

Edna C. Rainer
2881 West 1500 No.
Vernal, Utah



Caroline Crouch
Stringham
Born 1854
Picture taken
in 1890's

Phillip Stringham
Taken 1940's
1920's

Poems
and
Tributes

Philip Stringham
and
Caroline Ann Crouch
Stringham

Stringham House
21?? N 3500 W.



Home

Hall's Signs

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Name	Date and Place of Birth	Date and Place of Death
Father Philip Stringham	July 14, 1856 Salt Lake City, Utah	August 24, 1940 Vernal, Utah
Mother Caroline Ann Crouch	February 7, 1855 London, England	December 18, 1905 Vernal, Utah
Children		
1. Carrie Claire Stringham	November 3, 1874 Prattsville, Utah	October 22, 1953 Vernal, Utah
2. Ethelwynne Stringham	July 25, 1876 Salt Lake City, Utah	
3. Grace Stringham	August 26, 1878 Salt Lake City, Utah	
4. Mary Fontella Stringham	February 28, 1881 Vernal, Utah	December 29, 1941 Vernal, Utah
5. Philip Crouch Stringham	February 19, 1883 Vernal, Utah	August 28, 1939 Vernal, Utah
6. Susan Stringham	February 18, 1885 Vernal, Utah	
7. Zina Roxana Stringham	March 12, 1887 Vernal, Utah	
8. Briant (H) Stringham	April 2, 1889 Vernal, Utah	
9. Gertrude Stringham	June 2, 1891 Vernal, Utah	September 15, 1891 Vernal, Utah
10. William Sterling Stringham	July 25, 1892 Vernal, Utah	
11. Irving Ray Stringham	October 26, 1895 Vernal, Utah	
12. Beatrice Stringham	September 8, 1898 Vernal, Utah	

HISTORY OF PHILIP STRINGHAM

By Maysie Hall Sinfield,
(A granddaughter of Philip Stringham, daughter of May Stringham Hall)

Philip Stringham was born July 14, 1856, Salt Lake City, Utah. Died August 24, 1940, Vernal, Uintah County, Utah. Son of Briant and Susan Ann Ashby Stringham.

Briant Stringham had built a four room adobe home, soon after his arrival in Salt Lake Valley, with the first pioneers, July 24, 1847. It stood on the south-east corner of Main and Second South Streets. It was in this pioneer house, that Philip Stringham came into this world, July 14, 1856.

When Philip was old enough, he was given all the school advantages of his day, participated in the 13th Ward Church activities and was able to enjoy the Antelope Island summers with the rest of his father's families. On the Church Farm near 17th South and Jordan River, of which his father had general charge, lived the Charles Spencer family. Their son, Henry was about Philip's age. These two became fast friends. With his parents consent, Philip spent many happy days on this farm.

When Philip was 15 years of age, his father died. He now must help support his mother and seven children. His contribution was farm produce, meat, butter, and eggs. Then he worked for a year as brakeman for the Utah Central Railroad.

At the age of 18, he fell in love with Caroline Ann Crouch, a lovely girl, who had migrated to Salt Lake Valley from England at 14 years of age. They were married February 2, 1874 in the Endowment House. This marriage was solemnized in the Logan Temple October 26, 1883.

A United Order Colony was being established at Prattsville, Sevier County. So Philip and Caroline went down there, with the idea, their condition could be improved. The crops were almost a complete failure. So they decided to return to Salt Lake. It was here at Prattsville that their first child was born, Carrie Claire.

Getting together the best outfit obtainable, consisting of an old wagon, with a small mule and a large gray horse, the harness tied together with string and pieces of rope, they loaded their meager belongings and returned to Salt Lake. Philip again entered the railroad service.

Two more daughters were born to them, while in Salt Lake, Ethelwynne (Winnie) and Grace.

In the fall of 1878 they journeyed to Ashley Valley, to procure the baby son of Caroline's sister, Clara Westover, who had died there in childbirth. Becoming impressed with the possibilities of Ashley Valley they returned that same year, 1878.

In the northwest part of the valley Philip took up a homestead of 160 acres, paying 50¢ per acre. (April, 1959, five acres of this same ground was sold for one thousand (1,000) dollars per acre.) Here he built a 2 roomed log house. In this pioneer home, six of his 12 children were born:--Mary Fontella, Philip Crouch, Susan; Zina Roxana, Briant, and Gertrude. The spring of 1892 he built a one-roomed house, by the log one. Two sons were born in it:--William Sterling and Irving Ray.

Heartened by success, discouraged with failure, which alternated in their lives, it was many years before they could feel themselves firmly established, as part of this new country. Under discouragement they returned to Salt Lake in 1892, where they lived for 2 years.

For a time Philip worked as a conductor for City Street Car Co., which at this time operated mule team drawn street cars. Finding that he was losing his health and getting nowhere financially, he returned to his Ashley Valley farm.

In 1896, he built a large brick home for his family. Here his daughter, Beatrice was born. (At present Lawrence Adams, owns this home.)

The first Sunday School in the valley was held in his log home, with Philip as Superintendent. He was active in organizing the first Mutual Improvement Association, and in all Church activities, he and Caroline took leading parts. He later was made Superintendent of the M.I.A. and at one time was County Superintendent of Public Schools. He was the first recorder elected in Uintah County. In carrying on the work of this office he was principally dependent on his wife, who was an excellent penman and assumed most of the responsibility. For many years he served as secretary of the High Priest Quorum.

Philip met with some success in the cattle business, and selling them he gradually built up a sheep business, later passing it on to his sons. He always raised good crops--grains, vegetables, a fine vineyard, and a large orchard.

Sadness came into the home December 18, 1905 when his beloved wife, Caroline was called to the other side. On December 21, 1907 he married Mary Bingham Hall, one of the Stringham's dearest friends. She too had been a pioneer to Ashley Valley. His children already had a love for her.

During their married life Mary proved to be a congenial companion for Philip. She joined enthusiastically with him in his continued travels, spending several winters in St. George working in the Temple, then on to California to visit relatives and friends.

Philip bought a home in town (3rd West 2nd North) and they lived there for 5 years. However, there was too much farm blood running through his veins and he longed to go back to the farm. So he had a modern bungalow built south of his brick home. After his death, his daughter Beatrice Stringham, owned this home for 18 years. July, 1958 she sold it to Rulon (Jude) Hacking, a great grandson of Philip.

After Mary's health started to fail and her eyesight grew dim they didn't do so much traveling. On July 20, 1936 she passed away.

After Mary's death, Philip continued working in the Temple at St. George, where he stayed with his daughter Zina Reid and family. During the summers he spent at home, with his youngest daughter Beatrice.

On the morning of August 24, 1940, as he arose from his bed and attempted to dress, he very suddenly passed away, leaving a numerous and respected posterity, who revere his name. He was 84 years of age.

