

CONCLUSION OF MY SEARCH FOR MRS. THEODORE FROTHINGHAM

In the April 1990 Almy Family Newsletter (No. 62, p.4) I wrote that I had been searching for the parents of Susan Herd that married my great-great-grandfather and that I had learned that a Mrs. Theodore Frothingham had contributed a journal to the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society written by Lydia Hill Almy, Susan's mother-in-law. I wanted to find this Mrs. Frothingham to see if she had additional information that might help solve my Susan Herd mystery. I asked in the Newsletter for the name, address, and phone number of all Frothinghams that the Almy family might find in their phone books or otherwise know about. The response was wonderful.

In the last issue of the Newsletter (No. 63, p.3) I told of my further search and finally locating Jonathan Almy Reardon, son of Mrs. Frothingham by her first marriage. At the time of writing the last issue I had not heard further from him.

In September I went to Plymouth, Massachusetts, for meetings of the Pilgrim John Howland Society and the General Society of Mayflower Descendants Triennial Congress. While there in Massachusetts, I went to see Jonathan Reardon. He had looked for his mother's Almy genealogical papers and had come to the conclusion that he did not have them. The genealogical files he had were on the other side of his family. However, I did get the information on his immediate family and in our discussions he suggested that I see his cousin George B. Almy in Marblehead, Massachusetts. This I did the next day.

I found that George Almy not only had a copy of the Lydia Hill Almy Journal, but he also had Mrs. Frothingham's genealogical papers on the Almys. I reviewed the information which she had collected which was mostly correspondence, and I also made

a copy of the Lydia Hill Almy Journal. Sorry to say, there were no clues to help in my search for Susan Herd's parents. However, I did enjoy meeting and talking with my cousins Jonathan Almy Reardon and George B. Almy.

So my search for Mrs. Frothingham and her information has been successfully concluded. But my search for the identity of Susan Herd, wife of my great-great-grandfather Joseph Almy, will have to continue.

MARRIAGE OF ELIZABETH ALMY BROWER (1407-1426-133)

Elizabeth Almy Brower, daughter of Leon W. and Ruth M. (Almy) Brower of Tiverton, Rhode Island, and Palm Coast, Florida, was married in Little Compton, Rhode Island, on June 30, 1990 to Bruce Palmer Butterworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Butterworth of Seekonk, Massachusetts, and Prudence Island, Rhode Island. Elizabeth is a graduate of Lincoln School, Hesser College in New Hampshire and Katherine Gibbs School. Bruce graduated from Seekonk High School and Johnson & Wales School of Culinary Arts.

NEWSLETTER HELPER

My 13 year old grandson, Christopher Eric Almy (birth announced in the July 1977 Newsletter), now helps in making copies and assembling the Newsletter for mailing. It is quite a job to get the Newsletters printed and collated and his assistance is very much appreciated.

ALMY WINDMILL

In the April 1982 Newsletter (No. 30, p.3) there was a picture with the Almy windmill in the background. In the October 1983 Newsletter (No. 36, p.2) there was a picture of the U.S. postage stamp showing the Almy windmill. Patricia Almy Forte (1407-1426-122) recently sent me a copy of the November 11, 1861 bill of sale for this Almy windmill. The original bill of sale is in the Gray Collection of the Little Compton Historical Society.

The will of Cook Almy (1407-5) made 22 March 1851 and proved 12 December 1854 states in part "To my four daughters, Eliza Almy, Clarinda Almy, Deborah Almy, and Hannah Davis, my Wilbor lot and lot I bought of Job Seabury, my salt lot (Southworth lot) and my windmill nearly opposite my house on west side of highway in Little Compton on land of John E. Almy."

The bill of sale shows that Cook Almy's four daughters sold this windmill about 10 years later to George A. Gray. The bill of sale is shown to the right at 75% the size of the original. John E. Almy is No. 1407-1C. Hannah Almy (1407-58) married Willard Davis.

Know all men by these presents, that we, Eliza Almy, Clarinda Almy, Deborah Almy, and Hannah Davis, Devises of Cook Almy, and owners of the Windmill, now standing in Little Compton on land of John E. Almy; for and in Consideration of the sum of Four Hundred and fifty dollars (\$450.00) to us paid by George A. Gray of Little Compton; the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain and sell unto the said George A. Gray, his executors and assigns the above mentioned Windmill with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold the said Windmill, unto the said George A. Gray, his executors and assigns, to his and their use benefit and behoof forever. And we do for ourselves our heirs, executors and administrators, covenant and agree, to and with the said George A. Gray his administrators Executors and assigns to warrant and defend the said Windmill and all the appurtenances, against all and every person and persons whomsoever.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this Eleventh day of November A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty one.

