

20 August 2015

My Dearest Carole, Megs, Chuck, and Joe:

Last month I did research on the spouses and ancestors of Grandpa Elmer Black's siblings. That was a lot of fun and we found quite a few names and ordinances. Again, thank you all for helping do the Temple ordinances.

I decided it was time to do the same thing for Grandma Black, in the center of the of



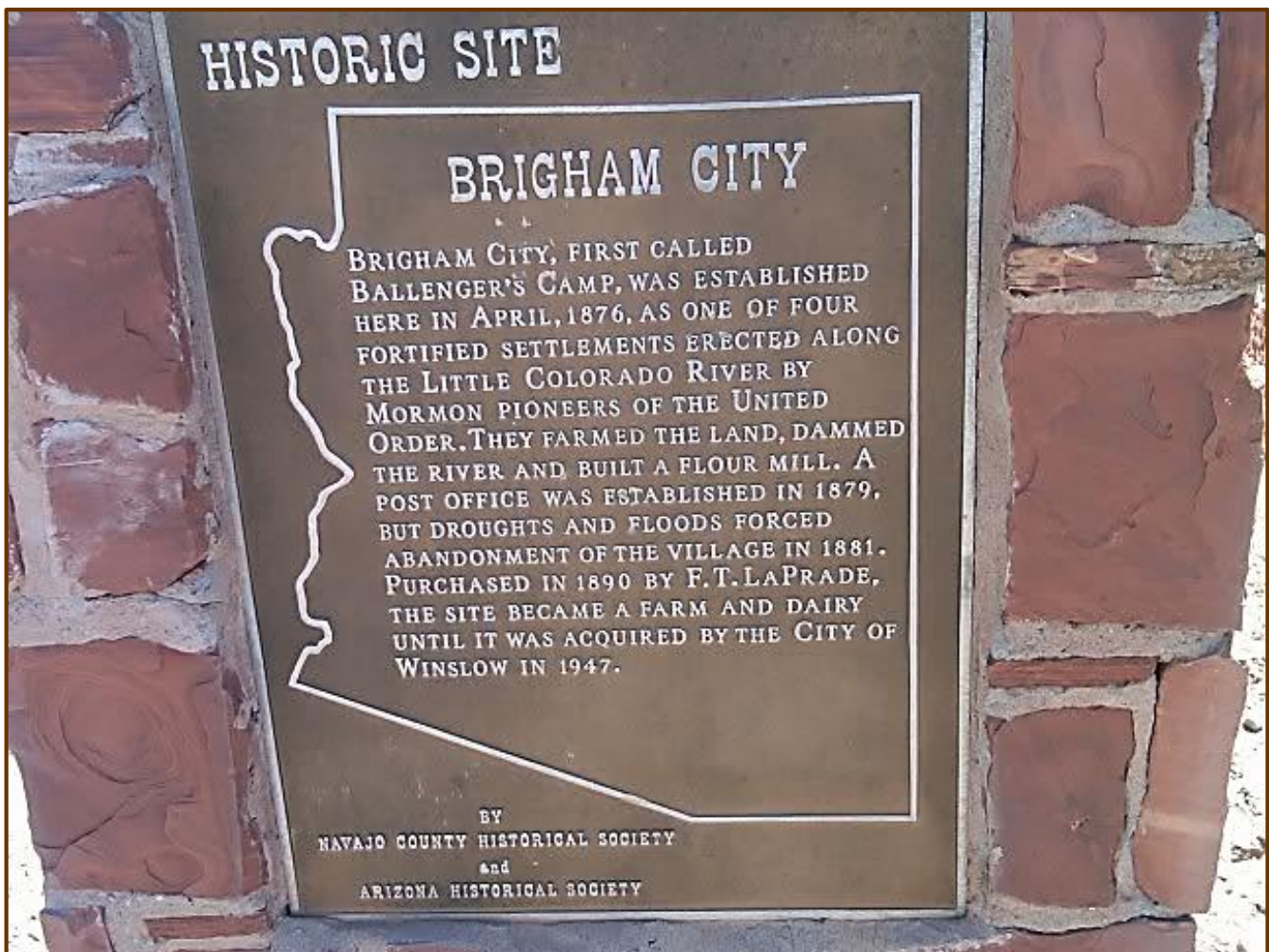
Children and their spouses of Frank and Maggie Treat. Top Row: "Peggy" (wife of Theodore Cooper Treat). Theodore Cooper Treat (son), Atanacia Anna Treat or "Aunt Sis," (daughter). Walter LaZear (husband of Aunt Liz). Elmer Hyman Black (husband of Margaret Glencarn Treat). Frances C. Spooner, (husband of Mable Enid Treat). Elizabeth Edwards Treat or "Aunt Liz," (daughter). Middle Row: Frank William Treat or "Bill," (grandson). Margaret Stratton (ggdau). Patricia Frances Black Stratton, (granddaughter). Margaret Glencarn Treat, (daughter). Mable Enid Treat, (daughter). Margueritte Hobson-Locke, (granddaughter). Bottom Row: Alice Treat, (granddaughter). Clifford James Stratton, (ggson). Carole Ann Stratton, (ggdau). Anita Treat, (granddaughter).