* * * * *

SOME OF THE EARLY EXPERIENCES OF MY PARENTS

Excerpts from Personal History of Carrie Claire Stringham Hacking
(Oldest child and daughter of Philip Stringham)

I, Carrie Claire was born November 3, 1874, in Prattsville, Utah, near the town of Richfield, Utah. It was a colony of the United Order. Whether by guess or scales, my mother said I weighed 14 lbs. at birth. Mother lay in a coma for 3 days following my birth with my father despairing of her life. The rain dripped through the mud roof and they had to hold pans over the bed to keep mother and me dry.

After I was born my parents returned to Salt Lake City. On September 16, 1878 word was sent to Salt Lake from Ashley Valley that my mother's sister Clara Westover died in the birth of her son, Claire Westover. So father, mother and their 3 children, Minnie, Grace and I made the trip to get the baby. After taking the baby to Grandpa and Grandma Crouch, we returned to Ashley Valley to make our home.

The next winter, the "Severe Hard Winter" of 1879 was a memorable one for the settlers of Ashley Valley. The snow came early and deep. We lived on deer meat, which tasted strongly of cedar and sagebrush, that being the animals' only diet. As there was no fat to fry the meat in, it had to always be boiled.

As soon as the snow was gone, a company was formed to go to Green River City, Wyoming for supplies. The teams were so poor, snow banks deep and roads rough, their progress was very slow. They were gone 6 weeks, returning with 600 lbs. of flour.

As soon as they returned father bought some white flour and six chickens, including a black hen, which he gave to me. As he was unloading the precious supplies, the black hen obliged me by laying an egg in the dooryard. Mother cooked it, dividing it among Minnie, Grace and me. That was the first egg I remember seeing or tasting.

We had eaten only coarse bread, made from grains, ground in a coffee mill, so the anticipation of white flour biscuits nearly overwhelmed us. We stood around the table watching mother deftly mold the treat. We boasted how many we could each eat, as mother cut the beautiful white dough with a glass and placed them in the little black pan. Was there ever a more beautiful sight, we wondered? To my disappointment, when the time came to eat them, all I could eat was one. The flour was so refined and our stomachs had shrunk so much that one biscuit filled me up.

William Shaffer, Robert Bodily and my father began work on a ditch, to get water out on our land. They had to dig it with a pick and shovel as the horses were poor and there were no scrapers in the country.

The heifers that had survived had calves, then we had a little milk and butter. Things began to look brighter. The men were still at work getting the water out and fencing with brush for a fence. What little wheat seed available was sowed in the ground which was plowed as best they could. In planting the corn and potatoes, they would scratch a furrow, then drop the corn and potatoes and cover them up, leaving the balance to be plowed later.

Because of the uprisings of the White River Indians, which resulted in the Meeker Massacre in 1879 and the fear that the Ute Indians west of here, would molest the settlers, we were warned to be on the alert for Indian trouble and to prepare to Fort up. The government prepared to send soldiers here to build a fort. Fort Thornburg was built east of fathers land, part of the parade grounds extended onto fathers land. It remained there 3 years before being moved. The Fort had many soldiers and the farm products, which father and mother sold them helped tremendously in providing for our little family. Mother made moccasins and blankets from soldiers uniforms for us. We were really happy when we could get buckskin shoes from the Indians.

Many times I have heard father tell of the time that Captain Day and Pardon (Pard) Dodds rode into our dooryard and said, "Stringham, you'll have to move off. This is government land. Make arrangements to leave in 10 days. We will pay you for your corrals and buildings". My father calmly let them have their say. He went into the house and took from the cupboard shelf his deed to the land and showed it to the men, who rode away with the decision that Stringham was not to be scared off his land for their own selfish purposes.

My mother had a wonderful command of words. She could explain the principles of the gospel with such clarity that she made a fine teacher and speaker. Whatever she read she concentrated on it so intently that she could retell all the contents. She could quote gospel scripture freely and convincingly.

My mother was an excellent housekeeper. One bit of instruction in this line I well remember her telling us--that we should always clean the corners even if we had to let the middle go unclean. Our first floor was made by splitting poles and laying the split side up. We had 1 broom which was used until it was wore down to the handle. We scoured the stone steps with sand, because there was no soap. Our dooryards were as clean as the house which we swept with a broom made of willows.

We all shared the work with each of us doing our individual jobs. Grace and Sue were the seamstresses, Winnie, the chore girl. I, being the oldest, was general manager, I guess, altho I was gone to school most of the time.

Mother was an excellent mender. Her patches were so perfect you couldn't tell where the tear had been. Her buttonholes were better than the modern machine-made ones. Her penmanship was beautiful.

Our very first home we lived in, the first winter we came into the valley (1878) was in Old Ashley. (south of the present Joseph Dodds home). This house was already built but had no doors or windows.

My father homesteaded 160 acres at the mouth of Ashley Canyon. He built his first house across the road from the red brick house they later built. (1959-now owned by Lawrence Adams) When finances permitted, the brick house was built. When the family was grown and mostly gone he built a modern bungalow, where he lived his remaining years.

* * * *

REMEMBRANCES OF MY CHILDHOOD

By Ethelwynne (Winnie) Stringham Collett
(2nd daughter of Philip Stringham)

My father, Philip Stringham, was always an early riser. I helped him milk the cows and walked with him to take the cows to the pasture many times, when the sun was just coming up.

Father was always good natured. [For instance one morning Pardon Dodds, who was then in the army came riding up to our little log house. Six other soldiers were with him. He said to father, "You are trespassing on Government ground and we have come to tell you to move off".

Father said nothing, but just walked in the house, got his deeds and said, "Mr. Dodds, read this". He did, and left saying he was sorry for bothering him.]

I remember picking up sage brush after father had plowed and grubbed it. Father would then burn it at night. Then we three children, Claire, Grace and I would have a good time dancing and laughing in the firelight. Father was so patient with us, for we were lazy and got tired picking up the brush.

Father and Mother sold chickens, eggs, and milk to the soldiers at Fort Thornburg. One day Claire and I went to help sell the things. As we were passing a certain cabin, a soldier asked, "What kind of cow gave that milk"? I said, "A red cow". Soldier said, "I want milk from a white cow". Then all the soldiers laughed.

The Indians from WhiteRocks used to come and camp on fathers land, by the canal, on their way to the mountains, to kill deer. When they came back some would give Father a leg of deer. Then they would ask, "Could we leave some of our dried deer in your granary, for if we take it to WhiteRocks other Indians might steal it."

I never did hear my father swear.

Father, Hugh Mitchell, and myself went out to Salt Lake when I was about 10 yrs. old. While there we bought some bees and brought them back. These were the first bees brought into Ashley Valley. Father had bees for many years and we sold lots of honey.

