

## MEMORIES OF MARGARETT WOODBURY AND CHARLES LAMBERT

By Lurena Eldredge Warnick (daughter of Julia Lambert Eldredge who is Charles' sister)

We are inclined to pick an ideal as young folks hoping some day we can develop some of their characteristics we so much admire, Aunt Margaret was my ideal as a young girl. She was quiet and reserved but so warm and friendly and full of womanly graces.

Father and Mother took us for so many visits to Grandfather and Grandmother Lambert \*. Sunday dinner with them was a common occurrence. So Uncle Charles along with Uncle Joseph, Aunt Ethel, and Aunt Beth, were all very dear and close to us. Aunt Hattie was in Salt Lake City working and Aunt Nellie going to school and later teaching away from home in Lewistown.

(\* This would be Charles John and Lilly Harriet Elmira Druce Lambert. Their children mentioned are the middle to younger. Joseph served in WWI.)

It always concerned me that Uncle Charles wasn't married. I knew he was just younger than mother (Julia). Uncle Charles was a great tease. Sometimes I was almost afraid of him – he teased me so much! I always felt so at home at Grandma Lambert's—perhaps I was always a nuisance. I was used to running into the milk house and getting a cookie. Grandma made such good sour cream cookies with sugar sprinkled on the top. The cookies were kept in a big stone crock in the milk house. The milk house was so clean and sweet smelling with little streams of clear water wandering through the small cement runways in the floor. The milk house, much like a pantry, was joined to the kitchen by an entryway.

One time I remember so well Mother and Father went to Salt Lake City with Grandma and Grandpa Lambert and left us with Aunt Ethel and Aunt Beth, Uncle Charles came in from the outside just as I was running towards the cookie jar. Uncle Charles asked me what I was doing? I replied, "I'm awfully hungry." Then he replied, "Well if you are so hungry you can have some bread and water with me; that is all I have to eat." He went to the cupboard and got down three china mugs and filled them with water. He then took some dry bread crusts from the bread bin and he pulled some chairs up to the table and sat down with Leah and I. He dipped the bread into the water and began to eat off the soggy part and told us to do the same. My! How tasteless water soaked bread can be! My eyes were blinking back the tears and I was gagging on the bread and water. Aunt Ethel gathered up our mugs and said, "O Charles, quit your nonsense" She dumped out the water and gave us a cookie while Uncle Charles chuckled over it all.

I told him I'd sure feel sorry for his kids and especially for his wife if he found someone who would have him. Uncle Charles did carpenter work for our family. He helped build our Barn, Granary and later he worked on the addition to our home. He was at our home many times. He and mother (his sister, Julia) were very close and they appreciated each other a lot. I surely admired his ability; the well built building, and the careful and economical use of lumber and material—no useless waste of material as we see today.

I recall the first time I saw Aunt Margaret I thought she was the prettiest young lady around. Her eyes were so big and expressive with a shy tender expression. Her hair was especially beautiful softly curling with golden highlights. She wore it piled high on top of her head in a braided cornet. Later I noticed she sometimes had worn it in a soft bun at the nap of her neck. I was always intrigued by the little softly and curling tendrils at her temples and the side of her neck. They were the kind you wanted to touch and let them curl around your finger. I was too reserved to try. We were all so delighted when she and uncle Charles were married.

The years were all too short that Aunt Margaret and Uncle Charles had together in their home in Granger. School days kept me busy so I did not get to visit as much as I would have liked to but I always think of Aunt Margaret cuddling her baby and gently rocking her in her little cushioned chair, humming softly a sweet lullaby with the little bright tendrils of hair curling around her brow. There was first Paul, then Mae, and then little Afton. She symbolized perfect motherhood to me.

Aunt Margaret had such a sweet soothing voice. She understood her children so well and was so conscious of every immediate need. Paul was so active and curious. He was into everything. Aunt Margaret had such a calm way and not getting upset would divert his attention to something else. Mae was a sweet quiet child so appealing an agreeable—a little homebody busy playing with her dolls. She won everybody's love. Afton was a most beautiful baby cuddly and lovable with such big expressive eyes—sometimes they looked brown and sometimes blue. I supposed they would have been hazel like Aunt Margaret if she had lived—she completed her mission early.

Aunt Margaret centered around Uncle Charles and their children. I am sure they had problems to solve and

sometimes discouragement but Aunt Margaret always seemed so unruffled and calm. Her love and pride in Uncle Charles was so apparent, and his pride and joy in her and their good life together was equally evident. She was a good clean housekeeper. Everything had its place to be kept in yet the home had such a lovely homey atmosphere-- one always felt welcomed. Her canning was especially beautiful as well as nutritious. The good meals she prepared were economical as well as delicious. I can still recall the lovely loaves of breads beautifully browned as they cooled on her kitchen cabinet.

My mother, Julia Lambert Eldredge, loved this dear Sister-In-Law and it was only natural my Mother's Brother Charles would come for Mother when Aunt Margaret took sick so suddenly and gave birth prematurely to little Margaret. It was so natural for mother to bring the 3 pound baby girl home with her while Uncle Charles, her Brother, drove on to Salt Lake City with Aunt Margaret to get with more skilled help. The time had come for Aunt Margaret to return to her Heavenly Home.

I was teaching school as of now and did not participate much in the care of the new baby girl Margaret, named after her mother. My own mother was a natural born nurse, besides having such an sincere love for Uncle Charles and Aunt Margaret and with the Lord's blessing and her own good common sense she took care of the tiny Margaret. I marveled how she did it in cold weather with coal stoves and coal oil lamps, and see the contrast in today's incubators and controlled atmosphere. Mother fed her hourly at first with an eyedropper... She probably used the food formula she had used for some of my own younger sister and brothers. She wrapped the tiny baby well instead of attempting to dress her, and hot water bottles were used to keep her warm. I don't know how she ever got any rest, but she never complained. It was a labor of love and devotion.