Picture, next to Mom and baby Megs. I researched out all of the spouses and the ancestors of Grandma Black's siblings, picture. Mom and us 4 kids did a pretty good job over the years, so it was kind of "slim pick'ns. It's been over 15 years since we really researched out these lines. Some, new, information does become available on FamilySearch and on ancestry.com, over time. I only found 49 people with a total of 153 ordinances. They're almost all spouses of our aunts and uncles, and a few cousins. I'm afraid we've already done most of our direct line ancestors. It's getting pretty hard to find new info on our direct line ancestors. I think Mom would like it that way, now that she's with them. Their Temple work is all done. (I won't impose on you any more, we'll just take care of these new ordinances here in Reno.) But, here's a couple of family stories that will bring a smile to your face:

1. Uncle Walt: A “Mormon Pioneer” or a “Whisky Runner”?

Many years ago Aunt Liz explained to Mom and me that her husband, Walt, (Walter Lazear, PID KWJ8-WQK) was born in Salt Lake City to Mormon Pioneer parents. His father, John Lazear, joined the Church in Italy and came West with the Church. His mother, Margaret Stark, joined the Church in Scotland and also came West. They met in Salt Lake City, fell in love, married, and had 10 children. They were married in the SLC Endowment House in 1861 and were sealed as a couple in the Saint George Temple in 1881. They settled first in Mormon Dixie (Southern Utah, where Dad’s Mormon ancestors settled, so they undoubtedly knew each other), but were then called to settle Brigham City before there was a “Winslow,” and finally to Pine (just a few miles from Greer, next to Rainbow Lake). Because Brigham City, now a deserted Mormon settlement, is only 3 miles from Winslow, Mom and I hopped in my 4-wheel drive Suburban and headed for Brigham City.

Sure enough, we saw a few remains. I tried to get out of the car to look around and maybe find a few artifacts. Mom hollered at me to get back in the car. There was a large bull only about 30 yards

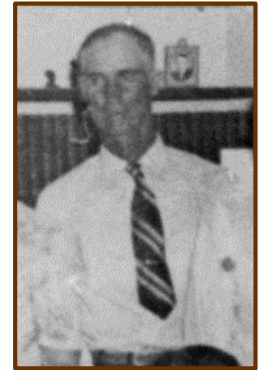


away, on her side of the car. When the bull saw me get out of the car, he began to scrape the earth with his front feet, he lowered his horns, and his eyes got huge and glassy looking. Mom was really scared for me! So was I! He started to charge the car. I jumped in quickly and drove off, out of reach. He charged at us down the road for quite a ways. We thought he would eventually lose interest, so we drove ahead. He still followed us. Sorry, I don't have any artifacts to show the family. So, Aunt Liz's husband, Walter, was born into a very strong, L.D.S. family. (And, Mom now has another peripheral Mormon Pioneer line.)

Aunt Liz told Mom and me that the rumor about Uncle Walt being a Whisky Runner was absolutely not true. I can verify that fact. When I was about 4 or 5 years old, our family



was out on Uncle Walt and Aunt Liz's ranch, just outside Winslow. I started running after the chickens out in front of the barn. It was fun trying to catch one and watching them fly away all panicked. I caught a couple of little chicks. The rooster didn't like me messing with his family. He flew up and began attacking my head and face. Uncle Walt, picture,



saw what was happening and hollered to me to cover my eyes and run as fast as I could towards him. He came running and scared off the rooster with a shovel. I was really shaken, my fingers were bloody from the rooster trying to peck my eyes out, so I'll never forget Uncle Walt's ranch!

Go forward now. When I was a Senior at WHS, the Church purchased what used to be Uncle Walt's ranch, to make it into a Ward, Church Welfare Project. My friend, Burt Smith, and I went with the rest of the Priesthood to clean out the barn, stalls, and property. I recognized the ranch immediately. I had been there many times as a youth. And the rooster experience was indelibly imprinted in my mind! I told Burt that I wouldn't go anywhere near the chickens. So, we took the tack room, to clean it out. We had a good time. Aunt Liz, picture, had told us, when she



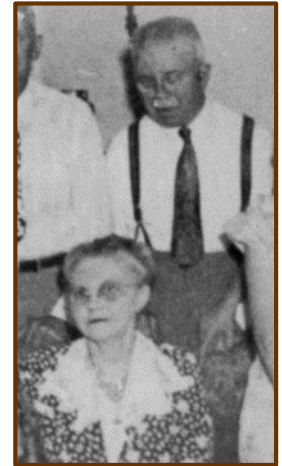
learned that the Church had purchased the property, that the owner after her and Walt, had set up a still and was making his own corn whisky. Apparently, his "Brew" or "The Recipe," was pretty good because he was selling it to many of the locals from Holbrook to Flagstaff. This was well after Prohibition. She said it was several years after she and Walt lived there, and that no one had ever found his still. You know how rumors go around a small town like Winslow. When she worked at Babbitt's Trading Post, just a block away from our house on Campbell Ave., tourists asked about the guy who made corn whisky and was a "Whisky Runner." The famous "Whisky Runner of Winslow." She