* * * *

We are told by God's mouthpiece, That it is important,
That an effort be made in these the last days,
To draw as a magnet, The youth of this Kingdom
To the Gospel's Bright Banner, That they may bask in its rays.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

SOME OF THE THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY FATHER PHILIP STRINGHAM

By Grace Stringham Colton
(3rd Daughter of Philip Stringham)

One thing that stands out in my mind is a statement that my mother made about my father. "Your father," said she, "is an honorable man. I can trust him anywhere!"

Father was a very hard worker on the farm. Up before the sun and after dark before finishing his work. Anxious to have his farm one of the best, and to provide for his family.

As a child I remember him presiding over the Sunday School. He taught us to love the gospel by his example. He went to Sacrament meetings and took us along.

He paid his tithing. Not as they do now, by paying money, but by the products of the farm; wheat, potatoes, squash, eggs, etc.

Father was very apt at fixing things. I have seen him take a clock that had refused to run. Take it all to pieces, put it together again and it would be as good as ever. If mother wanted a bench father would make it; if she wanted a stool he made one, if a gate was needed father could make it, he built his barns and sheds. I remember a sled he made, for the family to ride in. It was made of large branches of trees. Two seats. One facing the horse and the other facing the back. We girls, Claire, Win and I rode on the back seat; and more than once we were dumped in the snow, as the horse would start quickly, or stop suddenly.

Sometimes father would take we girls with him when he went on the mountain for lumber. We would sleep out in the open under the pines, the moon, the stars, and the heavens, looking down on us, and then when the day began and the birds began to sing, and the insects buzzed around, Father would make a fire and cook our meal, and then in a little while we would be sitting on the hard lumber and jolting over the rough road on our way home.

Father was coach to a baseball team that met every Saturday on the church grounds. The Johnson boys, the Colton boys, the Hardy boys, the Bodily boys and others made up the team.

Father was County Clerk for many years. Mother was his secretary.

Father clerked in the Johnson store. The store was across the canal from the James Hacking home.

Under the supervision of a Mr. Walley from the east, father supervised the asphalt claims for many years. The claims were south of the valley.

Later in father's life, he owned a large herd of sheep and cattle.

Father planted a large grape vineyard, and many grapes were sold from it over the years.

Father was an expert fisherman, never knew him to come home without a fish. He fished mostly in the canal that ran through the farm.

* * * *

TO AN EXEMPLARY MAN

By Mark M. Hall

(A Son-in-law, Husband of Mary Fontella Stringham Hall)

who was the 4th daughter of Philip Stringham

(Also, Step-son. Son of Mary Bingham Hall Stringham)

My first memory of Philip Stringham, was when I was five years old. Our family and the Stringham family were great friends. We lived in Dryfork and on our way to Ashley, we would stop at their home, which was a 2 roomed log house, to see how they were.

I remember attending Sunday School in the building called the Mud Temple, (now where Lamond Caldwell's home stands). Philip Stringham was the Superintendent.

I appreciated him being the father of my beloved wife, May, and the grandfather of our children.

On December 21, 1907 Philip Stringham married my mother, Mary Bingham Hall. Prior to this marriage, she was living with us in Brant, Alberta, Canada. I appreciate his kindness and devotion to her, the rest of her life.

He was a man with high religious standards and ideals. He was anxious for his posterity to live good honorable lives. He was a good friend and neighbor to all.

* * * *

And receive 'till their souls, shall be filled up with wisdom
And Glory and Intelligence, Shall shine as a light
That they may have joy, Of the hope that's within them
And assist, the world to redeem, From the darkness of night.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER-IN-LAW, PHILIP STRINGHAM

By Ella Wimmer Stringham

(Wife of Philip C. Stringham- Oldest Son and 5th child of Philip Stringham)

As a daughter-in-law, I had very close association with Grandfather Stringham, in both family and business until I am sure I understood him. I should like to pay tribute to him, in telling of the outstanding characteristics as I knew them, that his grandchildren, great-grandchildren might know some of the qualities he had, that made him outstanding.

The first, most outstanding quality was his great love of his home and family. This loyalty undoubtedly dated back to a great father-Briant Stringham. He must have been an unusual man, everyone loved him. Years ago more than 100 male members bore the name of Briant and Briant Stringham.

Briant Stringham married 3 Ashby sisters. The family tree was great there. You could never get a half brother to say which was his own brother.

The loyalty of Grandfather, Philip Stringham to his own family was the thing that endeared him to my heart. He loved those children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, dearer than anything else in the whole world. In an emergency, he would do anything in his power to help or give anything he had to help them.

To illustrate just one instance, my husband, Phil, his oldest son was in the hospital in Salt Lake City. He had been there sometime and was discouraged. He wrote a letter stating the facts. I took the letter to grandfather and read it to him. He said, "Ella, how soon can you go?" I said, "One hour", and in one hour we were on our way.

I should like to tell you of a prayer he offered at his son Briant's home, at a family gathering, New Years Day. "May this family always have a desire in their hearts to get-to-gether".

The next thing I would like to mention, was his power to create and enjoy the simple things around him. He was neat and could make simple things look beautiful, out of the things he had--the little pole fence around the house, the garage out of poles, the chicken coop out of rocks.

Then the old brick house has a history. Grandfather with others, namely Delbert Colton, George Wilson, Billy Bradshaw (now the Frant Caldwell home) decided to build them some brick homes. The bricks were made on Philip Stringham's farm. Ed Worthing molded the brick. Then they went into the mountains, got out logs, and had them sawed there into lumber. Even the shingles were made in a shingle mill in our own Uinta Mountains. My husband Phil worked at the shingle mill.

This instance might be printed in other volumes, but for grandfather's own descendants it should be where they would have direct contact with it.

Another historical event should be mentioned. Grandfather's family, with others lived in Ashley Valley during the winter of 1879, known as the "Hard Winter". The weather was so severe, it killed the livestock. They had no horses to use. They had their new farmland, which had to have water before they could grow crops. Grandfather; (Philip Stringham) Robert Bodily and one other took their shovels and dug a canal, that furnished the first irrigating stream of water. Each day they ate a lunch of slap jacks, made out of musty corn or wheat and dipped it in the cold water.

The next thing was his quiet way of handling himself in accidents or emergencies. He was a peacemaker.

My favorite picture of him was taken by my daughter, Ethel, from a slide, taken by Melvin D. James (a son-in-law) after the funeral services and final burial of grandfather's oldest son, Phil. It is my favorite because it illustrates his power of quiet self-control. His whole body shook with anguish and pain, yet he was able to have that lovely picture taken.

May the things I have written sink deep in your hearts and remember you are from a choice and chosen family.

