had been before. He didn't know how he would earn money for a team, but knew nothing would stop him.

All of this weighing heavily on his mind, he spoke to his sister's husband Salmon. "We both have built a wagon to go with the Saints," he said. "The grass is greening and it' s time to leave; but I have no team. Perhaps you'll have to go alone and I'll wait until later to bring my family after I've found a team."

Salmon lowered his head and looked at his shoes. "My wagon may be ready," he said, "but I still have no team, and I' m not ready. There are things that need to be settled about my land. Eliza wants to go now, but I've changed my mind."

"Land isn't worth it, Salmon. Get rid of that land and leave now. The Lord will bless you for the sacrifice. My Pa can sell it for you after you've gone if you don' t sell it before. Leave now while you can still get away."

"That's just the thing, Phin. Land is worth it. I found a piece of land up north I want to buy too. This is too good to pass up. I just can' t leave it all. I thought to buy a team of oxen in the beginning, but now I've changed my mind and I'm buying that piece of land instead."

"Then my poverty is a blessing," said Phin. "Because I have nothing to leave and no desire to stay."

"You must go," said Salmon. "I have watched you suffer through Babylon long enough."

"You're right. If I don't go now, I know I'll never get away. I don't know how, but I believe the Lord will help me provide a team for my wagon. I've done everything I can do. Now I' ll plan to leave and let the Lord provide the rest."

Salmon looked at his fields and barn and took a deep breath. "Write me when you get to Kansas and let me know how the saints are. I find I worry that they are as bad as the reports we hear, and I have lost my desire to be with them. Write me and tell me how the saints are, Phin."

"I fear you are losing your testimony of the gospel, Salmon. Please change your mind."

"I won't change my mind. I'm staying. Eliza is heartbroken, but I'm not coming."

"Phin walked home through the fields, still brown and stubbly from last year's harvest but with shoots of green emerging. He thought of Salmon' s decision to stay in Michigan to keep his land and his security. And he thought of his fine new wagon sitting out in the yard at his father's house with no team to pull it. " It was a miracle we were able to finish that wagon. The Lord wouldn't carry me this far without finishing the job," he said under his breath. "I know I'll find a way to get with the saints."

Ann Eliza was waiting for him when he arrived back home. "What did you find out?" she asked. "Are they ready? Did they find a team yet."

"They're not coming," said Phin sadly. " Eliza wants to come, but Salmon has changed his mind. He wants to keep his land, and has decided to buy more land up north instead of buying a team for his wagon. I fear he'll lose his testimony for it. If we don't make sacrifices for the cause of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we won't be worthy to have the spirit with us. I, for one, would like to leave tomorrow, though it may take all summer to earn money for oxen."

"I too know we'll find a way," said Ann Eliza. "I'm so certain, I've already begun to pack our things in the wagon. In a few days I'll be ready."

"I'll get ready too," said Phin. "I feel as if the Lord will provide when we've done all we can do."

The next morning he began packing bedding into his wagon which was parked in the yard. Irene stepped out of the house and looked shocked. " Why Phin, do my eyes deceive me or do I see you carrying your bedding out to that wagon? Why, I declare it looks as if you think yor goin' someplace after all."

Phin swallowed all the pride in his whole body with a big gulp. "Ma, I have to have faith something will happen. I've done all I can do. From now on it's up to the Lord."

She broke out in peals of laughter. "Josiah, Josiah, come out here and see this boy." In the doorway stood Phin's Uncle Josiah Churchill whom he had not seem since he was a boy in Goshen. "You' ve come all the way from Canada to see this family. Now look at this boy. He has built himself a wagon and thinks he can find a team to pull it so he can go out to the west. Can you believe such a thing?"

Josiah stood in the doorway and produced a great big smile. Slowly he walked to his sister and put his arm around her. "Come here, Irene," he said. " Come to the corral and look at what I have brought with me from Canada."

Fascinated, Phin followed them, a bystander in an unfolding drama. Josiah led Irene to the corral behind the barn where she could see a pair of fine black oxen. "Why what are these, Josiah? Whatever are they for?"

