My Remembers

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Published by University of North Texas Press

Stimpson, Eddie and James Byrd.
My Remembers: A Black Sharecropper's Recollections of the Depression.
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Medicines

Doctors and medicine was out of the question in my young days. I only went to the doctor two time before I reach the age of eighteen—once when I was scalded with hot water, and once when my leg was broke. My home was quarantee once when I was seven or eight because my sisters had scarlet fever, but I never did.

My young sister was very dangerous and destructive while I cooked breakfast. One morning when I was ten or eleven I fryed my two sisters eggs and I boiled mine. We had got a three burner oil stove. While standing over my boiling egg I called my sisters and said, Don’t you wish you had boiled your eggs. Come see how my eggs are boiling.

My young sister were too short to see in the pot, so she grab the stove to pull up and see. The stove tip over and the pot of boiling water flip right on my chest. I had a T shirt on. I grab and begin to pull off my shirt and all the skin came with it. The deepest spot was in the holler of my right chest pit and ran down in the shape of a hump back camel. My sister never got a drop of water.

By the time my two sister went up in the field and found my dad, I was out in the middle of the paster in much pain. My dad came to the house and settle me down and had to run about two mile to get a car and my mother at work at Jessie Haggard’s. We finely got to the Doc Wyatt in Plano. He clean me up and use some type of salve on my burn. This was right after Easter.

Six month later my young sister did it again. It was cotton picking time. My shoulder scar had not heal yet. We was picking cotton at the home place behind John Wells barn. The truck was loaded and it was lunch time. All the hands was walking up to the house to eat where it was shade trees and
cool well water. Anybody did not have lunch, Momma Wells would feed them. The three of us, me and my two sisters, rode with a driver name Vaxter, and about the same time my young sister lean over and open the truck door and out I went. The ground was soft but the truck wheel ran over my right leg and broke it. Back to Doctor Wyatt. He reset my leg and put it in a cast. Another six month, with sore burns and broke leg.

That the only times I ever went to a doctor. There all way seem to be some type of home made remedies or medicine if some one got sick. My dad would get the chills a lot of times. He kept a medicine call 3-666 and Mother would heat bricks and a clothes iron and wrap them up, put them in bed with Dad, pile all cover on him, and get in bed with him. It all way work. In an hour or two he would be like a new man.

Whin my sisters had the scarlet fever they were very sick. Mother then did not know what was wrong. They sent to town for Dr. Wyatt. Whin he arrived he discovered it was scarlet fever. He gave quinine and suggested sheep ball tea. Mother had me gather sheep balls—those that were dry. She would put them in boiling water with a little sugar and we had to drink it for head and chest cold.

Doctor left instructions that no one was to leave out of the paster surrounding this house for ten to fifteen days. Of course Dad paid this no attention. He said he had to go work, and he went. So we was stuck behind the fence, mom and the three of us. This was during warm weather whin Mom, usually whin she was feeling blue, would grab her poles and head for the creek. She would all way say, I’m going fishing where I can have some peace.

She would make it clear to Bessie Lee, I don’t want no trouble out of you today. Usually Bessie Lee knowed whin Mom mean business and not play with bait and pull fish out of the pail. But this was quarantee and we was stuck.
There was things that we needed and Dad would tell Mr. Ray and he would get rice, beans, flour, corn meal, maybe some medicine and bring them up to the gate which was about a quarter mile from our house. He would honk or somebody would be watching and we kids would take off running. Mom would holler, Don’t you all strow that stuff up and down the road.

There were other home remedies beside sheep ball tea whin we were ailing. Dad would make us a lemon stew—boil the lemon, put Vicks salve in and whiskey, and we would drink it as hot as you could stand it. Then we would get a rub down on our chest, back, throat and nose, go to bed, cover up, and sweat it out. Usually two time like this and we were OK. We never did have to miss school. Some time there were pepper mint candy and whiskey dissolve in a fruit jar and use for cough medicine. Cow chip tea, wild tea, and crow soup for cold and fever. (Crow meat was use for colds more often than chicken. It also serve as a meal, with corn bread.) Cole oil or karseen in sugar for croope, termentine in sugar good for aches, pain, and sore muscles. Karseen use for cut and bruse.

There was not near as much sickness in my young days as it is this day and time. I think I can attribute that to some of the old home made remedies and the cold winters that killed out germs and fertilize the ground with nitrogen from the snow. Also the only insecticide used was sulphur. Dad used to walk up and down the cotton rows at night dusting with sulphur, cranking a little auger machine strapped around his neck. Potatoes and cabbage were also dusted with sulphur. But that was all. So food was more eatable.

I was asmatic. There were no doctor or medicine a poor family could buy for asma. I think I had it about as bad as a kid growin up could get. Whinever I would get asma attact my Mother and Dad would lay my head and chest over their knee
and start beating my back. I would be hassling for breath some time for an hour. They rubbing and beating my back. When ever I could get a good breath, I or they would stick a finger down my throat to make me throw up. Once the slime and flem broke up, and once I throw up, I would feel fairly well but tired. So I would go to sleep and rest. Technology and research have trace asma to your genes. A certain type of dust, grain dust, was my worse trouble for asma. One reason, we kids love to play in the barn where the grain was stored. There were times whin they would heat hot water, put Vicks salve in it and while it was steaming put a towel over your head and you inhale the steam and it work very well.

For cut you use smutt from the stove, castor oil, and Black Draught for constipation and colds.

I recall how we kids use to find wasp nest and throw rock and stick at it. And how the bumble bee would make hive in the ground under the out door toilet. And the chicken would lay egg under the toilet. Between gathering the egg and throwing stick to knock down wasp nest, I would stir up the bumble bee and all way get stung. The first thing Mother would do to doctor the sting was look for some tobacco or snuff to moisten it and rub on. If there were none she would get the bluing and blot on the sting and it certain work fine to stop the stinging and help stop the swelling.

I remember how Mother would not wash without bluing to help with the bleaching of clothes. There were other uses too. We would use it for color pitcher. On rainy day Mother would say, Lets color something. She would put bluing in a cup or top and we would dip our finger in the cup and make drawings on paper sack and card borde from grocery store. Bluing may not have cost that much but there were not much money to spend. Mother did not care about me and Ruth using the bluing, but every time Bessie Lee get hurt or stung she would run for the
Every time Bessie Lee get hurt or stung she would run for the bluing bottle. Mom would hear her and holler out, Don't waste it. Bring it here. I'll put it on.

That the story of bluing use for medicine, coloring and decoration.