* * * *

Then let us not be despondent, nor feel it a burden
If those who have strength, and should help us to work,
Are inclined to o'er look us, and leave us to struggle
Let us rust not, nor idle, nor be tempted to shirk.
But round up our shoulders, Be ready and willing
Keep pace with the signs of the times and live
To merit the blessings of our Father in heaven
As we freely receive, Let us as freely give.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

APPRECIATION OF A WONDERFUL FATHER

By Susan Stringham Shaffer
(6th Child of Philip Stringham.)

I do honor my father because of the good life he led. We are to work out our "own Salvation". (I think father did just that.)

I remember father as a very hard worker, when we go over his life. His father died when he was 15. From that time on he was on his own. Had kind friends, but worked to help his mother and take care of himself.

He married young and joined a group, which failed, because of selfishness.

"Came to Ashley Valley, took up a farm of 160 acres of sage brush land, without water, cleared the land, dug the ditches, planted vineyards and orchards. Built 3 houses on this farm and raised a family of 12 children."

Father always took his family to Sunday School. (Was the first Superintendent of Sunday School in "Mill Ward")

We all helped make brick for the second house (on our own farm). When it was finished I remember Father was very happy, even with all the hard work he had to do.

I will never forget the way he used to sing to wake us up in the mornings. As he made the fire in the old cookstove--"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning", "Catch the Sunshine" and other Sunday School songs. The girls or mother would have the breakfast ready when all the chores were done. We would all be around the big table.

I remember one morning he said. "I have not been doing right. We should have family prayers each morning. Which was a lesson to us all. If we see we are not doing the right thing we should admit we are in the wrong and do differently from then on.

I never heard of father ever tasting tobacco or liquor. Always strictly honest, and hated debts. (Built a 3rd house on his farm)

He finished his life in doing one of the most important things our church has to do. Doing work for our dead ancestors. The last 17 winters of his life was spent seeking records and working in the Temples.

May I always appreciate a wonderful father and all he did for me.

* * * *

FATHER PHILIP STRINGHAM

By Briant H. Stringham
(2nd Son of Philip Stringham)

If I were a portrait character painter of the faces of great men, this is what I would portray in my father's face as truly characteristics of the man.

1. A determined yet unassuming kindly look.
2. A deeply religious expression.
3. Features that would portray high intelligence, honesty, reliability, and trustworthiness.
4. A deep seated love and admiration for his posterity.
5. Above all the characterful face would impress all who looked upon it as the features of a father who held principle, above all else and as one who lived an exemplary life for his progeny to follow.

Father Philip Stringham, the man who grows and grows as time goes on as my ideal of manhood.

* * * *

AFTER

By Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham

For the present let us bravely bear
The little hardships and trials too,
That we must each day do our duty,
That we may sooner see the beauty
Of the perfect life that we are often told
Will refine us like silver and make us pure gold.

Finally in the peaceful Millennium time
When we listen to the joyous Christmas chimes
We will live together, no sorrow, no fear,
Perfect by what we have suffered here.

* * * *

FATHER STRINGHAM IN DIXIE

By H. L. Reid and Zina Roxanna Stringham Reid
(Son-in-law and daughter of Philip Stringham)

Father and Aunt Mary went to Dixie,
It was many years ago.
He went South, just like the robins,
To avoid the winter snow.

As the northern winds got chilly,
The South wind whispered low,
"You'd better hurry and get to Dixie,
Or you'll get caught in the snow."

One Fall, as they arrived in the Southland,
They were smiling, happy, and cheery.
As friends extended the greeting,
"Here's old man Stringham and his Aunt Mary."

Once, while enroute to Sunny Dixie,
Some sheep got in the way;
Father tried hard to miss them,
But there the dead sheep lay.

The Iron County Sheriff,
On Father's trail was bent,
With threats that he must pay the bill
Or to the Pen be sent.

The Sheriff came to our door;
I'll not repeat just what he said,
When I very sweetly informed him
That Father had gone to bed.

He stomped his feet, and shouted,
His face turned a reddish tan;
"I'll be back in the morning
And arrest that little old man."

But the trouble was soon adjusted,
When by, our own Sheriff, he was told
"That outside of Iron County
His authority did not hold."

Father's work was at the Temple
He and Aunt Mary were there most every day
They thoroughly enjoyed their Temple work,
As I've often heard them say.

As Father would drive to the Temple,
He'd pick up fellow-workers along the road
Until when he arrived there
He'd have a jolly full carload.

If he failed to pick up all that walked,
As he drove along that road,
He'd return and gather up the rest,
And bring in a second load.

The Temple workers appreciated the favor,
And expressed their joy and bliss,
And some of those widowed Sisters,
Gave pay with a vigorous kiss.

When Aunt Mary wanted a winter outing,
We knew she'd say, very soon,
Phil! Zina would like to take the children
For an outing, this afternoon.

Father Stringham in Dixie
(cont.)

Soon the car was loaded;
The children thought it jolly fun
For Grandpa to drive up to the Red Hill,
And eat, near the Sugar Loaf, in the sun.

One morning, Father and Aunt Mary, were resting,
Tucked cozily in their bed.
Aunt May heard a Donkey bray,
And sweetly to Father said,

"Phil! I believe I heard your brother,
He is just outside, I'm sure."
Father sleepily hopped out of bed,
And rushed to-ward the door.

He opened it, and looked about,
to greet the brother Aunt Mary saw,
But the only answer the brother gave
Was a donkey's bray--Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw.

Father enjoyed visiting the LaVerkin Springs,
He'd take Brother Robert Bodily along,
One day he fainted; was pulled from the water.
He thought it was his Swan Song.

After the passing of Aunt Mary,
Father became as one of ours,
He lived within our house,
T'was there he spent his winter hours.

His days he spent at the Temple
Working for his kindred dead;
At evening he returned to our home,
To get gently tucked into bed.

After Life's reaper called
And took Father over the way,
Each Fall our children would watch the road,
And then would often say,
"Isn't it getting about the time
For Grandpa to come and stay?"

While with us he never spoke in harshness,
He never complained about anything.
Our children dearly loved him,
To them he was indeed a King.

-Written for the 1959 Stringham Reunion-

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DON'T BE FRIGHTENED

By William S. Stringham
(3rd-son of Philip Stringham)

There are many things that I remember about my father, Philip Stringham. But I should like to tell one story, that I shall never forget. He was a man that never liked to see anyone frightened, and wouldn't do anything to frighten anyone, if he could help it.

One summer brother Phil and I were herding the sheep up Dryfork Canyon. Phil was 17 years of age, I was 7. It was the day before the Fourth of July, so father and brother Ray (age 4) came up to camp to herd the sheep for a couple of days, so Phil and I could go to Vernal for the celebration. So that afternoon we moved camp over to the Dryfork Sinks before leaving. It was rather late, so Father and Ray didn't put up the tent, but slept out under the stars.