Signed, sealed, and delivered,

Together with the possession of Eliza Almy
said Windmill to George
A. Gray, in presence of
John E. Almy
Willard Davis

Clarinda Almy,

Deborah Almy,

Hannah A. Davis

FRUIT HILL FLASHBACKS

By Richard R. Almy, Sr. (1233-5143-242)
of Front Royal, Virginia

[Richard R. Almy sent me his "Fruit Hill Flashbacks" thinking they may be of interest to the Almy Family. These are his notes of some memories of the years spent in North Providence, Rhode Island. He wrote this article primarily for his children and grand-children, but thought it might be of interest to others.]

What Richard he has written is a good example of what each of us should write for our posterity. Children always want to know about the lives of their relatives, especially ancestors, and unless the time is taken to record this information, it will be lost forever. We can all thank Richard for showing us the way to preserve this valuable information.

"Fruit Hill Flashbacks" will be printed in the Newsletters in serial form as space permits.]

Having sold the former home place in Simonsville, Rhode Island, in 1922, my father and mother hired an architect from Providence, by the name of Byron Sheppard to design a new house to be located at No. 576 Fruit Hill Avenue in North Providence. This location consisted of a one acre parcel of land with a large 2 story frame house on a side street, a garage, orchard, and landscaped grounds. The existing house was sold to a neighbor who moved it across the side street to his own land. Our new house was a 4 bedroom, 2 story, "Colonial" of a modern design including a sun parlor on the south and a 4 columned porch at the north end.

The environment on Fruit Hill (I don't recall the reason for this title as there were few fruit trees, except for our small orchard) was very different from that at the Simonsville location. This was a heavily built up residential neighborhood 3 miles from downtown Providence, and reached by way of Smith Street. A short distance to the north was Mineral Spring Avenue, a main thoroughfare connecting Centerdale to the city of Pawtucket. There were no nearby ponds, lakes, or streams and I

missed the old familiar places and friends of Simonsville, and it took some time for me to accept the move which my father and mother had decided to make, for reasons best known by themselves, and which were never really made clear to us children. By now I was in my senior year in Technical High in Providence, and it was a much shorter and quicker trip for me to get to school in my Model T Ford. Also, I had found new friends and interests at school. One of these was attending Miss Handey's Dancing Classes at her North Main Street address near the College Hill Trolley Tunnel. A number of my Technical High classmates went to these classes, and we also began to go to weekly dances at the public dance halls in Providence. Some of these, we soon found out, were not of socially acceptable reputations in the eyes of certain parents.

Another new interest to me was the game of Tennis, which had not been heard of, nor played in Simonsville. One of our neighbors across the street from our Fruit Hill house had a tennis court which was very popular with both grown-ups and teenagers. This court belonged to the Robert Lister family who kindly allowed us to play there. However, it was in such great demand that it was difficult to get much playing time and I decided to build a court of my own. There was a large open lawn behind our house and my parents said I could have a court there, as there would also be a lot less lawn to mow. I leveled it off using a shovel, wheelbarrow, and rake, and packed it down with an old lawn roller, which had been left in the garage. It wasn't too hard to install support posts for a net, but building backstops behind the base lines took me several weeks during the summer of 1923. Dad had kindly gotten the necessary pipe; but it was up to me, and occasional help from friends, to thread these heavy pipes so that they could be joined in a framework to which a wire fencing was then attached. Also, the vertical piping had to be set in cement to keep the whole framework from blowing over in high winds. After completing the

job there was no problem in finding people to play at this addition to the neighborhood tennis facilities.

Frank and George Hodges from up the street became good friends and fine tennis players. One of the interferences with my tennis time was the privet hedge which surrounded our new place on three sides. My father appointed me as chief custodian of this hedge with the specific responsibility of keeping it suitably trimmed. There were no electric power trimmers in those days, and it all had to be trimmed by hand shears. It seemed as if I had no more gotten this approximately 800 feet trimmed at the last end, than it needed to be cut again where I had begun the job. I was delighted one winter when the entire hedge was killed to the ground by extreme cold. My joy was short lived however by the discovery that the roots had survived and that after the dead wood had been removed the plants charged upward with renewed enthusiasm.

While I missed the good skating ponds and long coasting hills of Simonsville the side streets of Fruit Hill provided good sledding in the winter. There was little traffic on these streets to interfere with us. Several of the neighboring teenagers, including my sister Esther, took to our sleds whenever there was a good snow storm.

