

Rebecca Angelina Montgomery by Lucile Reese

Born Sept 12, 1830 Rhea Co., TN. Died February 6, 1906 Barry Co, MO.

The name was also spelled Angeline and one would have to know the pronunciation to make a choice. She was always known as Becky.

She married Jackson (Jack) Howerton a few years before the Civil War, probably about 1855. The census of 1860 gives her age as twenty-nine and his as thirty, and them as living in Shoal Creek Township.

He went away to the war on the side of the South. Evidently he survived the fighting, as he was seen by friends on his way after peace was declared. Since he never arrived, it was concluded by the family that he was killed by bushwhackers in Arkansas.

She went to live with her brother, James, when his wife died in 1877, and helped him to rear his five small children. When the children were grown, and most of them went to Oklahoma to live, Aunt Becky came back to live with her sisters on the home place. She would also spend some time with Lydia Antle, James only girl who married Gayley Antle and lived not far away.

Although I was not quite five years old when she died, I can still remember her. She was my great favorite. She played with me and let me comb her hair, patiently letting me braid and fix it like mine. If I went home and then came back later in the day (our houses were not far apart) I would find her hair combed into its usual bun on the back of her head. I would be puzzled and disappointed. Why didn't she leave it the nice way I combed it?

The Howerton family had come from England (just what generation before I do not know) and had brought good dishes with them, some of which Jack had received as his inheritance. Aunt Becky always kept them, and at her death left them to the sisters (or else had previously given them in gratitude for being given a home there.) I greatly prize a teapot (Steffordshire China) and plate from her things. I also have Jackson's white hand-sewn wedding waistcoat.

She died of pneumonia, though she had never fully recovered from an injury suffered in a fall from a wagon. In those days, when the whole family needed to go somewhere, the one-seated buggy did not provide enough room, so they set chairs in the wagon-bed and rode there.

One Sunday afternoon they were all going to Hazel Dell schoolhouse to a Methodist meeting. My father driving, one wagon wheel went over a rock while the horses were trotting, tipping Aunt Becky's chair over and throwing her out of the wagon. (She was at that time seventy-five years old.) She cut her ear and had to have several stitches taken. She still suffered from this although it had been a while before, when she took pneumonia.

Alva remembers being in the room at her death, which was at home of course, no hospitals being in existence in our area at that time. The family had gathered, knowing the end was near; there was no sound in the room save Aunt Becky's breathing. She rallied and looked up and in a clear voice said, "Why, howdy, Jackson, howdy,"

(comma suggest there is more, but none found. Clark Reese 24 Oct 2003)