In the night Father kept hitting at the dog, who seemed to be licking his face, but when he opened his eyes, he saw a Big Black Bear. Now all that Bear wanted was the honey on father's whiskers, that had been left there from supper.

Don't Be Frightened
(Cont.)

He raised up and shot the bear, but only wounded it. The next day he tracked the bear, but he didn't tell Ray about it. Ray followed along, eating peanuts and candy, that had been brought along for his Fourth of July.

When Phil and I came back, he never told us anything about it. In fact, he never told us until we were grown men.

* * * *

MEMORIES OF FATHER PHILIP STRINGHAM

By Irving Ray Stringham
(Youngest son of Philip Stringham)

I remember how Father would let us boys out of the wagon to gather honey-suckles, on our way to the sheep camp. Then he would make the horses go fast so we couldn't catch up, until one of us would start crying, then he would stop and tell us he was just having fun, that he really wouldn't leave us.

I remember when Bry ran away from home. He made me promise not to tell Father until he got over to the Bill Murry corner. I stood there in the road with big tears in my eyes, watching Bry as he left us forever, I thought. I kept my word, and when he arrived at the corner, I ran into the house and told Father that Bry had run away.

I got a scolding for not telling him sooner. Well, the result--Father climbed on old Billey, our faithful buggy, and saddle horse, and in a short time Bry was back home; as I remember Father booted him all the way home.

Ha! Ha! Such fun, at least Bry never ran away again.

* * * *

SOME OF THE FINE THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT FATHER

By Beatrice Stringham
(Youngest child and daughter of Philip Stringham)

I'll always remember the kindly feeling I had for Father from childhood. The morning after Mother's death he took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom where her body lay. Lifting me up he told me to kiss her forehead. There were many lonely evenings, I remember after her passing and I spent them cuddled on father's lap as he sat alone reading the newspaper. When bedtime came he stepped to the front porch and called very loudly to the boys who were playing at the Frank Smith home. The girls it seems were out for the evening.

All during his life he loved to play with his grandchildren. When he placed his lips over his teeth and pretended to bite the children's ears, I knew the feeling they had, because he used to bite mine that way too.

When we took trips to certain places, like the mountain, Salt Lake City, or California; as a rule the strain of getting ready, so we could leave early, often caused friction, and he became impatient when he couldn't understand why we wanted to take this or that. He was sure that there wouldn't be room. But everything was always taken and after getting all settled in our places, by pushing this and that a bit closer to something else, so we could find room for our feet, we were off on an enjoyable trip, because after getting out on the road, father always said something cheerful, such as commenting on what a lovely morning it was, on the beauty of the sunrise or the scenery and nerves were relaxed for the rest of the way.

This same appreciation of nature and its beauties and other fine things, was always the subject of his speaking when he bore his testimony at fast meeting.

Father taught me to drive a car. His influence still remains with me and I try very diligently to be cautious and abide by the law.

He always kept things mended and repaired. After his retirement he made jobs to keep himself exercised. For instance, at one time, he gave himself the huge task of cutting all the willows and trees on his property, which included, not only large patches at the low spots on fence lines, but the banks of both the little and upper canals. This was done when he was nearly 80 years of age.

He stayed young in many ways. He wanted to keep up with the times and bought modern conveniences for the home. When he bought cars, he chose bright colors rather than black.

Father patronized the business that was struggling, in preference to the popular well established business.

Although he was a nervous type, father always tried to stay calm and influenced others to be likewise.

While he worked at the St. George Temple he was called "The Peace Maker". Elderly people who were at the temple, were taken to and from, as well as given rides and taken on picnics afterward.

Aunt Mary said that father had a manifestation in the temple, at one time, but she didn't reveal its' nature to me.

We had family prayers as long as he lived and he knelt at his bed in private prayer before retiring for the night.

While his children were having their families he and Aunt Mary were awakened many a night and hurried to the home where they gave their assistance.

His tastes for food were conservative. If I tried a new fancy dish his comment was usually, "What do you call this?" and the lack of enthusiasm as he ate proved to me that he much preferred the same plain foods. His standard evening meal was bread and milk.

His care of Aunt Mary in times of sickness was devoted. He prepared breakfast for her at one time and it was such an unusual one that Aunt Mary wrote the following jingle about it: "My Breakfast October 19th"

Phil; aren't you getting tired cooking breakfast so many times for me?

"No", he said. "When I cook, I cook the things I like you see."

He was singing in the kitchen, preparing a grand surprise.

And when he brought the tray in, this is what met my eyes.

A big warmed over dumpling, a dish of lovely stew,

Some toast and fish, a dish of squash and some cauliflower, too

I couldn't help but laugh, when I beheld the generous sight.

I am sorry to say, before I had hardly tasted it, I lost my appetite.

No wonder. Ha! Ha!

Yes, and there was raspberry jam and postum besides.

Father never gave anyone unnecessary worry. He was very independent and took care of his own needs. He drove his own car to the doctors office, the six miles down and back, the late afternoon before his death. He did not finish his bowl of bread and milk that evening. His one night of pain was born with very little complaint and without asking help. He arose the next morning, intending to dress himself, when the end came quick and merciful.

* * * *

MY GRANDPA

(Composed by Beatrice Stringham)

(Youngest daughter of Philip Stringham. The occasion--Philip's 64th birthday This Family Reunion was held at the home of Mark and May Hall, July 14, 1922. One of his grandchildren recited it.)

My Grandpa came to Ashley
In eighteen seventy-eight,
He's a pioneer so they say,
'Cause he helped to build the State.

He hadn't any money
And so he had to work,
He freighted with a four horse team,
And sometimes was a clerk.

He and Brother Bodily,
They dug a big canal.
Then ran the water on the fields
And made the crops grow well.

They helped to get a district school
Where children, books could learn.
And their reward in heaven
I am sure they've worked to earn.

They also got a Sunday School
And Grandpa superintended.
Everyone worked on the church
Until the task was ended.

You see my grandpa did a lot,
And we're all so glad that he
Came to the Ashley Country,
So we all here could be.

My Grandpa
(Cont.)

And now it is his birthday,
And he's sixty-four years old.
We wish him best of wishes
And bushels of love untold.

* * * *

TO MY GREAT GRANDFATHER

(By Rulon C. (Jude) Hacking)

(Son of Rulon S. Hacking, Grandson of Claire Stringham Hacking, Great Grandson of Philip Stringham)

My Great Grandfather Philip Stringham died before I got to know him very well. But from the appreciation, the kindness and above all the many wonderful fishing trips that his son, Ray Stringham, has shown me, is proof enough for me that he had to be a wonderful man, to have such a wonderful son. I feel it a great honor to own the home that he built.