"They're for my nephew," he said, looking at Phin with a twinkle in his eyes. "I gave fine wedding gifts to your other children, but have given nothing to Phin since his wedding several years ago. These oxen are my wedding gift to him."

"Irene's eyes widened in horror. "No, Josiah, No. Don't give that to Phin. That's the worst wedding gift you could have given him. Give them to me."

Phin stepped up to the fence where his uncle was standing. "Uncle Josiah, I don't know how you thought of it, but that's the best gift anyone has ever given me." He gave his uncle a hearty handshake. " I thank you with all my heart."

"It's my pleasure, my boy. I have nothing against the Mormons. In fact, I have known some fine people who went with the Mormons, and I wish you well."

Josiah turned to Irene. "Now let's go have that breakfast you were telling me about."

Irene was glued to the fence. It wasn't until the next day when Phin announced he was ready to leave that she had fully recovered.

He could plan to leave if he wanted, but a plan was formulating in her mind. It was her last chance.

Stay tuned for the next episode.

GOT A MINUTE?

What You Can Do To Rescue An Ancestor

If you live in Eastern New York or North-Central Connecticut

1. Search local records in Litchfield County, Connecticut for information about Elizabeth Porter, wife of Daniel Cook born about 1760.
2. Research Col. Phineas Porter of Cheshire, New Haven, Connecticut. He was the guardian of an Elizabeth Porter in 1780. Local reading may shed light on this clue.

If you live in Massachusetts or New Hampshire

1. Vital records are listed by county in Massachusetts. It is possible Elizabeth Porter (who would have been listed as Elizabeth Peters at the time of her death in 1832) is buried in Massachusetts. A local search of county vital records or a visit to the New England Genealogical and Historical Library in Boston is necessary. Without you, we may never know...
2. Local research in Berkshire County for Cook Family connections in the Revolutionary War.
3. Revolutionary War research to document Daniel Cook and Jonathan Churchill who may have enlisted in Massachusetts.

If you live anywhere else

1. Joseph Cook, great-great grandfather of Phineas Wolcott Cook, married someone named Abigail in about 1705. The information we have about their family is undocumented and possibly incorrect. A search of vital records would clear up the problem. Those vital records are available at the Family History Library or on loan to local Family History Libraries.
2. Joseph Cook's second wife Eleanor Johnson was the daughter of Walter Johnson. Tradition states she was born in Flatbush, Long Island about 1695. A search of vital records needs to be done. Films can be ordered from the Family History Library.
3. Eleanor Johnson' s father was Walter. We know nothing about him. Local readings in both Wallingford and Flatbush should help us know who he was and where he came from. Films can be ordered from Salt Lake. Correspondence is useful.

I can't do everything
But I can do something

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Details of these projects provided by Janet Porter
Call 801-226-8094, or write Janetsp@hotmail.com

Mona Alvira Cook Albright Stanger

A Brief Biography of MONA ALVIRA COOK ALBRIGHT STANGER

Mona is one of the oldest living grandchildren of Phineas W. Cook. She was the second of two children born to Moses Cook and Wilhelmina Lindberg. Moses Cook, the second child of Phineas W. Cook and Johanna Christina Poulson, and Wilhelmina Lindberg was the daughter of Andrew John Lindberg and Hannah Pehrson

Mona was born September 6, 1909 in Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming in a white house located across the street from the Afton City Cemetery.

When Mona was seven years old the family moved to Kemmer, Wyoming where her father built a skating rink, called Cook's Pavilion. She started school in Kemmer and also graduated from high school there. Mona loved to dance and skate as she grew up and, during her high school years she taught both dancing and skating.

It was at the Pavilion that Mona met her husband, Frederick W. Albright, Jr., who had come from New York to teach dancing. He taught dancing in Kemmerer, Rock Springs, Laramie and Cheyenne. Frederick was the son of Frederick W. Albright and Mary Stephens.

Mona and Frederick were married on December 19, 1930 in Soda Springs, Idaho and lived in Kemmer, Wyoming for a short time before moving to Ogden, Utah. Frederick took a job at Hill Air Force base as an airplane mechanic. He still continued to teach dancing part-time. Mona had a studio in Washington Terrace (South Ogden) where she taught dancing, tap, ballet and acrobatics for 35 years. Then she moved her studio to the basement of her home on 29th street in Ogden.