assured them that it wasn't her husband. Anyway, Burt and I were determined to find the famous whisky still. We found a secret trap door under the wall of the barn, covered with about a foot of hard, compacted, dirt, with some tractor parts on top. Sure enough, there it was. A complete still with a large tank, what used to be a water bucket, the remains of a fireplace, and spiral copper tubing. There were several bats in there too. We caught a bat down there (which I wouldn't do now; rabies). I'm kind of a scientist type, so I picked up some of the corn shucks off the floor and showed them to the men working on the project. The husks were only a few years old; about 1960. Uncle Walt and Aunt Liz owned the ranch from about 1938, until about 1950. About a 10 year difference between Uncle Walt's ownership and the age of the corn husks. So, Uncle Walt was a good "Mormon Boy," not a "Whisky Runner."



2. Grandma Black and the Burnt Toast Legacy.

In the old days, before toasters, people toasted their bread slices over the fire in the wood stove or in the fireplace. Frequently, the youth would burn their slices. In the Frank and Maggie Treat family, the children couldn't waste good food. Whenever someone would burn their toast, they had to eat it anyway. One of our Aunts that was famous for eating burnt toast was our Aunt Mable. We 4 kids knew her and her husband, Frank Spooner, well, picture. They didn't go across until 1991. All of us 4 kids were married with children of our own by then. They visited her sisters, Aunt Liz and Aunt Sis, in Winslow, many times over the years, so we all got to know them too. Megs remembers Aunt Mable and the Burnt Toast Legacy, so she is going to seal Aunt Mable to Uncle Frank in the Michigan Temple. Thank you Megs.



(Grandma Black used to peel off the top of each piece of bread before she would eat it, like in a sandwich. She said that in the olden days, the Baker always put a lot of butter and salt on the top of the bread in the pan, before it went into the oven, to brown the top. So, she peeled off the top to save a few calories. I still do that sometimes. My grandkids get a big kick out of it. It gives me a chance to tell them about their awesome heritage.)

3. Bill and Pat Treat are finally together with two of their children, in the Spirit World.

Our cousin, Bill Treat, (PID MP3K-W3H), picture, was very close to Dad. He brought Dad home a special designed fly rod from Korea, because he and Dad did a lot of fishing together. Marsha and I and our little family, lived with Bill and Pat and their family, for a time, while I attended UCLA. Aunt Pat is Patricia Ann Crossett, PID LKFP-V38. I remember, Dad was pretty saddened when Bill suffered a cardiac arrest while driving home from work one evening, hit a light pole, and passed into the Spirit World. Bill had just lost a little 5-year-old son a few years before, and now left his wife, Pat, with 2 young children to raise alone. Their daughter, Valorie, passed away in 1995 and Pat asked us to do her work. We did it in the Oakland Temple. I know you all remember our cousin, Bill Treat. He and Pat had such a loving home. They were the perfect family. I often remarked to Marsha how much I wanted our family to have the same love and caring that Bill and Pat had for their children. Well, Pat passed a few years ago, so now we get to seal them as a couple, and to two of their three children. If any of you 4 kids would like to do this, let me know, and I'll send you the yellow card.



4. Sean and Joe, Identical, Maternal Twins.

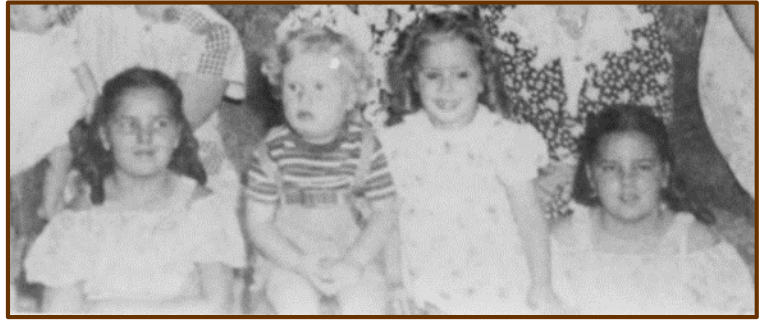


I've been asked many times if Sean and Joe's twinning, picture, was related to Alice and Anita Treat's twinning. As you all know, Maternal Twins result when a single embryo cleaves before the morula stage, resulting in identical twins. We used to think that having identical twins was hereditary. Now we know that it is a completely random event that has nothing to do with genetics. *Wikipedia, Twin.*

You 4 kids all remember Bill Treat's identical twin sisters, Alice and Anita. In the picture: Left to Right, Alice, me, Carole, and



Anita. So, we have two different, random, Mothers. Sean and Joe from Carole. Alice and Anita from Aunt Peggy. Picture: Helen Margaret "Peggy" Chubb (PID LKFP-P3G).



5. Conclusion.

O.K. it's late. I'm going to be late. Marsha and I are going to the Temple this morning to do some Initiatory for some of her family. Tonight I'll go watch a youth group do the baptisms for the spouses of Grandma Black's siblings. Then I'll do the confirmations at front-side. Today will be a special day. I could tell family stories all day long, but Marsha is hollering at me. Love to you all. Your Brother,
Cliff J