* * * *

TO A GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER

By Janna Jo Calder age 3½ years

(Daughter of Joseph Orson Calder; granddaughter of Lucile Hacking Calder; great granddaughter of Carrie Claire Stringham Hacking; great, great, granddaughter of Philip Stringham)

My great,great grandpa Stringham was a noble man by birth.
He was good to everyone, as he lived upon the earth.

* * * *

Then wake up, Let us improve, from this moment, onward.
Let us go forth; as a young army, strong in the Lord,
Store our minds, with all knowledge,
For we may be needed, In this world or elsewhere.
Joy our reward.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

We have one loving Father, We all are his children.
Then let us pray faithfully; for His kind loving aid.
To bring Brother and sister, the faint drooping spirit
Within the bright circle of Improvement today.

-Caroline C. Stringham-

* * * *

I FOLLOW A FAMOUS FATHER

I follow a famous father, His honor is mine to wear
He gave me a name that was free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight And marched in the ranks of right
He was always true to the best he knew
And the shield that he wore was bright.
I follow a famous father, and never a day goes by
But I feel that he looks down on me, to carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials As only a brave man can;
Tho' the way be long, I must never wrong The name of so good a man.
I follow a famous father, Not known to the printed page,
Nor written down in the world's renown
As a prince of his little Age.
But never a stain attached to him, and never he stooped to shame;
He was bold and brave and to me he gave
The pride of an honest name.
I follow a famous father, And him I must keep in mind
Tho' his form is gone, I must carry on The name that he left behind.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAROLINE ANN CROUCH STRINGHAM,

By her third daughter—Grace S. Colton

Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham. Born February 7, 1855 at Middlesex, London, England. Daughter of William and Caroline Ann Baker. Her early childhood was spent in going to kindergarten and school until about eleven years of age, then she assisted in teaching. She worked in a cartage factory for two years. She told how she got up very early in the morning, drank a cup of tea, ate a small slice of bread and scrape (scrape was butter put on bread and then scraped off again) and a piece of bacon, then hurried off to work.

She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints and was baptized February, 19, 1864. She worked very hard and helped bring her brother William to America, then her Brother William helped bring her to America in 1869. She came to Utah with Elder George Hardy Company of Saints. Bro. Hardy found a home for her with a Mrs. Robison. She was very unkind to her. While there she had a serious case of Typhoid Fever. All of her beautiful hair came out as a result, and never was as beautiful again. The effects of the fever she carried to her grave. Soon she went to live with Harriet Decker Young, wife of President Brigham Young. She was very kind to her. She studied French with Brigham Young's daughters. Then later she lived with Harriet Young's daughter. While there she met and married Philip Stringham February 12, 1873 in the old endowment house. She was later sealed to her husband and children (Phil being the baby) in the Logan Temple October 26, 1883. After their marriage they went to Prattsville on the Sevier River and lived in the United Order for two years. She taught school the first summer there. Father worked for the Railroad, for three years. Claire, their first child was born at Prattsville. The United Order was not a success there. They then went to Salt Lake City. Ethelwynne and Grace were born there.

Mother's sister Clara was in Ashley Valley. She had been married to Alfred Westover. There was born to them a son and Clara died at its birth. Mrs. William Preist and Mrs. Henrietta Johnson took care of the baby until mother came in the fall of 1878 to get him. Mother's baby, Grace, was just three months old at the time. Mother took care of the boy baby until the next summer, when she took him to Salt Lake City to Grandmother Crouch, who raised him to manhood. Father decided it would be a good thing for them to go back to Ashley Valley and take up a homestead, which they did, paying 50 cents an acre for 160 acres, in the north western part of the valley. It took them three weeks in a covered wagon to make the trip from Salt Lake City. They became real pioneers in Ashley Valley. Mother was associated with nearly every educational movement. A Sunday School teacher, Sunday School was held in their home for many months. A one room log house, with a dirt floor. She was the first President of the Primary in Mill Ward. She held an office as secretary and counselor in the Stake Y.M.I.A. for ten years under President Cora Johnson. She was a faithful religion class leader and teacher.

She was father's secretary when he was county clerk and recorder.

In Literature she was well posted, she could converse with anyone along that line. She was a scription, quoting scripture fluently. What she read she remembered, and she was a great reader.

She wrote poems, news items, etc for the Papoose, (Vernal Express).

She wrote many consoling poems to friends and neighbors when they were in sorrow or distress. She would give her dress off her back to help her neighbor. She helped the sick and afflicted, sitting up with the sick many, many times. She was the mother of twelve children. She was good and kind to her neighbor, sharing what she had with them, both gentile and Mormon. She lived and died a faithful Latter day Saint. An example of love and devotion to her family, always expressing a desire that they would study and live the gospel.

* * * *

MY MOTHER

New York, December 18, 1935

Dear Brothers:

At this time of the year, somehow, my heart strings pull taut. Thirty years ago today, your mother and mine, in the closing hours of a cold winter day, fought the last great battle with death. Death conquered. Indelibly written on my heart are those last hours. I shall always see those beautiful, large blue questioning eyes, look toward heaven with such an azeed and wondering gaze, as if there had come into view all the glories of heaven in one grand picture. Then all the light faded from them and friends closed her eyes forever. When she lay cold and silent in her coffin, her beautiful, white, shapely hands lay on her white robe, like soft white snow cleansed in the rolling clouds. It is hard to say goodbye, to one's mother. Somehow it was harder because of the Nearness of Christmas time. Page 12

One trait I remember in mother was her thirst for knowledge. Never having had the chance to go to school after she was fourteen, she took up the task of educating herself. Books were her companions and she received much comfort from them. She loved to read and discuss what she read. One winter she rode all the way to Vernal and attended an adult class at the high school. I can see her now, coming home at the close of the day, old Billy trotting along pulling the buggy and mother, tired of body but blessed in mind. Snow or storm did not daunt her. She got all there was to get out of that class. I have a book she left and in it is a complete outline of the work she took. Every page is a picture of neatness and accuracy. Mother was a fine penman.

She loved boys, and was always doing something for some boy. Encouraging them to go to school, talking to them about their problems, etc. Aunt Emma Burgeons boys often tell me that if it had not been for mother they would not be where they are today. One is a business man and president of a bank. The other is a High School teacher. The other is president of the Stake.

I have seen her face light up, many times, as she told some acquaintance that she had four sons. She was proud of them. I have often heard her say that she prayed often that she might have a son. We girls were many, you know. She taught classes for young boys in the ward and they liked to attend her class. She interested them in the most entertaining way.

I remember as a child, when company came, hiding behind a chair or something and listening. I loved to hear mother discuss a question. She was always sure of her point. She had a splendid memory and she had it stored with information. She could always hold her own in an argument, with men as well as women.