In 1933, when Mona's 26-year old brother, Alfonzo died in a car accident in Denver, Colorado, their father, Moses had a very large granite slab placed in the Afton City Cemetery, Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming on a burial plot purchased for all of his family. This is located just a few feet from the location where his father and mother (Phineas Wolcott and Johanna Christina Poulson Cook) are buried.

Mona's daughter, Norma B. Albright was born in October 22, 1937. She now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico

In 1952, Mona's father retired and moved to Ogden. Mona's parents lived with her while they built a house next door to Mona where they lived the rest of their lives. Mona's father, Moses died on February 17, 1970 in Ogden, Utah and was taken to Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming for burial. Mona's mother, Wilhelmina Lindberg Cook died on 28 January 1979 in Ogden, Weber, Utah and was taken to Afton, Wyoming to be buried in the family plot in the Afton City Cemetery.

Frederick W. Albright, Jr., Mona's husband, died on January 5, 1982 in Ogden and is buried in the Washington Heights Cemetery, Ogden, Weber, Utah.

Mona has many interests, among them are traveling, crocheting and embroidery. She has traveled to Australia, Hawaii and on a Caribbean cruise. Mona met Cyril B. Stanger at a dance (and where else should they meet) and were married on September 22, 1984 in Ogden, Utah. Shortly after their marriage, they also took a Caribbean cruise. Mona had always wanted a large family. Cyril Stanger has 9 children and a large number of grandchildren and gr. grand children who have been very kind to both of them. Cyril was born July 12, 1917 to Don Carlos Stanger and Marie Wright in American Falls, Idaho.

Mona had grown up as a Presbyterian, but after marrying Cyril, she was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and in 1986 they went on a mission to the Texas Dallas Mission.

Mona and Cyril still go to the Golden Age Center and dance a few steps.

They now live in a lovely basement apartment in the home of one of Cyril's sons in So. Weber, Utah (just south of Ogden, Utah).

Histories

Do you have some histories of your ancestors that you could share with the P. W. Cook Family? We are planning to gather as many histores of our ancestors as we can obtain. We plan to put these on CDs and make them available to the family. There are some very interesting histories and we would like to share them. What you have seen in the newsletters are usually the abbreviated ones. The full histories will be on the CDs. Please help us to gather and share these histories.

LOVING MEMORIES
of
Eunice Rosella Teeples McCann 1880-1958

This is a letter written to a favorite aunt recalling cherished memories of living with her aunt after her mother died.
Phebe Henrietta Teeples Owens (4th child, 1873-1908) and Eunice Rosella Teeples McCann (8th child, 1880-1958) were the children of Harriet Betsy Cook (3rd child of Phineas and Ann Eliza Howland Cook, 1844-1933) and Wm. Randolph Teeples. Phebe and her 10th baby died while giving birth to the baby. Phebe's oldest child had died just two weeks earlier at age 16. Phebe's daughter, Henrietta was only 14 and went to live with her Aunt Eunice. This letter expresses many emotions and childhood memories common to that period of our history.

April 30, 1944

Dearest Auntie,
As long as I can remember, you and what you have been in my life, are one of my dearest memories. From the time I was born you helped care for me and nursed me through those first trying and sickly years of my life.

You have told me how, when I was very young, if you would hold your arms open to catch me I would have walked from the top of the house

to your arms, and as long as I can remember Auntie dear, I have felt just that way about you.

I can feel now the pride I have felt so many times when you would introduce me to some friends as "my eldest daughter"; and you have, more fully filled my dear mothers place, than anyone in this world. It was you who led me into see her when she was ready to be laid away to rest. I felt I could not stand it if you took your arms from around me. I can still feel that dependent feeling toward you, as I stood looking down at her and her darling baby so beautiful and still.

I can never forget your part in our home at that most trying time, and also the love and help you and Uncle Tom gave my dear parents in the weeks prior to this terrible climax, offering your little home and every help and comfort possible during the illness and death of my dear brother Lavon, at Montpelier, Idaho just two weeks before mother and her premature baby passed away. How dependent we all were on the love, help, strength and courage you always brought into our home then and later. I can only say, "God bless you both for it."