After graduating from Technical High in the spring of 1923, I applied for entrance to Brown University. I was required to take some entrance exams which I fortunately passed and became a member of the class of 1927 as an engineering major. For the first two years I lived at home and commuted in my trusty Model T Ford. Before Junior year, one of my classmates, Howard Andrews, and I decided to live on the campus for our junior and senior years. We were assigned a 3rd floor dormitory room facing on Waterman Street.

One night some time later, we were quietly studying when there was a loud knock on the door. Upon opening it we were confronted by a burly policeman from the Providence Police Department. He said we were going to have to go to the Police station to face charges of

assault and battery, or some similar offense, on pedestrians passing our dormitory (named Hope College). We were naturally dumfounded at this accusation of committing a crime of which we were obviously completely innocent. Upon questioning the officer concerning the offense, he said he was quite certain that we knew all about it, but would review the circumstances. It developed that two young ladies were quietly and peacefully strolling along the sidewalk adjoining Hope College when suddenly, and without warning, they were hit by a large paper bag full of water, which had been dropped upon them by someone in our 3rd floor room. This unseemly and unwarranted assault had grievously shocked them, caused serious damage to their coiffures, drenched their clothing and otherwise caused irreparable damage on a hitherto pleasant evening. Where upon they had, not without justification, called the Police and demanded that appropriate justice be meted out to the said culprits in the 3rd floor room of Hope College Dormitory, from which the said liquid missile had descended upon them.

After hearing the officers accusation, we immediately professed our obvious innocence and asked the officer to convey our sincere condolences to the aggrieved young ladies, who were the targets of this dastardly attack. We suggested to the officer that he go up stairs to the 4th floor room above ours and talk to the occupants there, who were more likely to have been involved. I guess we must have convinced him of our non-involvement as he then left and we heard nothing further about the matter. I suspect that perhaps the 2 young ladies may or may not have been completely free of all blame. It was known that occasionally certain ladies of the evening had been appearing in the streets surrounding the campus. The college had it's own private policeman, but had no jurisdiction elsewhere on the sidewalks adjacent to dormitories, and could do nothing to dissuade these strollers from soliciting the attention of students and perhaps raising their interest in unwholesome interruptions of the said students pursuit of knowledge.

(To be continued.)

DONALD W. ALMY (1408-3833-113)

Donald W. Almy, 68, of Hallowell, Maine, died September 4, 1990, of leukemia. Donald was born in Malden, Massachusetts, 23 August 1922, the son of Kenneth B. and Marie R. (Gelinas) Almy. Donald married November 1, 1947, in Augusta, Maine, Barbara Bryant. Besides his wife, he leaves a son John of Phoenix, Arizona, and a son Philip of Augusta, Maine.

Donald's son Philip was injured in a motorcycle accident in 1984 and is paralyzed from the neck down. I wrote of this in the January 1987 Almy Family Newsletter (No. 49, page 4) and mentioned that his main interest was his baseball card collection and that he would be most appreciative if any Almys would send him some. I understand that he would still like to receive cards. His address is 36 Townsend Street, Apt. 203; Augusta, ME 04330.

CATHERINE ALMY DEL VECCHIO (1407-5042-1)

Catherine Brooks Almy Del Vecchio, 74, of East Providence, Rhode Island, died suddenly of a heart attack on May 22, 1990. Catherine was born 4 July 1915 in Providence, Rhode Island, the daughter of Charles Frederick Herbert and Clementine (Cameron) Almy. She married Daniel Del Vecchio on March 17, 1942 and they had two children: Linda Ann and Daniel.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Following is a listing of those cousins who have sent in contributions, since the last issue of the Newsletter, to help defray the costs of printing and mailing these Newsletters. This help is most appreciated. Many thanks to you all.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Almy Number</u>	<u>Residence</u>
Iris M. Bachand	1232-4013-462	Rhode Island
Mrs. Robert T. Almy	1233-5147-53W	Rhode Island
Mrs. Edwin Benson	1233-5147-531	Puerto Rico
Clara J. Almy	1407-5041-1	New Hampshire
Donald Almy Chase	1408-3832-52	New Hampshire
Robert A. Greene	Desc. of Anne ²	Rhode Island
Brian Almey	England	Saffron Walden
Francis Wiseman	Friend	Massachusetts

ENJOY THE BEAUTIFUL FALL COLORS, and
 HAVE A DELIGHTFUL THANKSGIVING !, and
 MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR !

Your Cousin (1408-3312-112),



Merwin F. Almy
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 Tualatin, OR 97062