She would not allow a smutty story told in her presence. She was insulted if anyone would presume to tell one before her children.

How she fought to overcome the habit of tea drinking. Looking white and sick from the effort. Slowly she conquered. How proud I was to see her conquer a habit that she had had since childhood. Mother was from England and the English feed tea to their infants. Her courage made a deep impression upon my young life. The memory of it has sustained me and lifted me toward some thing better and higher.

Once I went with her to visit a sick woman. A child had just been born, there was nothing warm in the house to wrap it in. Mother took off her warm red flannel underskirt and gave it to wrap the baby in.

I remember going with her in the white top buggy. We were going for days selling grapes. Sometimes we got money, sometimes wheat or vegetables for pay. She would take the wheat and money to the store, and buy shoes and stockings and things for you and me, and go without herself. I remember one hat she wore and how many times it got an overhauling, was changed and worn again.

How she loved pretty things. Her beautiful hand would caress a piece of silk or cloth and I know her heart yearned for just one new dress, but she shut up her own hearts desire, and you and I were clothed. She fought for the right always. Do your duty to yourself and God and you have no need to fear. That was her watchword.

Many times I have met her coming for me, if the storm threatened, or if the party was too late.

She guarded us with a strong devotion. She did so want us to be good boys and girls. "Be a good girl," she would say when I went out for pleasure. "Be a good girl", still rings in my ears all down the long years. Magic words, whose effect has upon my life, turned me from many idle ways.

How she would work at Christmas time to make it joyous for us all. She could not stand to see sad eyes, and broken hearts, at Christmas time. She would sacrifice to make the day joyous for us. How I love her for it as I look back over those years. How I love her for her motherhood. Could we count the hours she spent in agony, that birth into this world might come to us, we would exalt her by lifting others, as she always did, to a higher life.

She came to this land, when but a child, for the sake of the Gospel of our Lord and Master. She loved the Lord and put her trust in Him. Many an hour of sickness and pain, have been swept away, from us by her great faith in the healing power of God.

Intellectual, brilliant, and honorable, our mother trusted and served her Maker, whose birthday we soon will celebrate. Years ago she wrote a poem about us all. I am enclosing one to you.

Father and mother spent the Hard Winter in this valley. The snow was heavy over all the valley. I have heard mother say that they had more money in the house that winter than they ever had after at a time; three hundred fifty dollars and no where to spend it. They had three little girls, no milk, no bread. Only corn meal mush. The corn was ground on a coffee mill. Mothers heart ached when we creid for food. At one time Sister Nancy Colton, brought them a small amount of flour and a piece of meat. How she and father rejoiced. When spring came men went over the mountains to Green River and brought back flour and supplies. When they saw the men coming, they all took pans for flour, and for other supplies. There was a rejoicing.

Years later when I was ten years old they celebrated that occasion in the old stake house. I remember the song they sang. Men and women, with tears running down their cheeks, sang "Oh Hard Times Come Again No More. - Many days you have lingered around this cabin door.- Oh Hard Times Come Again No More."

You boys were young when mother died so I am telling you some of these things, that the memory of her might be the sweeter. She will be saying to you "Be Good Boys

May this Christmas time bring into your hearts happiness and the joy of a New Year and wrap its mantle of prosperity and unselfishness, and usefulness around you, and the spirit of your dear mother telling you to be "Good Boys".

Is the wish of your sister who loves you,

Grace Colton

* * * *

"CHRISTMAS"

By Caroline Ann C. Stringham
(Written about December, 1901)

'Tis the night before Christmas,
I am lying here on my bed
Trying to rest my legs, mind and head.

We waited until the little ones were asleep and then,
Just as the dining room clock struck ten,
We quickly hustled boxes, bundles and toys
That Santa had brought for good girls and boys,
Out of the places where such things are kept,
And into the kitchen so softly we crept,
Filled all the stockings, we look quite gay,
Ready to be opened by nervous fingers next day.

We also dressed a nice Christmas tree
With presents for all, including Lucille and Bea.
And Claire and the family and me as well.
I tell you that cedar looks quite swell
With Santa at the top to take command,
And Angels a-flying around quite grand,
And lemons, sour as a pickle,
And silver watches, two for a nickel.

Little paper dolls dressed so nice,
Pop corn strings made in a trice,
A few pairs of shoes with good, thick soles,
A fascinator or two to fill out the rolls.

("Christmas Morning")

The cock had crowed its clarion shrill,
Mrs. Santa was lying in bed quite still
Wondering: "Where can the children be,
Why are they not saying 'What has Santa brought me?'"
When suddenly the usual sounds,
Father's voice making the rounds,
"Time to get up, time to arise and see,
Come, what is this Santa has brought to me."

Then, such a noise; my gracious me!
Sue, Zina, and Bry, Ray, Willie and Bea,
Grace, May, Phil and Pas as well.
Gracious, how the chorus swells!
"See, what Santa has brought me-e-o-o-e-e."
'Mid all the noise; Winnie's voice, "see! see! see!"
I can hear Bry say; "Oh, what fun,
Your's is a pistol, Will, and Ray's is a gun."

"It is cute, by golly" says that awfull naughty Willie.
And I can hear sweet little Bea say, "See what Santa has brought me."
I hear Pa say, and how they laugh
That Bry, the silly little calf,
Went to bed at exactly seven
Then got up at half past eleven.
From his bed he slyly crept,

Christmas
Cont.

Into the room where papa slept,
When Pa said: "Sic cat s-e-e-e.
Bry sleepily said, "I wonder
What Santa has brought to me,

Grace a few trinkets did receive,
Zina a dress, and if you believe
Phil really got more than his share,
Two neckties, harmonica and an overcoat to wear.
The many things Santa brought Lucille and Bea
And that dear little sweet Josephine Marie.

And Susie a hat with ribbon and feather
She can wear it in all kinds of weather;
Bry got some skates, just what he wants,
While Pa got handkerchiefs and five-dollar pants.
Among Claire's presents were pictures three,
Her husband had sent her from over the sea.
"Has Mom got her stocking?" I hear Pa say.
"Zina, take it to her without delay".

I get it in the rush of the morning's glee.
And I wonder what Santa has brought to me.
Now I gaze in mute surprise,
While Zina holds up before my eyes:
Candy and nuts and handkerchiefs too,
Dishes and laces she brings to view.
A grant thing upon which my senses gloat,
A fifteen-dollar up-to-date swell coat.

Now they all come to my room to see
What Santa has brought to me.
For the life of me, I cannot help but cry.
I am sure you wonder why.
It isn't because of what Santa brought to me.

