

A SHORT HISTORY OF JOHN COTTAM AND LILLIE ROSE WADE COTTAM

By Erma Staples

I am happy that Bob asked me to write a short history about my grandparents, John Cottam and Lillie Rose Wade Cottam.

I can remember them both very well. I was 16 years old when Grandpa Cottam passed away and I was 15 years old when Grandma Cottam passed away.

One of the fondest memories that I have of Grandma Cottam is of her beautiful flower garden. She lived in a small home about a mile and a half from us. She used to have pet names for each one of us and she always called me her "Cupie Doll."

My memory of Grandpa Cottam is more vivid. My Grandfather and Grandmother Cottam were divorced before I knew them. Grandpa Cottam worked at the Garland Sugar Factory in Garland, Utah, and he worked there in the fall of the year until all of the sugar beets were harvested and processed.

He came to live with us for a few months every summer. Because he always smoked a pipe, we children could smell that smoke and knew grandpa had come to stay with us. He would always hide from us and we would look and look for him, for he always had candy and goodies for us.

He was a kind and gentle man. His Patriarchal Blessing promised him that he would never taste of death and that came true as he fell and died instantly while standing in line to start work at the sugar factory.

Grandpa Cottam was born on August 5, 1861 in Ryhopes, Durkam,

England, the son of William Cottam and Bridget Mary Ellen Gallagher Cottam.

Grandma Cottam was born on April 6, 1871 in North Ogden, a daughter of Andrew Rose and Josephine Malcolm Rose.

The following history was written by Mabel Cottam Ellis, a daughter of Grandpa and Grand~~ma~~ Cottam, and I am quoting from this history. She was my aunt.

"My father, John Cottam, was one of a set of triplets. Two of the triplets died, a little girl named Betsy and a little boy named George. My father was the tiniest of the three and I had his tiny baby cap for years.

He was four years old when he left England. His father had left earlier for the United States to earn enough money to bring the family to the United States for their Latter-day Saint religion.

My father was a good looking English-Irish gentleman.

The family first settled in Porterville, Morgan County, and in a few years was sent to Snowville, Box Elder County, by Brigham Young to settle that part of the state.

When my father was 28, he left Snowville with a team and wagon to find work in Pleasant View, Utah.

It was in 1891 that he met a sweet widow, Lillie Rose Wade. She had buried her first husband, Andrew Wade, who died of typhoid fever. She was 18 years old at this time and a very hard worker.

After John and Lillie were married on July 2, 1891 in the Logan Temple for time only, as she had been sealed to Andrew Wade, they



returned to Snowville to live.

Mother Lillie was a wise person when it came to sick people. As her mother-in-law was a midwife, she helped deliver many babies in Snowville. They were good friends.

Lillie was now 20 years old and father 30 when Josephine (mother to Erma Shaw Staples) was born.

When the second baby was born, Lillie went to Pleasant View to be with her parents. It was here that Mabel was born (the author of this history).

After Mabel was born, she returned to Snowville with her brother Ashman, who helped get her there.

A short time later, a baby brother was born who died in infancy. He is buried in Snowville. His name was Andrew.

They were very poor and the land was not productive, so father thought that if he went on a mission for the church, he would be blessed and life would be a little more productive for them.

Father (my grandfather) could talk himself out of anything. He was easy going, while mother was the deep hard working kind. So she agreed to the Texas mission.

Father John made many friends and did much good on his mission. While back on the Cottam ranch, every plan mother made resulted in making money and she did much to restore the ranch.

I have always believed in miracles. One cold and snowy night, we were going through Grandma Bridget's old trunk and there in the corner of the trunk were three shiny silver dollars.

Two weeks before, father had asked mother to send stamps and writing paper so he could write to us.

We all knew what we would do with our silver dollars. The

next morning, we went to the post office and bought stamps and writing material to send to father.

While father was on his mission, they all labored without purse or script. Only the Lord provided the way.

It was a sad, sad winter in 1889. Sister Josephine was struck with pneumonia (Erma Shaw Staples' mother).

Mother and other relatives worked to help Josephine get better.

One night, a knock came on the door. It was a returned missionary from Logan who had come to report on father in Texas.

Josephine, who had been ill for days, said, 'Mama, that is someone to pray for me.'

My father came home from his mission in a snowstorm on a really cold night. He came with his clothes frozen, carrying just a small suitcase.

It was a surprise to us because father had written to us just a few days before, saying he would wait until spring before he returned home.

It was a homecoming that we would always remember. We sat on his lap as he sang 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.'

Father never turned out to be a good farmer. It was mother that worried, planned, and tried to make a success of the ranch.

On July 24, 1902, my baby sister was born and what a joy that was. Josie and I had longed for a baby brother or sister for so long and now our dreams had come true. She was named Lillie Mozella. A long life was not to be for her. She died of a ruptured appendix on May 16, just two months short of her 14th



birthday. What a sad day for my mother and all of us.

Our home, and what was left of our ranch, was foreclosed. One team of horses was the only thing that we saved.

Father ended up driving the mail route from Garland to Snowville in a model T Ford which he did for most of his life.

Mother still continued to farm in Pleasant View. She was 57 years old when she contracted the flu and died of a heart attack.

After father quit driving the mail route, he started work at the Garland Sugar Factory. While working there, he stayed with his sister and brother-in-law, Martha and Chris Peterson.

As I said in the beginning, his death ended in a 'twinkling of an eye' as he waited in line to begin working at the sugar factory.

Mother and father's lives of long suffering were over at last, and for the happy times, thank you dear Lord for that favor."