I have so many fond memories in your home; it seems I must have been with you a great deal in my younger life. You and Uncle Tom were always so kind and sweet to me. I can remember always being so happy and anxious to go with you.

I loved your children more than you can ever know. I shall never forget that beautiful picture of LaVarr, Ruby and Glen. I thot it was perfection. I can of course remember them more than the other children. I can see them now and their perfect little bodies, as you let them run and play on the carpeted side of the kitchen floor with so much nice fresh, soft straw under it, after they were undressed at night for bed.

I loved this old place of yours at Fish Haven, Idaho. As I think of it now, I can hear the waves of beautiful Bear Lake so near, dashing on the rocky shore and see that wonderful sunrise through the trees and the lovely sunset, or the moon across it. The lake yet is the most wonderful memory of Bear Lake Valley that I have. I love it. The swimming, boating, fishing, skating, coasting and all.

That nice grove by your place, I loved and can see the rocky hill or drive leading from it to the farm. The back gate and path and stream and lovely garden and orchard, with the house in the center and the hill

behind the garden fence where I loved to go gather flowers. I can remember still the trail thru the alfalfa field to Lovelands old place. It all almost seems like fairyland to me.

Uncle Tom do you remember one time there of me trying to carry LaVarr around the house, I stumbled and fell on top of him. You swore a little as I did it. I can't even remember what you said, but I do remember Auntie saying the baby wasn't hurt badly and she knew it was just an accident, but I ran to the bedroom and cried myself about sick. This was the one and only time I think you either one ever spoke cross to me. I wonder more how you ever put up with me so patiently when you should have many times blistered me!

Remember Auntie the time you lost me completely just as we were ready to go in town?

I remember of Fred or someone saying, "Here comes the doctor." Well that meant but one thing to me, "Here is Dr Agwire to pull my bad tooth." I had had that done once before. Essie and Lavon were going to have one out if I would. (note: Lavon was her brother 3 ½ years older and Essie her sister 2 years older). So brave me went first. Old grandpa Lincoln held me, laying down over his knees and I almost strangled from blood in my throat, and thot they would kill me for sure. When my ordeal was over, Essie and Lavon weren't to be found, so they escaped it under the currant bushes. I could hear you calling at the barn orchard on the hill and finally you came near the little privie where I had run like a deer at the announcement of the doctor. I will never forget my feelings as you pushed the door wide open. You said you could have knocked my eyes off with a stick. Then that heavenly relief as you took me in your arms to let me cry, and told me that was only Dr West to examine Uncle Tom for his life insurance.

I remember so many lovely days we spent visiting, hurrying in the morning with the chores and you would hitch up the team and we would go for the day to Garden City or Aunt Hanner Pugmires. Oh, how I loved that Lilly Hill behind the house and she always made a lovely pie. Or to Aunt Mary Crooks. I thot her big girls were grand. They would let me help them pick strawberries, and the lovely creek we could wade in. Aunt Mary would make a custard for dinner and bake it in a huge shiny milk pan; or we would go to hot springs, and those Pugmire boys teased me all the way, or to Glenco. I thought it was beautiful.

There are many dear memories of your homes in Montpelier, Idaho too. The first I remember is when you took Essie and I there with you for a few days at the time June (Henrietta's sister) was born. We stayed up the canyon at J. and Lydia Winterbottoms. The hills and creek were so nice. I remember you bought material for us each a 4th of July dress, white with pretty bright flowers.

Later when you lived there I must have stayed with you many times in the summertime; I remember all the places you lived so well. Pauline Severns, the neighbor girl, was so nice. The old church and grove of trees. Uncle Tom's Livery Stable. When you sent me to the store, how I loved to go in his office and sit in his big chair. I thot his horses and buggies were grand and how I longed for one of the girls bicycles in the window next door.

Do you remember the time you were poisoned on the fresh apricots the peddler brought? You were so terribly sick and had a bad bilious attack at the same time? I can hardly stand to eat a fresh apricot yet. Something about it gives me that same gringy feeling.