* * * *

A FEW MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER-CAROLINE ANN CROUCH STRINGHAM

By her daughter-Ethelwynne S. Collett

Mother was kind to everyone. When anyone came from a distance to see us, she always gave them something to eat. One day she asked me to hurry up and pick the feathers off a chicken and cook it, which I did. When it was ready to be served, mother came and helped put it on the table. As she was dishing it up, she noticed pin feathers floating around in the chicken gravy. Mother made some kind of an excuse as she picked the pin feathers out. I was about 10 years old then.

Mother often helped neighbors where there was sickness in the homes. If she went in a home where there was a disease of any kind, she always took her clothes off and hung them on the line, before coming near any of us children.

Mother had the young people come to our home to practice singing. I remember large groups of young people gathering around the organ and singing on many a night.

* * * *

MOTHER CAROLINE A. STRINGHAM

By Briant H. Stringham-a Son

Although I was comparatively young when mother passed away, the examples she set and her teachings have had a profound influence on my life.

I remember mother as a woman of very high intelligence, a scholar of the Bible, a woman of literary ability with a rich self-cultured mind, ability of expression, a mother whose heart ached continually for the welfare of her children and a natural leader of young people, particularly young men. Although we lived in a frontier land where there was very little entertainment for rough and ready young men, mother formed a young mens club and had the group come to her home every Wednesday evening where games of all sorts were provided. This gave mother a chance to use her wholesome influence in guiding these somewhat unruly youths.

I remember mother telling us, "When you go to new places ask questions, don't be afraid to stop in the middle of a sidewalk and look up at the tall buildings; ask questions". Mother worked in child labor in London, England just prior to migrating to America. This is where she developed self-confidence which she portrayed throughout her life.

Mother once told me, when I was a small boy, that it had been prophesied that the time would come when a man would call his wife from London in the morning and tell her he would eat dinner with her that evening in New York. I thought then that this would never come true. Again she said that the time would come when a man would fly like a bird through the air with a little instrument he could put in his vest pocket. I won't deny that; not after the other prophecy having come true in a short sixty years.

Anybody with the Philip Stringham and Caroline Ann Crouch blood cruising through their veins should be proud indeed for having two of the most noble ancestors.

* * * *

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

By H. L. Reid and Zina Stringham Reid
(Son-in-law and daughter)

I can see that dear sweet Mother of mine,
In memory's picture, vivid and bright
I can feel her guiding influence
Still pointing to the right.

She was tender, thoughtful, patient,
To her children deeply devoted.
The true worth of that Mother of mine,
In gold, can never be quoted.

Although she lived amid hardships,
And struggles of frontier strife,
She fought for the higher standards;
For refinement and cultured life.

Vane are all our tributes to her
If as words alone they dwell.
We must live the standards she left us,
There is no other way to tell.

-Written for the 1959 Stringham Reunion-

* * * *

The time is far spent,
There is little remaining
To gather our records and make them complete,
Then hasten you workers
Search out all your loved ones,
Prepare for the Kingdom of heaven to meet.

Shrink not from your duty,
Our fathers are praying
That we will release them
From bondage and sin.
And bind them together as parents and children
That they to the Kingdom may be ushered in.

We'll search out each name
With the names and the places
From Parish and Church Yard,
From Village and Town
In God's Holy Temple
Link chains of the Priesthood
As Saviour in Zion
To them we will be known.

-Found among the memories and poems of
Caroline Ann C. Stringham-

* * * *

WHAT E'ER YOU DO DON'T DOUBT ME

-By Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham
(Sunday Evening February 16, 1890)

(From the Journal of Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham)

Oh, friends in whom, I've placed my trust
Whose souls congenial to me prove,
Who, though I'm weak, still love me most,
And can my heart; so strongly move:
Remove the mask, from off my face,
Call forth the good, there is about me,
And help me, all, the wrong erase,
But what e'er you do, Don't doubt me!

'Tis oft I hide by lightest talk,
My deepest tender soul-stirred feelings,
And bandinage flows freeling forth,
While with gentle love, my heart is teeming.
And sensitive my being is,
And painful are the thoughts about me,
To think that through impulsive act,
My best loved Friends, Should doubt me.

Oh yes! I love you, one and all,
Each one and all together,
Through pain and pleasure, loss or gain,
Through rough and pleasant weather.
My heart shall open be, and free
My motives, no selfishness about them,
If ever I've done aught for thee,
Then trust me, Do not doubt them.

Yea, there are those whose souls are brass,
We mingle with them often,
Sent here to try us as we pass,
Through live and when o'er burdened,
With many sorrows, trials, and cares,
Bright rays of sunlight glisten:
If we can turn to loving friend,
And free our aching bosoms,

Extremes must meet, offences come,
Fair weather friends are fewest,
When we're o'er took with adversity,
'Tis then, the souls who love us,
That reaches forth the helping hand,
And comfort surely giveth,
Yes 'tis indeed the pure in heart,
That live and letteth liveth.

Now tell me why, dear friends of mine,
Why can we not express,
Our feelings when our hearts are full
To each other the blessedness?
The loving thought, the joy, the bliss,
Why can we not impart
The faith and hope to each other, which
Oft times o'er fills each heart?
Is it because conventionality,
Doth stand like a wall between
Or is it the oppression of this earth
That makes it hard to glean,
From the fount's of joy, the blessed drops,
Of which each heart is filled,
And that bids us stand aloft and wait
Until each loved heart is stilled?

What E'er You Do Don't Doubt Me
(cont.)

Indeed, we should a foretaste have,
Of heaven and heavenly things,
If we no clouds within our lives
But sunshine ever gleamed.
If we could see as we are seen
And know as we are known,
Too much, indeed, would be our joy
Too great the mercy shown.

Now, dear friends of mine,
When this my heart
Shall on earth have ceased to beat
Just drop a loving gentle tear
While around my form you meet
Pass lightly o'er my foolish deeds,
Have charity about thee,
Throw a soft veil of love o'er all,
And what e'er you do, Don't Doubt Me.

* * * *

A MOTHER'S TEMPLE

A builder builded a temple:
He wrought it with care and skill
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to do his will.
And men said, as they saw its beauty.
"It never shall know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye!"

A mother builded a temple
With infinite loving care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer
None praised her unceasing effort,
None Knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the mother builded
Was unseen by the eye of man.

Gone is the builder's temple
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the mother builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Held a child's immortal soul.

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"Every honest act is a sermon, Every good deed an exhortation more powerful,
more potent to make converts, than the most finished words or period of the most
gifted speaker."

* * * *

If we knew each other better, We would love each other more. Confidence
would draw us nearer. Fears would flee, and words would flow, Softly like a placid
river brings out the language of the soul.

* * * *

"A mother's love seems to be the most perfect and the most sincere, the
strongest of any love we know anything about."

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