

Cousin Alta Cottam Goble has asked us all to make a report on our Mother's and Father's of the Cottam Family.

My Father, John Cottam, one of a set of triplets, was born in England 5 August 1861 to William and Bridget Gallagher Cottam. Grandmother Cottam had a sad life, as she lost a set of twins, and now two of the triplets died, the little girl Betsy and the little boy George. My Father was the tiniest of the three and I had his tiny hood for years. He was only four years old when they left England. His Father, William, had left for the United States to earn enough to bring the Family to the United States for his Latter-day Saint Religion.

My Father was a good looking English/Irish gentleman — never overdoing, only when he and his Brother William worked for their oldest Brother James, and it was a thing they wanted to do.

When Father John was about 28, he drove out of Snowville with team and wagon to find work in Pleasant View, Utah. It was in 1891 he met a sweet widow, Lillie Rose Wade. She and her two sister-in-laws had buried the three young Wade Brothers, who had died of typhoid fever. Lillie and Andrew Wade were only married three months. At this time she was 18 years old. She was the oldest of eight children and was always a hard worker for her family. After John and Lillie were married, they went back to Snowville to try and farm, living in the last log house that his Mother and Father had built, which was called the Ranch House.

Mother Lillie was a wise person when it came to sick people. This was a big factor, as her Mother-in-law Bridget was a midwife and she depended on Lillie to help. They were fast friends. Lillie was by now 20 years and Father 30 years when Josephine was born. Then in hard times a second baby was expected, and Grandmother Bridget made Mother Lillie go to Pleasant View, Utah, with her 1-1/2 year old Josephine, for extra help, and here I was born (Mabel Ellen) 25 October 1893. Shortly after I was born, Mother, with her Brother Ashman, drove back to the Snowville Ranch House in cold weather with her two baby girls.

I can always remember that we lost our baby brother, John Andrew, only three days old. Then Josephine and I wanted every baby Grandmother delivered. We told Aunt Margaret we even wanted a black baby.

Father thought if he went on a mission for his Church, he would be blessed and maybe make life worthwhile. Dad could talk himself out of anything he wanted to, while Mother was the deep, hard-working and planning kind, willing to go the extra mile without a complaint. So she agreed to the Texas Mission. Father John surely made friends and did much good on his mission, while back on the Cottam Ranch every plan Mother made resulted in making money. She and Morton Jensen replaced all the old machinery and wagons, added to the barn Grandmother Bridget Cottam had built, and many extra barns were built.

I have always believed in miracles. One cold snowy night in Grandmother Bridget Cottam's one-room log house close to school in Snowville where we lived in the Winter, Mother pulled out the old trunk and we dressed up in the shawls and shoes, etc., and there in the corner was stacked three silver dollars. We grabbed them. There was one for each of us. Two weeks before Father had begged Mother to send stamps so he could write to us. There was not a word that night about what we were to do with our dollars. We slept with the money in our hands that night, but in the morning — as one — we all headed for the post office and Alice Whittaker, who was everyone's friend. When we put our money on the counter board, she looked up in surprise as we all said "stamps" together. Then we all laughed. I was 5 and Josie 6-1/2, but this I always remembered.

At that time, all L.D.S. missionaries labored without "purse or script." Only the Lord provided the way. I wonder if the Elders today in 1976 should get out

of cars and off bikes, and walk and pray more.

Back in Snowville, Mother had been successful, as she knew how to get the help of Fred Neal and Eddie Quinlan, who were teenagers and who really helped her. In turn, Mother kept them warm, their clothes clean, and fed them well.

It was a sad, sad winter of 1899. Sister Josephine (named for her Grandmother Rose) was stricken with pneumonia. Aunt Margaret Arbon, Grandmother Cottam, and Mother used ice cold blankets from head to foot as treatment on Josephine. One really cold snowy and windy night a knock came on the door. Josie looked up and in the first real words in days said, "Mama, that is someone to pray for me." It was a returned missionary from Logan named LePray. He stayed three night, administering to her, and his prayers were answered. Josie was healed.

Everyone talked about the "Turn of the Century" that was sure to come. In my heart I was so frightened. What was it all about? No one explained it to me, a six-year old child. It was always a mystery to me, and after all they did was hang a new calendar.

My Father came home from his mission in a big snowstorm and on a really cold night. No one knew he was coming. Father came with his clothes frozen stiff and carrying his heavy valise. How did he get to Snowville? Why did he not go to his Mother and Father's or Brother James' homes, and get someone to bring him the three miles from Snowville to the Ranch. Josephine, at the time, was very ill and was rolled in a quilt by the old wood stove. Our faithful sheep dog set up a warning, Josie looked up and said, "That's Papa." We had just received his letter three days before saying he was going to stay on his mission the rest of the Winter in Texas, where the weather was warm. It was such a shock seeing him coming on foot through the heavy snow. Icicles were frozen on his face and whiskers.

It was a homecoming we will always remember. We sat on his lap as he sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "Did a Wonderful Work." "Come, Come Ye Saints" has always been my favorite song, and a favorite of my family. Dad never turned out as a good farmer. It was Mother that worried, planned and tried to make a success of the dry farm.

On the 24th of July 1902 my Baby Sister was born, and what a joy. Now Josie and I had our longed for Baby Sister. She was named Lillie Mozella, a beautiful baby and so good, but too good for this hard old world. A ruptured appendix took her life on May 16th -- just two months short of her 14th birthday. What a sad, sad day for Mother and all of us.

Warren Hickman foreclosed on what was left of the Idaho Ranch. One span of horses was the only thing that was saved. Father ended up driving the U.S. Mail route, which he did most of his life. He then ended up driving his own car from Garland to Snowville on his mail route. Mother was still a farmer on her small fruit farm in Pleasant View until her 57th year, when a case of flu overcame her tired life and her good heart stopped its toil. A rest well earned.

Father always found his home with Sister and Brother Martha and Chris Peterson, which was his home to come back to in Garland. There at the sugar factory in Garland he was stricken and his life passed "in the twinkling of an eye," as the Bible says. This was a great blessing for him. Troubled life ebbs fast, thanks to our Dear Lord. Mother Lillie's and Father John's lives of long suffering were over very fast. Thank you, Dear Lord, for that favor.

There is still much left to be written.

MABEL ELLEN COTTAM ELLIS - July 10, 1976