I remember the lovely suits you and Aunt Maggie Farmer had alike, only one navy and one black. You let me send a scrap of material to mother in my letter one day of the lovely soft flowery piece you were making a blouse (waist) of.

I remember those darling neighbor twins Mable and Mada so much alike. The father kissed one twice one day and the other twin felt so badly. The neighbor girl who played that one diddie on her new piano a million times a day and the old boardwalk to town was swell.

Later at the other place, how well I remember we would stand in the yard and wave at Uncle Tom as he passed. We would listen for his whistle and it was a thrill to see his train go by and then wave. I can remember him having bad boils on his neck when he came.

I loved the barn and cow and the shed and cutters stored there. We could play in the old cellar and after each rain how we gathered mushrooms on it. I can still see that row of shining lard pails hanging on the ceiling of the summer kitchen and how we would take milk in them to neighbors. I can't forget Becky (Farmer) Crosses messy house and children and all, but I loved to take her milk.

I remember Lawyer Glen's nice home and thot the boys, Oran and George were nice. But I wondered why Mrs. Glen's house always smelled so odd and her table was never cleared or dishes done. Sometimes you let me go and do them for her. I can see her now trying to get on or off of her riding horse and sidesaddle, and someone would have to come and help her. You told me one day that she drank a lot. That explained a lot of things.

I remember going home with you in the spring thru the muddy roads from Fish Haven where you had been to bury your baby Deverell. Uncle Tom had Mr. Glen's black team and buggy. I will always remember, Auntie dear, how my heart ached for you when you got home and saw his dear little clothes and things around the house. What heartache and disappointment that was for you.

I remember your dishes. I thot some of them were so lovely. You had one glass bowl, my favorite, with a fluted edge and I can still see it with strawberries in it. You always used it for them.

I was always so proud to boast that I had one uncle that was Irish, and how I loved to hear uncle Tom and uncle Jack play on their guitar and banjo and sing funny songs.

I remember one time we went to Montpelier to the circus, several families, and camped overnight out by the river bridge. We went to the grand parade and when the circus was about ready to start, the wind came up so strong it blew the tent down and we were so disappointed. We went down to your place and you were in bed with a new baby, Grant. I thought he was grand. So many silly little things I remember. I could go on and on.

I was never with you much later when you lived in Thomas Fork. Father did take us one summer to see you and we camped on the way, made a big bonfire and had supper and made our bed on an ant bed. In the night we were about ate up, had to get up, shake our bedding and make another bed. When we reached your place you were out in the field cooking for the hay men. We went out there and that was grand. Not so well for you with our gang added? But we had a lovely time.

Later in Fish Haven again I did love to come and stay with you over the weekend. I had many nice times with my best beaux Stanley Howell, who is now a lawyer in Hollywood, or Ruben Cottle or even Ernie Howell.

I remember being with you when Rex was born and I think yet there never was a baby so beautiful.

Auntie I will never forget how lovely you were to me at the time I was married. Both you and dear Grandma seemed to approve and this made me so happy as I did hate to leave father. You went thru the mud to Montpelier with us to select my clothes and were so sweet and understanding.

Later when Donna was born (Donna is Henrietta's first child) I shall never forget how you were there and stood by giving your moral support, even said you would gladly stand my pain if possible. I still have the lovely crocheted piece you gave me. It is my choice piece of handwork and has the honored place in my house.

I have always loved to be near you as I raised my family as I just knew how you would have enjoyed them too.

You were the one who was always so grand to your dear mother and took her into your home and cared for her in her last years, as no one else in the world would have done. I know that must be a wonderful satisfaction to you. I am sure you will be blessed for it!

I can never tell you, Auntie dear, how I would love to be with you and enjoy talking over some of the times we have spent together, but do hope you get a little pleasure reading some of these silly things I remember and cherish. You are greatly blessed by having your dear children near you, and I know how you do love and enjoy your grandchildren. I would love to know them and do hope some day I may.

God bless you and yours is ever the loving prayer of your niece.

(signed) Henrietta - Hettie, Retta or what?